# WESTERN SKIES,

## A Narrative of American Travel in 1868.

BY JOHN H. BELL.

"I would now lay a stone in the Temple of Peace."

*Edmund Burke*

1870.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

TO MY FRIENDS IN OLD ENGLAND, I DEDICATE THESE GLEANINGS FROM HARVEST-FIELDS OF REAL AMERICAN LIFE.

AMERICA is like an alchemist's crucible. Its people are a fusion of many races. White men rule over red, black, and yellow men. English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, French, Italians, Swiss, Norwegians, and Swedes all meet as citizens. Out of this mass, a race of "New Americans" is continually being produced. Past results lead us to the belief that the future will still yield a good political "philosopher's stone," in the form or guise of freedom.

Figuratively speaking, the Western Continent is a storehouse of national character. On its shelves lie samples from many lands. Weighed in the balance of fair opinion, there is a cheering preponderance of sound grain; there is some rotten and bad. The observant traveller holds a "Sesame" to open the doors and windows of this granary, for his home-staying countrymen.

J. H. B.

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# ERRATA.

No. 8, Page 4 & 5 read "Massachusetts."
,, 9, ,, 1, 4, 7, 8, read Do.
,, 9, ,, 4, ,, "Pepperell."
,, 18, ,, 8, ,, "chestnut."
,, 18, ,, 10, ,, "Hicksite."
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# OUTWARD BOUND.

In the Middle Ages the Venetians claimed the sovereignty of the seas. They celebrated this triumph by an annual festival. Attended by a rejoicing populace, with music, and chimes of bells, the Doge of Venice advanced to the brink of the sea, and in the name of the people, threw a ring of gold into the Adriatic; accompanying the action with these words:—
"Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii." (We wed thee, O sea, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty.) But a greater espousal took place between the Saxon nations and the Atlantic, when the first Steamer passed from land to land; still greater when a Cable joined Old World and New.

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ON a bright summer-morning, I bid my kind English friends good bye, and embarked for America. The "Scotia" lay at anchor in the river; her captain was leaning over, watching us, as the passenger-tender steamed alongside. Stepping on board, I feel that the route is now sounded in earnest. Sailors, busy as bees, are working with a will; soon hiding a mountain of luggage deep in the recesses of the hold. From the chaos of disorder, rises and shines the light of order. Each officer has donn'd his smartest uniform, and stands ready at his post; going out of port is a gala-day for seamen, no less than coming in. The bell rings, up comes the anchor, the engines start into life, the paddle-wheels move. With flag gaily flying, we steam down the

Mersey; New Brighton is passed, Liverpool becomes a faint speck in the distance, the sand-bar is crossed, and we are out at sea.

The coast of Wales soon looms in sight, where round the Skerries the surf is ever beating. Abreast of us, Holyhead breakwater—constructed of stone torn from the adjoining mountain—rolls back the fury of the Irish Sea. Behind it smiles a harbour of refuge. Southward heaves an iron-bound coast; beneath whose beetling cliffs the waves sport angrily summer and winter. Under the lee of Holy Island stands a lonely rock. Furious tides deny it union with the mainland, but man's device has spanned the chasm with a fine suspension-bridge. From the rock-tower shines out a beacon-light, and gleams of white roof and wall tell of a coast-guard colony.

With morning comes the sight of Ireland. Right before us is Ballycorin lighthouse, standing sentinel-like upon its island-rock. The coast-line is marked by rising slopes; but the meadows of Emerald Isle belie the name to-day, so burnt and brown do they look under a visitation of tropical summer. Upland corn-fields are golden and yellow with ripe and ripening harvest, and potato-ridges give promise of a plenteous yield. Now we have entered the harbour, and anchored off Queenstown. Far up the cove, church-spires struggle through morning mists and point us to the fair city of Cork. Sunday chimes come pealing from the land, but we may not step on shore in answer to the summons.

A postal officer, in faultless attire, resigns into our charge the latest mails. His comrade on board, who is responsible for their safe-keeping during the voyage, tells me that he has crossed the Atlantic upon the same errand 260 times! Our captain takes leave of lady friends and steps on to his noble vessel. Telescope in hand he

mounts the bridge; we think no worse of him because his eye is misty for a moment at the thought of once more leaving home and kindred. The "Scotia's" prow is turned to seaward; her mighty engines—roused to action —urge her onward

With willing steps to the wild ocean.

We are leaving behind us Spike Island with its convict-colony. Above us frown fortifications, parterred with gleams of scarlet uniforms, and gay with floating folds of our nation's banner. As we pass by, there is still "nothing for nothing" (for us) at the port of Kinsale. We are taking a last look at martello-towers and ancient ivy-covered ruins. Distance is merging into indistinctness cottage, ruin, and tower, gold of cornfield, and green of meadow. For the grim "Stag Rocks" there is never peace, not even on this calm bright Sunday. They seem to stand as perpetual martyrs to an ocean's fury, doing penance and making atonement for the sins of the mainland. We are close upon that point of Kerry where the deep sea-cable joins the Englands, old and new; the lighthouse beacons gleam out brightly—Cape Clear looms forth gloomily—and old Ireland is lost to sight.

Our ocean-life is very pleasant. In this noble steamship are gathered round us many of the elements of home-enjoyment. A cabin airy and central—meals served with nicest regularity—sheltered decks, clean and white as holy-stone can make them—boundless atmospheres of ozone from the ocean—books for readers—companionable fellow-passengers—skillful officers and hardy sailors—the landsman lacks nothing but "terra firma." Atlantic breezes give us appetite for the good and generous fare. We are peeping daily into nautical science after the manner of freshmen. The

engineer will lead us to the regions of his magician-powers; lower still we may descend, and feel the furnace-glow. Calm evenings call forth the sailors' songs and sports. Many a rough voice will swell a chorus; many a strong man unbend in play. As darkness falls, lighted candles are introduced into the saloon; then in pleasant chat, and intercourse with old and new-found friends, our cosmopolitan company whiles away the evening hours.

Come up and take a turn on deck with the officer of the watch. The constellations shine out with marvellous distinctness; the dark ocean below is fretted with curling crests, and glints of shaded silver. These flecks of shifting brightness remind us of imagined ghostly lights and water-spirits of Indian superstition. In mid-Atlantic a south wind brings a show of phosphoretic light upon the sea; then the wake of the ship looks like a trail of flame.

Looking over the bows, where the waves are fiercely sundered by the rushing steamer, we see little fishes darting about with luminous tracks like fire-serpents. Now, a rocket belted with blazing fire, is thrown up by a passing ship; but in a moment this symbol of ocean-courtesy has vanished,

> And like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leaves not a rack behind.

When you go to rest at night, you know that all through the dark hours, brave men will be on duty at their posts. With moments of wakefulness will come the sound of watch-bells, and the cheery "all's well" of the watchers. On Sunday we gather for worship in our ocean-church; a reverent congregation fills the large saloon, the captain reads the service of the Episcopal Church and all join heartily in the singing. The beautiful prayers intended for use at sea acquire a special solemnity.

It is not always calm. Lashed into pitiless fury by the winds the sea will rage and sweep our decks, but neither ship nor seamen flinch. Up to their necks in water stand the helmsmen; shut in below, as in a prison, work the engineers; they think not of danger, but steadily keep the ship on her course across the trough of the sea. The French line of Atlantic steamers is said to be gaining favor with American passengers on account of its superior *cuisine*. The German steamers crossing the Atlantic, are also second to none in comfort, and efficient handling. But in a storm all my predilections are for a British ship and British sailors. My countrymen have proved their Scandinavian and Saxon blood by their sea-going qualities. Emerson said,—"A sea-shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men."

After a run of seven or eight days we are near to the "banks" of Newfoundland. These famous fishing-grounds —with which we made a slight acquaintance through the medium of geographies in school-boy days—are now spread out before us. Beneath the dark green waters, below the influence of restless tides, there is gathered a storehouse of finny treasure, which is ever inviting man by his enterprise and daring to secure it. At day-break, as darkness rolls away, the fishing fleet is revealed, like a great navy riding at anchor. All round the ships lie small boats, with their lines out, probing the sea for prey. The smell of curing fish makes us aware of the occupation of those who are on shipboard. During fogs which often prevail here, the sailors of the fishing fleet have reason to tremble for their lives. A mile off, they hear the thud of paddle-wheels as a great ocean-steamer comes along, but, in an atmosphere of worse than Egyptian darkness,

they know not which way to turn to avoid the danger. In their alarm they fire guns and ring bells, yet sometimes their signals come too late, and a poor fishing-craft is run down and sunk with little possibility of escape. The rights of these fishing grounds are defined by treaty, and are open to several nations.

We are now in 65° north latitude, the region of the steppes of Lebrador. Cold winds from the ice-fields come sweeping down, making us think of Christmas-storms at home. It is a desolate region. For 8 months in the year winter reigns supreme. Solitary trading-posts of the Hudson's Bay Company occur at long distances apart. An acquaintance of mine had the opportunity of visiting one of them. He happened to be on board a steamer bound for the straits of Belle Isle. During a fog the ship swerved from her course, and went aground on the shores of Labrador. When day-light dawned, the astonished passengers saw before them a small settlement enclosed by a wooden stockade. Within it were a few log houses, and a long building or shed for the store; from the dwelling of the commandant floated the British flag. Away to north and west stretched the dreary Siberia of America. Here are found the wild animals whose skins are so highly prized in Europe, and here in quest of them,

> Fur-clad hunters wander
> Amid the Northern ice.

You would think so lonely a life to be insupportable; yet here among *voyageurs* and hunters, are found light and cheery hearts, and natures that know no fear.

To return to our ship; so cold is it there, that we feel certain that icebergs are near, and we are on the look-out for them. There is a terrible solemnity in the sight

when the ice-floes pass by. This spectacle of gloomy grandeur is described in the "Ancient Mariner,"

> And now there came both mist and snow,
> And it grew wondrous cold,
> And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
> As green as emerald.

Cradled in the frozen north, these icebergs are cast loose from their moorings by the action of a summer-sun, and come floating down to temperate seas. Even before they are seen, their presence is indicated by a bluish haze which hangs about them, and is discernable on the darkest night. They are very dangerous, yet steamers generally pass through them at full speed. When encountered by night, navigation through an ice-field is attended with far more difficulty than that of the Argo "running" the fabled Symplegades. Upon one of her voyages "out," the "Scotia" ran into an iceberg, but was mercifully saved from disaster. Her passengers went down into the cabin, and gave thanks to the Providence which had shielded them in a moment of peril. Sometimes this progeny of the north covers the ocean for miles. One who was an eye-witness told me of a whole day being spent in penetrating a labyrinth of ice. It was a sight of such grandeur to be witnessed perhaps only once in a life-time. Some blocks, square and massive like a fortress of olden time, with curtain and ravelin; others with pinnacle and tower pointing upward like a church-spire, or a lighthouse set in the sea. Far up their furrowed gullies shone the summer-sun, striking as by magic from their flinty sides the rainbow's colors. Here one might feast the eye upon a "valley of diamonds." The shafts of yellow light deepened into rosy crimson, and as the sun went down he stamped the scene as golden. The

gleam of diamond fades, the rosy light grows dim, the green sea darkens, the blue-fringed peaks are deepening into purple as night closes in, leaving behind the wondrous vision floating southward.

Our experience of sea-life must yet receive the baptism of fog. After passing Cape Race, we are all at once in the regions of the "mists of the mighty Atlantic." Arctic currents striking upon warm waves from the Gulf-stream are the cause of these fogs. All round is closed in with impenetrable folds of grey. A chilling mantle gathers over the ship, after the fashion of a spider doubling on its prey. Still there is no surrender to its influence, no abatement of speed. There is a weird sound in the shriek of the steam-whistle, which is blown on deck every few minutes. Hourly the sailors cast the sounding-line. As the iron probe comes up from the bottom, it is incrusted with minute particles of sand and shells which indicate the geology of the ocean-bed. A leathern bucket is frequently lowered into the sea, and its contents—tested by the thermometer—assure us that we are in the ridge of the Gulf-stream current. For 36 hours no "observation" can be taken from the sun, and the ship is kept on her course by dead-reckoning and frequent soundings.

Nantucket Island shoals are safely passed, and then come certain signs of nearing land. Seaweeds are seen floating from shore. As in the days of Columbus, these fantastic tendrils of the deep were to him signs of promise, so they are to us an earnest of desire accomplished. In broad daylight we steam between Long Island and New Jersey. At Sandy Hook a pilot comes on board; he takes us past Staten Island with its charming villas, and green lawns, cool and English-like, through the "Narrows," right under the teeth of "Parrotts" and "Rodmans"

which compose the armament of Fort Tomkins, into New York Bay.

A newspaper boat meets us long before we enter port, the dispatches from Europe are secured, and it is then swiftly rowed away. As the result of this celerity, when we sit down to dinner at our hotel, the latest edition of the Tribune will be placed in our hands. In its items of ship-news will be announced the "Scotia's" arrival, and in the list of her passengers we shall find our own name recorded.

Visits from officers of "customs" and "health," do not detain us long, and no quarantine is required. We land at Jersey City, cross the ferry, and are soon established in our quarters at the St. Nicholas. Our fellow-pasengers scatter to the four winds of heaven. Some we shall see again in their own homes; others, we part from with a long farewell, pleased with their courtesy, grateful for kindness and glad at heart with store of information gathered during intercourse and conversation with them.

On a "Cunarder" one meets many angles of humanity, which stand out in clearer relief, when contrasted with the plain surface and rounded corners of society at home. I may strike off a spark or two from this anvil of variety. That old man is a Captain from New Bedford; he can relate many a tale of whaling-adventure worthy of being dramatised in another "Sea Lions." This young fellow ran the blacade at Wilmington, in a steamer that fairly went "hop, skip and jump" over the water in her eagerness to escape Federal cruisers.

Another passenger told me of a "rescue" which he had seen effected on the wild Atlantic. When the ship's company had gathered for service in the saloon on Sunday morning, there arose a cry of alarm from the watch.

Rushing on deck, passengers and crew witnessed a heart-rending sight. Some little distance away lay the wreck of a timber-ship, through which the sea was making a complete breach. On a small space of foothold were standing 11 men, a boy, a woman, and a Newfoundland dog. The poor creatures had been imprisoned thus for three days, and had been kept from starvation by eating raw apples. A barque had been sailing round the ill-fated ship for two days, but the waves were so high that her crew could render no assistance. Cunard captains have strict orders never to halt their ships, except to repair damages or to save life. This was a case of real urgency, and the engines of the good steamer "Canada" were stopped. The barque was directed by signal to move out of the way. When the shipwrecked crew saw this, they cried out in dispair, thinking that they were to be abandoned. A boat was manned by volunteers from the "Canada" and lowered into the sea. The peril was awful. The tough oars bent like willows beneath the fury of the waves. It was indeed a "forlorn hope." But stout-hearted men were in that boat, and its course was watched over by Him who stilleth the waves, and holdeth them in the hollow of His hand. I need not detail the scene further, except to say that all were saved; their deliverance being aided by the faithful dog which plunged into the sea to carry a rope to the men in the boat, when they could approach no nearer to the sinking vessel. The captain of the timber-ship was among the first who were taken off by the "Canada's" boat; when on a subsequent journey the dog was also saved, it bounded through every room until it found out its master in a berth, and then laid down by his side, content.

That band of young Americans who are singing so heartily "Vive la mort" as we near the land, have one

and all borne rifle and knapsack during the war. I might delineate many other "characters" among our passengers. Captain B. of the English Guards is bound across the western plains to San Francisco. He is lured to this adventure by hope of sport upon the prairies, and by the fascination or "magic influence of foreign lands." General W. the Austrian govenror of Trieste has come to study American institutions, and a great English preacher is *en route* for his new "cure of souls" in a Canadian parish. A merchant of our acquaintance is on his way to St. Louis, and a Georgian planter to his cotton and rice lands in the sunny South. I also have a vocation; it is entered upon gladly. For a while my home will be in a "Greater Britain"—

"Farewell, old life, and welcome new!"

# EMPIRE CITY.

NOT a word too much has been said in praise of American hotels. They are palaces of luxury and comfort. An American lady, fresh from a year of European life—said to me, "Oh, it is so pleasant to reach New York again and to have the comfort and *style* of our own hotels; I have so missed them abroad." I dined with my friends the Howards, and later in the evening was taken for a stroll down Broadway. On returning to the hotel, an acquaintance from Mississippi said, "There is no doubt the Yankees have a glorious country and are a wonderful people." I found out the truth of this from day to day in my progress through America.

I had not been long indoors before I heard that ominous hum, which proclaimed that the mosquito dwelt and persecuted in the land. The excessive heat in the city was something fearful to be endured. Many persons dropped down daily in the streets from sun-stroke; and so great was the mortality amongst horses, from the same cause, that passenger conveyances were scarcely to be had. I rose early in the morning to write letters for the out-going steamer; yet even at that time, before the sun was high, large beads of perspiration stood on my forehead. A simple plan, viz: keeping a wet cloth or handkerchief on the head, within your straw hat, is an effectual preventive of sun-stroke.

It felt strange to be waited upon at breakfast by a band of stalwart Irishmen; especially to observe one of their number making a progress through the room, fanning

each guest in turn with a feathered wand. It seemed a practice more akin to the luxury of ancient Rome, or of Moslem Caliphs, than one indigenous to Republican New York. I need not say that every luxury in season was spread upon the table. The *one* aristocracy which is recognised in America—as it is all the world over—*the aristocracy of wealth*, understands well the science of good living. There is ice from northern lakes to cool our drinks. Though sherry is rare, and good port is not to be had, sparkling champagne and excellent claret will supply their places. The daily carte includes sweet green corn; game from western prairies; from Louisiana the pine-apple; cranberries from the fruit-farms of New Jersey; peaches from Michigan; grapes from Ohio; and when we sojourn here later in the year, we shall luxuriate in the finest and most delicious oysters which the beds of the Chesapeake can furnish. In fact, the science of gastronomy is studied in America no less than in England and France. All the year round, this continent of many climes sets before its citizens, a bill of fare ample and rich.

I was prepared to expect "great things" from these palatial hotels—but as the Queen of Sheba said of Solomon's magnificence and kingly state—the half had not been told me. No footfall is heard on the soft-carpeted floors; we notice gilded mirrors and the frequent gleam of marble. Sprightly ladies in dainty morning-dress, are sunning themselves in alcove and boudoir, while their lords are reading the papers and conversing in the pillared hall below. As the manager conducted me round this republican palace, explaining with great urbanity the privileges which his "thousand and one" guests expected and obtained at his hands, I was able to appreciate and share in the delight which *la belle Americaine* had evinced the previous afternoon.

With Mr. Howard as my cicerone I sallied out into the city. As we were crossing from one side of Broadway to the other by an elevated bridge over the roadway, a sign brought us to a stand-still. From a side window a man was blowing a trumpet. When we on the bridge had complied with his summons so far as to "stand at ease" in the positions we happened to hold at the moment, he quickly turned towards our group, a camera in place of the trumpet, and in a moment the sun had given the photographer his desire. Turning round and smiling, Mr. H. said to me, "Don't forget to tell your friends at home of this Yankee trick." When, months after, I called upon the artist, he was able to bring forth from his stores, a picture of the identical group which stood on the bridge that memorable morning.

We entered the city-hall. I pictured the scene which a young friend was describing—drawn from the life—how the body of Lincoln lay here in state; how his fellow-countrymen pressed round in endless rank, to look upon a martyr's face and drop a tear of sorrow for the dead. In the square adjoining, during the war-time, stood wooden huts for newly-enlisted soldiery, who generally passed one night in the centre of New York and next day were hurried off to the army in Virginia. Here too was held that famous fancy-fair. 'Twas not for intercourse or merriment that people thronged its precincts; 'twas not for barter or exchange. On this spot the Angel of Charity was invested with substantial guerdon; hither flocked a patriotic nation to offer gifts—gifts which should be borne away on wings of healing help to suffering soldiers. These scenes have passed away. In the same square to-day, poor idlers are sleeping, as you will see them basking in our own Hyde Park.

Every one visiting New York must be struck with the cosmopolitan look of city and people. Down Broadway rushes a tide of hurrying feet, as eagerly as in our old-world Strand or Cheapside. At many points the architecture of its buildings will vie with Rue Rivoli, or the stately palaces on the Neva. At the crossings—in loose white coats and Panama hats, intent on politeness to lady-pedestrians—stand its grenadier policemen. Each man has been chosen with as much care as if some royal hand at Potsdam had signed an order for the work. Up and down the level roadway ply Broadway's own carriages. You enter the cushioned omnibus, no conductor is there to take your fare; you must hand up the money to the driver, who, clever man as he is, will at the same time hold the ribbons and hand your change through a little porthole at his side. Among the archives of Yale College I was shown a map of New York as it was in 1760. Its great thoroughfare had then an existence, but how different from the Broadway of to-day! Horse-cars running on rails, are not permitted in this favoured street; but all other parts of the city are traversed by them, and they have become an institution in all American cities. Railways encroach upon the public highway; locomotive engines—with alarm-bell constantly sounding and trains of cars behind them—move along avenue and street, and no one seems to object. Everything here bears the stamp of some originality and much ingenuity. Things are *like* yet *unlike* old England; I can only call them by their own honest name,—"American."

Let us glance at the negro-quarter and the dwellings of the Irish, in streets adjoining the wharfs and piers. We shall find them a sad contrast to the wealth and splendour of Broadway. Here, as in every sea-port town,

the poorest population and the most wretched dwellings are found in the neighbourhood of harbour and shipping. New York is essentially a sea-port. Its bay forms a secure, land-locked haven, and as the tide rises and falls only 6 or 8 feet, no docks are required. Slovenly inexpensive piers or landing-stages of wood, take the place of granite basins and sea-walls which are the wonder of Liverpool and Marseilles. A stroll through Canal-street will remind you of an ancient German town, save that its houses lack the quaint angular gables which mediæval builders delighted in. A few old-fashioned wooden houses still remain. Here and there is a trace of "Mein Herr Van Winkle's" times, when the Dutch possessed Manhattan's land; but the principal building material is brick; and the architecture such as existed before the "five orders" were thought of. Semi-thriving trees line the pathway, but they will never acquire the umbrageous qualities of their kindred in New England towns. The sun shines down with pitiless severity upon badly paved and dirty streets, making us long to be away to cooler and more inviting regions. We come upon a large mass of ruins, black and fire-riven—the handiwork of rioters, who during the war-times would fain have sacked the city. In the very midst of all this poverty and ruin, the eye lights upon a vision, as welcome and reviving as an oasis in the desert. A box of growing flowers is set before a narrow casement. The sight carries us back to the south of France, where, in his little room the Lyons weaver plies his shuttle and looks upon his pet flowers in the window. Close at hand is a humble shop; within it hang hundreds of cages, whose tenants are pretty singing canaries—canaries brought from far-off German fatherland to sing for the New-World dwellers:

I gazed and gazed, and little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought,—

yet passing onward, remember gratefully that behind every cloud there is a silver lining; in the dreariest purlieu of the sinning city, men see a fair creation and hear the voice of nature. We will take this sight of bird and flower as an omen bright with promise for our sojourn under "Western Skies;" bearing in mind a saying of Schiller's,

ALLER ANFANG IST HEITER, DIE SCHWELLE IST DER PLATZ DER EHRWARTUNG.

I was introduced to Mr. Horace B. Claflin, the head of one of the largest merchant-concerns in New York. Mr. H. said, "I have brought Mr. B. from the land of the Dukes, to show him in an American, in *yourself*, the union of so much wealth and so much modesty." Mr. C. is an estimable gentleman, retiring and unassuming in disposition. He sat at his bureau, at one end of a large counting-house full of workers on manuscript and ledger. With a few kindly words he made me welcome to wander at will through his vast and thriving store. Throngs of customers are passing in and out continually. A sentinel stands at the door, and quietly has his eye upon each arrival and departure. If you carry a parcel when you enter, he will ask to mark it, so that you may take it out again. One fact struck me as particularly pleasing, viz: although Mr. Claflin is so much engaged in business, he is to be found regularly at his post in the Sunday School.

The stores of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. are still larger than the one we have just left, and enjoy quite a national celebrity. Mr. Stewart was from home, but his partner did the honors of their business-mansions. (Some of our large firms at home would be astonished to know the amount of business turned over yearly by either of these Trans-Atlantic merchants.) The north of Ireland

is the native place of the founder and chief partner of the House. Early in life he made New York his home; he has been wonderfully prospered there, and his business now yields a more than princely revenue. Mr. Stewart is an earnest advocate of "free trade." He has recently received a distinguished mark of honor, in being invited by President Grant to the Council Board at Washington, as Secretary of the Treasury. It was discovered that an ancient statute, debarring a trader from office, was still in force; so the rich merchant was unable to assume the portfolio and seals of State finance. He is however doing a good work in a more private manner, viz.: building a home to accommodate 1,500 poor girls. He has also attempted something in the spirit of cathedral-builders of the past, as witness the following announcement, (September, 1869.)

"The completion of Mr. A. T. Stewart's marble palace at a cost of over three millions of dollars is an event which has been anticipated for some ten years. The whole house, inside and outside, is of the most beautifully carved marble, much of which was imported from Italy. It is the finest building in the New World, and is said to rival many of the Royal Palaces of Europe. It has been so arranged inside that the rooms can be thrown into immense halls. Rumour has it, that at his death Mr. Stewart will present it to the city of New York as an art gallery. He is adorning the walls of the rooms with the finest pictures he can procure at home or abroad. As he has no heirs, it is probable that no one but himself and his wife will ever be permitted to live in the Stewart Palace. The fence which surmounts the lawn is of massive white marble, and contrasts beautifully with the rich green velvet of the turf."

Now said Mr. H., "I will introduce you to some *Yankee* friends. I saw you taking stock of a man on the steamer; he was a New York rowdy. Banish him from

your mind, he is no sample of the *upright* and *downright* Yankee." Very cordially these specimen-gentlemen received us, and many were the questions they asked about old England. They were very much like our indefatigable business-men at home. Only once a year, will either partner allow himself a holiday, and then a week of Catskill mountain air makes up the tale of recreation. We left them, for an obscure office in Wall Street, bearing certain credentials to a money-broker there. Mr. Mott, the genius of this cell, was scrupulously upright in his transactions with us; we came away with an exchequer of Bank scrip and Government "greenbacks" in place of our bright English sovereigns. One result of the many changes brought about by the war has been to bind all the Banks to the Central Government as creditors for loans advanced; on the other hand, the Government guarantee stamps each local note as current in every State of the Republic, except California, which has never veered from specie currency.

From a large granite building in Wall Street floated the United States flag, with stripes *downward*, indicating War Department jurisdiction. Over a similar public building the flag was disposed so as to give the stripes a *horizontal* inclination, distinguishing this as a department of revenue and customs. The offices of Messrs. Brown Bros. and Co., the bankers, also front to the treasure-street. Close at hand are the head-quarters of an Ocean Steam-ship Company, who are enjoying a world-wide reputation. A precedent, copied from ancient Amsterdam, has suggested the effigy, cunningly carven, of a ship in full sail placed over the portal, as emblematic of the calling of the House. It is a very modest symbol by the side of the Titanic-bronze in which Mr. Vanderbilt, the American railway-king has monumented himself over

a freight dépôt entrance. Wall-street riches are defended at night by *light*. When I have passed up from the ferry late in the evening, there has been a glow of brightness from basement to attic. Through unshuttered windows you might see bowls of coin; but rendered inviolate by the presence of imitation sunshine, they were as safe as if a soldier-guard had been watching over them in Threadneedle-street. It is but a step from the American Lombard-street to the Gold Exchange. There among "bulls and bears" of finance, and buyers and sellers of stock, you will witness scenes of *panic* and *excitement*, transcending any similar display in London or Paris.

The 'Express Companies' centre in Broadway, and seem to enjoy a monopoly in the transport of America's mighty commerce. The Post-Office of New York is an old-fashioned, inconvenient building; a lesson might well be taken from Washington in the construction of an edifice befitting the requirements of Empire City.† I visited the offices of the "Tribune," *the* newspaper conducted by that remarkable journalist, Mr. Horace Greely. With all his excellencies, he errs in our humble opinion by supporting

† The United States has commenced the erection of a great Post Office in New York. It will cover the whole of the lower end of the City Hall Park. Thus the last public park in the lower end of the city has been given up for business purposes. The trees have been cut down, the fountain torn up, and a small army of men is working day and night on the excavations. The building will have a frontage of 300 feet in Broadway, the same in Park-row, a magnificent facade looking down Broadway, and a rear, facing the City Hall, not far from 400 feet in length. It is to be built of granite, and will be highly ornamented with statuary. With all the force which can be employed upon it, several years will be consumed in its erection.—*Sept.* 1869.

an out and out policy of "protection," The "Herald"—a rival paper—is dandled and p...med in a suite of magnificent premises at the corner of Broadway; near Wall-street. They have a semi-circular frontage of white Vermont marble, beautifully adorned with carved devices of profile and flower. The soul of the "Herald" is Mr. Bennett, a man who like Mr. Stewart came to the United States from the old country. I may mention that it is his son, whose yacht joined in the adventurous race across the Atlantic in December, 1866.

A very short distance from Broadway lies the district of "Five points," so called from the fact of five streets meeting and intersecting each other there. A few years ago this locality was the lowest quarter of the city. A man's life was not safe in it either by night or day. A partial change has been effected by the efforts of kind-hearted philanthropists, who have founded in the very midst of this "Seven Dials" of New York two noble institutions, viz: the "Howard Mission" and the "Five Points House of Industry." Into these houses of refuge are gathered fatherless and destitute boys from the streets. Each mission takes charge of 300 to 400 of these city Arabs, providing them with food, clothing, secular and religious instruction. Every spring, the superintendent takes 100 or 150 of them out to the West and places them in situations with farmers. The latter are bound by agreement to provide them with schooling during the winter months, and to employ them until they attain the age of 21. So great is the demand for labour, that farmers are willing to pay a small premium to the mission for each boy.

No cloud of murky gloom taints the clear atmosphere of New York. Anthracite coal is burnt in the city, and

it is in a great measure smokeless. It embodies more heat than the soft coal, and is consequently invaluable for use in stoves. A law of providence has tempered the bitterness of America's intensely cold winters with the gift of fiery hot anthracite coal. This fuel is found east of the Alleghanies. West of the mountains soft coal is mined. The difference is very marked, ; for while New York—consuming "anthracite"—has a clear atmosphere like the Havana, Pittsburg—feeding its furnaces with "bituminous" fuel—cannot show a speck of blue sky, so dense is the smoke. On the Eastern Shore it is difficult to manufacture gas, so the retorts of gas companies are charged with coal from England and Nova Scotia, and also with resin and other similar substances. The people have compensation in plentiful supplies of rock-oil for lamps. Meanwhile the native coal supplies a more urgent need, by becoming a heat-giver in thousands of homes, when the thermometer is marking below zero.

The old bowling-green is at the foot of Broadway. Mr. H. pointed out "Castle Garden," saying, "here is the source of our strength; here land the millions of emigrants, whose labour has built up the American power and is daily adding thereto." The Celtic element preponderates in the city. A constant stream of emigration from Ireland has brought in a resident population, which, in numbers overpowers and out-votes the citizens of Dutch and English descent. An American gentleman said to me, "New York is the worst governed city in the world; the Irish, many of them ignorant, hold the reins of power and some of them quite illiterate, sit at the Boards of Education." A recent visitor has given us the opinion of a Western man, who remarked "that there are more unlikely events, than our seeing a 'Vigilance

Committee' ruling in New York, as it once did in lawless San Francisco." I merely give these statements as the volunteered opinions of Americans. As to the rest, I can testify to the existence of many institutions of which its citizens may justly be proud; also of many accompanying evils, which, all rulers of great cities, the world over, would only be too happy to see abolished to-day, if it were possible. I was informed that the State Legislature has taken away several prerogatives from the city authorities, because in the exercise of them, the latter have proved themselves "lords of misrule." For instance the Commissioners of Police and of the Central Park are appointed *not* from the City Hall, but from the State House at Albany. Perhaps after all the wisdom of State Republicanism, aided by education, may hold the foolishness of city Democracy in check; and oblige *all* to act "on the square," for the promotion of good order, justice and law.* I saw no more of Empire-City during the heat and glare of summer; later in the year I returned with leisure to make a closer acquaintance with its people and its sights.

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* The absence of good faith in rendering simple justice to the foreign creditor, is a shameful and short-sighted policy. Both City and State have been bribed by Fisk, Gould & Co. to uphold the tyranny of the "Erie Ring." We trust that an appeal to the Supreme Court of America will not be in vain.—*May 31st*, 1870.

# LONG ISLAND SOUND.

IT was my good fortune to examine several of the steamers for which America is so celebrated. A morning was spent on one of the Sound boats, as it lay at anchor. A director of the Company was with me, and pointed out the internal arrangements and economy of this floating palace. Steamers of the Bristol line, on the voyage to Boston, pass out into the Atlantic Ocean. Their construction seems to me to render them dangerous and unsafe as sea-going vessels. They are built too high out of the water. I should not like to be aboard one of them when exposed to strong winds and a rolling swell.

It was but a step from Canal-street to the steamer, yet in that distance what a contrast! Entering through a gap in the side, we find ourselves standing on the cargo-deck, which is freighted with piles of boxes and barrels, that are a peculiar characteristic of American river and lake commerce. The engines are strong and of truly ingenious design. Anthracite coal is burnt in the furnaces; it is a shining stone-like fuel compared with the bituminous coal of Great Britain. I generally found the engineers to be intelligent men; it was seldom that an engine-room was without its newspaper. The sand and grit which impregnate river and lake water in America, would make a condenser too costly a source of power; so high-pressure steam-engines are almost universally used. Below the freight-deck are regions devoted to cuisine, and to ranges of sleeping-berths.

Penetrating further, we find in his office my companion's favourite captain. Upon my being introduced to him as an Englishman, he at once sets about showing me in detail, the specimen-steamer which he had the honor of commanding.

Tier above tier, deck above deck, like a mansion of many stories, rises this water-palace. Mounting from the freight-deck, you enter a magnificent saloon, in which you may rely upon being surrounded with drawing-room comfort and luxury. I have the scene before my mind's eye now. The wood-work is enriched with moulding, cornice and panel; the eye rests upon a fresco'd roof and walls of purest white. Elegant curtains, with easy chairs and ottomans, show us how quickly America is following France in the fashion of these things. The staircase landings are panelled with dark mahogany, inlaid with light-grained maple; costly mirrors are there, and a fountain of iced water is at hand for public service. If you wish for company, you may linger in the saloon and mingle with hundreds of associate passengers; if you desire privacy, you may retire to your own state-room and be alone. The pillars in the centre, supporting the roof, are fluted columns of white, crowned with Corinthian capitals, richly gilded. Crystal chandeliers, worthy of Windsor or St. Cloud, tone down the blazing gas-lights; and statuettes of bronze, of mailed knight and fabled Goddess look down upon the busy life beneath.

The most beautiful steamer that I saw, was the "Adirondac" on Lake Champlain. Its state-rooms, and all internal wood-work were of real, solid, white butternut, set off with mouldings of rich black-walnut. Slab for slab, zebra-like, the contrast of light and shade was very striking, and the style unique. It impressed me with an

idea of the country's prodigality of forest-wealth. The Mississippi boats were famous in their palmy days, before the war; no doubt, time will repair their clouded fortunes again. Those upon the Hudson, and the "propellers' on the Great Lakes will triumphantly uphold the steamboat honors of the nation.

The reality of all this magnificence was soon to be enjoyed by experience. That very afternoon I embarked for a voyage down Long Island Sound. Seated upon deck, I could quietly notice everything of interest around. The intense heat was now modified by a pleasant breeze. A large fleet of coasting-vessels lay at anchor within the Sound. We see the guns through the embrasures of Fort Columbus. There is Blackwell Island, at once the prison, the penitentiary, the asylum and the poor-house of New York We notice the inmates of the island-workhouse in their rough blue garb. It is grimly said to me by a citizen looker-on, "the island-site of these establishments is a healthy one, and the broad sea-moat round, renders escape almost impossible." The shores of the mainland are flat and well-wooded, and run out into promontories which shelter tiny bays and creeks. Out of one of these, issues a pleasure-yacht, which, with much cheering and great display of white, waving signals, passes us in full sail. Perhaps its amateur crew are hoping to emulate the deeds of the "Fleetwing," and some Christmas Eve to put in an appearance at Cowes, in time to share in British hospitality, at its prime during the festival-season. Very welcome will they be.

Legends of the early settlements, and stories of the War of Independence come floating on our memory. The nomenclature is suggestive of deeds enacted here. Upon Long Island, you find many families whose names prove their Dutch origin. Vanderbilt and Van

unt, Wychoff and Cowenhoven, Bergen and Denwyse, Suydam and Van Sicklen all speak of the time when Mein Herr, fresh from Amsterdam, owned farm and Hoff on the island. It is not impossible, even now, to meet specimens of the race allied with the Saxon; old ladies of 70 or 80 who remember that in their young days, the house was full of slaves. And right well did these good Aunt Phœbes and Bessies treat their negro dependants.

One of the customs of these worthy burghers, who thought so much of hospitality, still remains. It has been gleefully accepted and confirmed by their successors. On new-year's day, every lady in the city remains "at home," in the expectation of a call from each gentleman of her acquaintance. Young America of the male sex, "fixes itself up to kill" on that particular day, and gladly makes the round of its charming friends. Many fair ones are conquered, and many feuds and quarrels are condoned on this festival day. The island contains a spot as celebrated in its way as Farringford, for at Cedarmere, near the village of Roslyn, Mr. Bryant the poet, has reared his "Penates."

Snorting and puffing, up the Sound comes a white steam-boat—the "Rip Van Winkle." I am told that it is one of the oldest steamers in America, that it has several times seen the bottom of the sea without assistance from a diving-bell, and as often been raised again. In these very waters have floated British frigates. Deep in the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean" far below, lies the wreck of an English ship, which sank down with its treasure of golden guineas. The money had been sent out to pay the King's troops in 1775. English divers were sent over in 1821, but were not allowed to go down. The Americans claim it as "treasure trove," and their divers are still at work. They have found the cabin; and

the skeletons of the manacled prisoners of war, for whom there was no escape, although the crew were saved; but the precious "treasure" is not yet "trove," it is still in the earlier stage of "quest."

Round "Hell Gates" the whirlpool never slumbers, the boiling waters never cool. Over hidden ridges of granite, the sea still rushes like a mill sluice, reminding us of the "Race of Alderney." Large sums have been spent by Government in blasting under water, but the rocky impeders, like the "Iron Gates" in the Danube, still remain. Our pilot took us very carefully through this dangerous bit of navigation, and when safely passed, we felt relieved. The "furies" of the place seem still to require, as a sacrifice, the loss of an occasional vessel. It was now evening, the wind was rising, and its moan began to mingle with sound of clanking engines and plash of paddle-wheels. Darkness fell upon the waters of the Sound, only broken by the twinkle of shore-beacons and the deck-lights of a passing ship.

We descend to supper. The sitting-down to it is a thing I shall never forget; for was I not then introduced to corn-cake, hominy and melons, to American tomatoes and white-garbed negro-waiters! It was the last evening I was to spend with my kind Rhode Island friends; on the morrow, we were to part in the capital city of their State; they, to the welcomes of home and friends, after long absence in Europe, I—with energies girded to the work, pushing on to scenes of Northern travel. Long after supper we lingered, talking of sights in the Old World—by them accomplished; of other sights in their own New World which were in store for me.

# POLITICAL LIFE.

POLITICS run high in the United States. I had not been long in the land, before I was advised what newspapers I might read with most profit and advantage. One evening I visited the Atlantic Gardens in New York; a large room was filled with loungers drinking "lager" beer, calling for "ponies" of brandy, and discussing election matters the while. An automaton-organ towered aloft on one side of the saloon, and daily poured forth for listeners, music powerful as from a full-fledged orchestra. In its intervals of silence during the evening, a band of German musicians were playing lively tunes. All along the side facing the organ and the Germans, green leaves of trees peeped into the room, above a party-screen, and the breeze among the branches made a sort of rustling chorus. Stepping out among these trees you find hundreds of singing-birds in their cages. Slightly altered in mode, it is in *substance* the "Jardin Chanson" of the "Champs Elysées," transplanted into the American Paris. Suddenly music is heard from the outside. I left, and turning into Broadway had a first glimpse of political processions.

First came a band of torch-bearers, lighting to their office the fingers of those who beat the drums and played the instruments of brass. Following sounds of stirring march, came thousands and thousands of citizens—"blue-boys" the people call them from the blue badge they wear. By their side and with their ranks marched cotyledons of

police. Later in the evening, in coming down Broadway, our omnibus was brought to a stand until the long, long files had passed.

In the city of Philadelphia I had seen a political pageant. Up and down the shaded streets was drawn a waggon filled with musicians. Their instruments in the pathetic strains of "You'll remember me," were calling up recruits. Large was the gathering of politicians, earnest the manner, and flowery the speech of its leaders. Long after I had left the meeting, ringing cheers and sullen groans came floating over Independence Hall, to the open window at which I sat; and I remembered that such gatherings, such speeches and such lungs were not unknown in England.

In the majority of cases, an American could not live without his politics. He takes to the science as naturally as the British boy to his marbles and cricket. He votes by ballot, and yet there is after all much of the spirit of the Canadian farmer of the backwoods, who declared "that all he knew of politics, was, that he voted for his friends." So, in the United States there is voting for friends in the present tense, and there is voting for friends in the future tense. It is human-nature, and prevails among all peoples. At the same time, we must congratulate the Americans upon the uniform order and quietness of the polling-day, and upon the celerity with which the votes of millions of people are recorded.

I have repeatedly seen the passengers in railway-cars canvassed for their votes; some individual, in a playful manner, thus "taking the sense" of the travelling meeting. On more than one occasion I have had the honor of exercising the American franchise. President Grant, during his political minority, had at least one

British vote; and on the great day of triumph—the day of his majority—the well-wishes of that voter were not absent.

I heard a story. An Irishman in America was called upon to vote. Very probably his discriminating mind had not yet been sufficiently enlightened, as to the merits or demerits of rival candidates for State honors. Friends became pressing; rival partisans gave him no peace. The Celt in Ireland might waver; the Celt when a *citizen* must bring his mind to resolution. With infinite puzzlement and docility, he said, "Och, an sure I'll do as I dade in the ould counthry, an vote aginst the cuffernment."

Long before the White House is vacated by its tenant, the contest for the next tenantship commences. Conventions name the foremost men, and immediately the "running" process begins. In every city, town and hamlet—according to the measure and depth of their political strength—you see the evidences of contest round you. Banners are hung across the street. Each candidate is often in public, in person or by deputy. His life from earliest childhood is traced out and made public. It is your own fault if you are ignorant of these things. You are told to the hour and minute the time of his birth; of his education and marriage; of his sons and daughters—and descending still lower into the inanimate creation—of the exact spot of latitude and longitude on which his mansion stands, and of that mansion itself, even to the angles of its gables and the tale of its planks. Yet further, of him whose silence is so "golden," the silvern speech of friends will tell of feats of strategy and sword on battle-field, before the hour of victory came. These details grow and grow, until methinks the candidate will say of his investigating

friends, as did Othello,—They

> "Still question'd me the story of my life,
> From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune,
> That I have passed.
> I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
> To the very moment that (they) bade me tell it."
> and yet not satisfied,
> "(They'd) come again, and with a greedy ear,
> Devour up my discourse."

On the day of struggle all these things are done with; they are forgotten. The victor does not need them; the vanquished one abhors them. Not another word will we say of electors and elected; for are not all their speeches, all their actions, recorded in the chronicles of the "Tribune" and "Herald"!

Do not think that we have no faults in our own electoral system in England. Until lately it was studded with anomalies and shames. We could tell of a brainless son of Castle Monsal coming forward for the suffrage. The doings of his ancestry were flaunted in the eyes of voters until they were inclined to say,—

> What boots it all, what care we for his ancestry,
> When the man before us lacks its wit and wisdom?

We could tell of officers sitting in Parliament, who know far more of a naval review and words of command, than of the science of government. We could tell of rich merchants, without an eloquent thought in their heads, well up in the prices of currants and iron, but lamentably ignorant of political economy. We could tell of country squires sitting within that noble Commons' House, whose political vision remained darkened, though all around was light. Again and again have they refused the voice of warning,—

> My lords, we hear a fearful tempest sing,
> Yet seek no shelter from the rising storm;

We see the very wreck that we must suffer,
And unavoided let the danger come.

Lastly, we could tell of a boasted liberty in England, while for centuries, millions of English people have been excluded from the suffrage.

On the other hand, we could tell of one who has devotedly, unselfishly served his country—whose motto has ever been "Be just and fear not"—until now, in old age, he is held in love and honour by his countrymen. We could tell of one who has studied liberty and justice from the days of Oxford student-life; until now, trusted and prized by Queen and people, he holds the helm of England. We can tell also, though the deed is but of yesterday, of the barriers of class legislation broken down, and the cry of the people heard, and answered. We could tell yet further of a young American who breathed to us his wish, his life's desire—in spirit of truest patriotism—to represent his State in Congress. Of another, who is making the living world his lesson-book—gathering in every land the rules of statesmanship—investigating the happiness of peoples—until he will in due time return to his American home, prepared to devote his life unselfishly to politics.

These things cast a gleam of hope upon the world's selfish struggles. We believe that for America there are "great things" in store politically; and that for England, old England—after centuries of class-government—now on the edge of an unknown, unfathomed future—there will be "light at eventide"; the light of justice, the light of goodness, the light of God's blessing. I give the words of a faithful leader,—"I think I see as it were, above the hill-tops of time, the glimmerings of the dawn of a better and a nobler day, for the country and the people that I love so well."

# ENVIRONS OF EMPIRE CITY.

WE have all heard of Fifth Avenue. Upon closer acquaintance, it will fully maintain its character for princely mansions—varying in material of construction from marble to sandstone, and in architecture from mediæval to gothic—but each vieing with its neighbour in the splendour of its interior, and the prodigal luxury of its *ménage*. A ride from Central Park to Fifth Avenue Hotel at the city end, will give some idea of the extent and beauty of this famous suburb: range after range of noble mansions, the homes of luxury and fashion. The hotel alluded to, is in fact a marble palace; in point of size and appliances it could cast into deep shade the ancestral halls of the Camerlenghi. What the canal was to Venice, the vertical railway is to the huge guest-mansion of New York. By means of it you may ascend from basement to attic, or *vice versa*, descend from "turret to foundation-stone."

I was told a story of the Prince of Wales' visit, by a Southern gentleman who was an eye-witness of the scene. After asking the Prince to inspect the Ladies' Parlour and other sights of the hotel, it was proposed that His Royal Highness should be drawn to the top of the building in the hoist. The prudent Duke of Newcastle however declined, for fear some accident should happen to his charge. If the illustrious party had ascended and stepped out on to the roof, they would have found it to be a point of vantage, second only to the spire of Trinity, from which to look down upon the panorama of the city.

The same gentleman told me that the Southern people were much disappointed that the Prince's tour did not extend to their States.

On the Avenue stands the new Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick. The works are still in progress; when completed, the building will be one of the finest in the New World. The Jewish synagogue is also in the same locality. I believe that its architecture is Romanesque, but I should require the pen of Mr. Ruskin to bring its details before the reader. It is a beautiful edifice, with its round Italian windows, and pinnacled roof and balustrade. I don't think that Jews are numerous in America, but it is evident that those who are there have prospered, and out of their prosperity has sprung this ornate temple. It is a great contrast to the lowly synagogue at Prague, in which city the tabernacle seems to have descended a step into the earth, or the earth to have risen round the tabernacle. I am told that the twin-roll of scripture in use is identically the same—a veritable fac-simile of that compiled by Esdras the scribe, 500 years B.C., with all the dots and marks which appeared in that copy.

On a fine day, Central Park is one of New York's most pleasing sights. The Commissioners are catering for the citizens' out-door enjoyment with no niggard hand, having already expended £3,000,000 upon the park. The pleasure-grounds are extensive and laid out with exquisite taste. They are a triumph of landscape gardening; probably the finest that America can show. You may wander among drives and labyrinthine walks from morning to evening, still coming upon some new spot. As we came up to the Pavilion we were greeted by merry strains of music from the band. Throngs of elegantly-dressed people were sitting round the orchestra, protected from the sun by tent-like awnings; while others

were promenading near the music stands. We do not remember to have looked upon a scene of open-air festival so gay as this one, except on a fête day at St. Cloud, when coteries of Parisians, danced a cotillon in forest glades, to the music of the "Cent Gardes'" Band. In the United States the instrumentalists are often Germans. Native-born Americans do not as a rule excel in music, either vocal or instrumental. Probably if there was not such a stream of exotic talent, more might be done to develop native excellence in harmony. No one can say that Americans are unmindful of musical genius, or slow to recognise its worth, when they remember how Jenny Lind was welcomed, when first her voice was heard in Castle Garden Music Hall.

Our trip to the Park was made on a fine Saturday afternoon. We noted some novel designs in fountain-ornament. Jets of water, in their upward rising, are made to assume the curved, twining folds of a serpent. Pleasure-parties are out in boats upon the lake. On the same waters are floating graceful swans. While looking at the latter, I am closely questioned about Virginia Water and Windsor; just as I am beginning to see the drift of the merry questioners, out comes the truth, that these swans are the gift of Queen Victoria to the Park. "If we had a Queen, we should have recognised her swans," was my rebuke for such lamentable ignorance. This felt to be a delightful episode; to hear of an act of courtesy from our Sovereign Lady to a great people; to witness the delight of the recipients, and the value they set upon the gift.

A terrace on the lake-margin is connected with those above by broad, noble steps of stone. The abutments of these water-staircases are tastefully carved. The cunning

hand of a Scotch mason, has sculptured in the soft-tinted sandstone, lovely shapes of birds, fruits and flowers. Walnut and maize are intermingled with pinion and petal. So fairy-like is the tracery, so excellent its artistic merits, that we wish it could endure for ever; but we fear that the perishable material gives little promise of perpetual faithfulness. Under the upper terrace, a semi-subterranean chamber has been assigned to refreshment purveyors. When its decorations are completed, this room will appear ornamented in the style of the Moorish Court at the Crystal Palace. Reality is better than fancy, so we think, as the time comes to propitiate by gifts, the hunger and thirst which inevitably steal upon pleasure-seekers.

There are yet other sights in store. We may pass under a "Marble Arch"; we may promenade upon a grassy "Mall." Close by are two young forest-trees. These saplings of oak and elm were planted by the Prince of Wales, on his visit in 1860. We saunter through the "vine-clad Arbour"; we wander through the mazes of the "Ramble." We bend low beneath an arch of stone, pushing aside creeping plants and climbers before the precincts of the "Cave" are entered. We must not forget bonnie "Bow Bridge"; its graceful span—its vases of orchids and bright-hued flowers.

There is yet one other Park-scene to delineate. It is winter; the lakes are frozen over. The time is night, night transformed into day by the brilliant light of the moon. Such evenings are very common in the latitudes of North America. A merry company are skating; we will buckle on our runners and join them. Very little imagination will bring the scene before the home-dweller. The ice is as it were, the gleaming floor of a ball-room, trimly swept and garnished—the roof, the star-lit heaven.

Ladies are out in full force, attired in costumes appropriate to the occasion.

> At Christmas we no more desire a rose,
> Than wish a snow mid May's new-fangled shows,
> But like of each thing that in season grows.

Our fair friends have put aside the "Grecian Bend" with Autumn; they have donned their winter furs, and are learning again the graceful motions of northern sisters—such as are practised by the daughters of Stockholm on frozen Malar See. Sight and sound bespeak a carnival of pleasure. It is a real winter-palace festival. The great, open presence-chamber is not thronged by Peers and Princes; for the guests are of a people whose Princedoms and Peerages are worn beneath the prouder title of citizen.

The reservoirs for receiving the water supplies of New York are constructed in Central Park. The stream is brought from Croton river, 40 miles distant. An aqueduct which is a marvel of engineering skill brings in the sparkling treasure. Treasure it is, to those who drink it, morning, noon and night; treasure it is, with cleanliness and comfort in its train for a hundred thousand households; beyond price as a main-spring in promoting health among the city's teeming population.

Land in the vicinity of the Park is very high in value. This spring (1869) some building-plots on 71st-street were sold. The usual-sized "city-block" (25ft. by 100ft.) realised 26,000 dollars for a corner frontage, and 19,000 dollars for a side-street frontage; or £16 and £11 per square yard respectively. In addition to the cost of the ground, the purchaser would have to excavate by blasting 12ft. of solid rock, for his cellars, before commencing to build.

It is a mistake to think that New York has no antiquities. True it has no time-worn minster, or city-walls like the York of the old country; but, as in the New World change and progress are more rapid, so there, things of the present sooner become things of the past. There is a floating atmosphere of romance about its early-settlement and War of Independence, which has almost become tradition. Two centuries and a half have passed since Dutch burghers first planned its streets, and trafficked at the infant port. The Governor brought from Holland and planted in his garden 220 years ago, a pear-tree. Stuyvesant's sapling grew and thrived apace; the tree yet survives, and its feeble life is guarded with jealous care from the bustling throng of 3rd Avenue. In front of the Church of St. Paul, is a marble slab recording the death of General Montgomery at Quebec. In the green-acre of Trinity, hard by, is the tomb of Commodore Lawrence, a brave officer who fell in the frigate-duel between the Chesapeake and Shannon. A curious silver-service, presented by Queen Anne of England, soon after the founding of the church, is still preserved by the Trinity Corporation. At Hyde Park on Long Island, we may yet see the house in which William Cobbett composed his English grammar. The city Post-office was a Dutch church in olden-time, and in its steeple Franklin practised experiments in electricity. In New York there is a Printing-House Square; in the Square a fine building of Nova Scotia stone. From the active presses within this "Times" Office, issues daily a journal which is as extensively read as its London namesake.

The very nomenclature is an "antiquity" in itself. Dutch names carry back our thoughts to the Holland of palmy days. Indian names of poetic sound and meaning, associate together, a land of forest and the city of the

Pale-faces which has risen upon it. Anglo-Saxon names exercise an influence still stronger. To the American it comes by right to share in an antiquity equal with our own. He needs no "Old Mortality" to ransack the records of a thousand years; they are written for him, on crumbling Minster and Castle-ruin, in the fair islands of Britain. The larger his soul, the greater will be his glory and delight in sharing with us the history of the past. In this spirit one of his nation has written, —"To the American of English descent, who cares for the glories of his fatherland, and the mighty race from which he has descended, England is the *one* country of Europe most worthy of a thoughtful examination. For my part I have a pride of ancestry in this country, and a hearty happiness in everything I see in it that is grand and beautiful. If I see a church, or a castle more than two centuries old, some ancestor of mine may have aided to build it; if an ancient tree, some hand in which my blood flowed may have planted it; and I peer among the mossy old church-yard stones to see if my name is not there chiselled." Oh, how grateful I felt to him who penned these words; in return, at my hands, America shall have justice. I will render honor where honor is due. When I travel through that mighty land—dowered so richly by a Wise Creator—when I see the great works which its people have accomplished—I read a glorious future for the nation. The great heart of England is true to liberty, and beats in sympathy with America; praying that on her may descend the blessing of the "Most High, who ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

It is not long before you learn how tenderly America cares for the education of its children. She is not great in colleges, but she is renowned for public schools and

libraries. New York has one or two of the former, and a prodigal growth of the latter. Near Fifth Avenue is a seat of learning of George the Second's time, and founded by that king. It is now known as Columbia College. We may visit the University of New York—a noble marble building, whose perpendicular pointed gothic architecture reminds us of our own famous "Kings" at Cambridge, and whose chapel is one of the finest in America. Cooper Institute—founded by a benevolent citizen in the interests of literature—is also a pillar of education in its way. It is needless to summarise each of the twenty or more public libraries of the city; a sight of the 140,000 volumes in the Astor Library will go far to satisfy an ordinary reader.

I had often heard of the doggerel sung in infant schools, yet was amused to hear it for the first time. The scholars, boys and girls, stand up and sing,

> This is the way we wash our hands,
> Before we go to school in the morning.
> (suiting the action to the words)
> This is the way we brush our clothes,
> Before we go to school in the morning.
> (again suiting the action to the words.

One thinks that after such a training, the young folks will never appear with unwashed hands or unbrushed clothes, during the term of their natural lives. In a very short time, these bright, American children—whom Mrs. Stowe describes as 'all nerves' by the side of solid-headed brothers and sisters in England—will be ready for real rhyme of Anglo-Saxon classics, after this preparatory meal of doggerel. The free, public schools are institutions prosaic enough, but they are in many respects the cradle of the nation's power.

I visited the printing establishment of Harper Bros., in Franklin Square, and Appleton's Emporium of Litera-

ture in Grand-street. Both will take favorable rank with our leviathan publishing-houses in London.† One afternoon I went to see Mr. Sheenan at his store. During our imprisonment on the "Scotia" this gentleman and myself thoroughly discussed "American Schools." With quick hospitality he cemented our renewed acquaintance by an invitation to drink wine with him; then he told me of his early struggles. He had emigrated from Germany 40 years ago, landing in New York with only a few *thalers* in his pocket;—now he has risen to be a wealthy man. I was taken to look over a fancy-store. Its sign informed all comers, that within were sold "knick-knacks" and "Yankee notions." Here, thought I, is a genuine characteristic of native originality. Inside was all kinds of fancy articles, from Pennsylvanian hosiery to Birmingham buttons, from Parisian kids to Maryland chess-men. Most of all I was struck with the tact and "smartness" of the salesman.

In conversing with a merchant-friend, he introduced the question of English land-law, and primogeniture. After an animated discussion, he comes round to my view that it is not desirable for England to be split up into tiny, fractional holdings; he sees that it is unfair to compare England and America together as agricultural or landed countries, seeing that the area of each, *pro rata* with its population is so unequal. On the authority of this gentleman I may state that the land in the city of New York is now principally held in very few hands. Thirteen or fourteen wealthy people own the greater part

† It is said that the latter firm wished to contract with the Cable Company to have the whole of Disraeli's "Lothair" transmitted from London in 48 hours. Pressure of other business would not admit of the carrying out of this masterly attempt to take the wind out of a rival's sails.—1870.

of it; among them being the Corporation or Vestry of Trinity, and Mr. Astor's heirs.

The "Church of the Puritans" near Union Square is especially interesting, because Dr. Cheevers' name is so intimately bound up with it. Foremost among Episcopal churches is Trinity. It stands in Broadway, facing Wall-street; daily the sweet chimes of its bells are heard mingling with the hum of the Exchange. More than 170 years ago, money was sent out from England to build the church, and buy lands for its endowment. Little did its founders think, that this church of an infant colony, would become the most wealthy in the world, bidding fair to perpetuate in America a ritual service, which, in the old country, is to some extent waning and becoming feeble. Lord Cornbury presented the "Church farm" of the Dutch, or the "King's farm" of the English to the Trinity Corporation, a few years after the founding of the church. These lands have risen immensely in value, so much so, that the revenue now yielded by them has made Trinity the richest ecclesiastical plum in the world. I give the following statement on the authority of Sir Roundell Palmer. "Trinity Church, New York, possesses a considerable part of Manhattan Island, a property which will soon be of the value of £400,000 or more anr , or in other words will yield a yearly revel· ı to the nett income of the Irish Church Est: ıent."—(*House of Commons, March*, 1869.)

The present edifice is built of brown sandstone; its outside is imposing; its interior much in the style of English Cathedrals. It has a fine roof of chiselled stone and the painted windows are also beautiful. On the last Sunday of my stay in America I attended service in this noble Cathedral. It was not difficult to imagine yourself in an English Minster. Clergymen and choristers in

white robes, come in singing a hymn. Before they enter the church, we can hear the dulcet sounds of youthful voices ringing about the roof of a side chapel. The large temple is full to overflowing. The congregation is by no means made up of men and women in "goodly apparel," but sons and daughters of toil throng nave and aisles, making us glad at heart to know that to the poor of the city the gospel is preached. The present rector is Dr. Vinton. He was educated at West Point for a soldier, but changed his aims in life and became a divine. His fellow-minister was an elderly man, whose face reminded us much of portraits we have seen of General Washington. The sermon was grounded upon the parable of the "grain of mustard seed" The Scriptures, said the preacher, must be taken as a whole, like arras, in which every thread is of importance.

Then the strains of a grand old anthem roll through the church,—

O, come, let us worship and fall down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

The roof is so high, that a sounding-board over the pulpit is required. There it canopies the preacher, with its emblems of doves on outstretched wings, and branches of olive and palm. I am told that the Episcopal form of service is extending in America—in almost every case founded and sustained by voluntary effort—unlike this richly-endowed exception.

There is one other feature of religious life in the city to which I would allude with all reverence. Daily, at noon, a gathering for worship takes place in a room adjoining the Reformed Dutch Church. It is now universally known as the "Fulton-street Prayer Meeting." Its commencement dates back to days of great commercial disaster in 1857, and it has been sustained ever since.

Many persons attend regularly, there is a constantly changing influx of strangers, and the proceedings are often deeply interesting. Petitions for prayer, come in by letter from all parts of the Union—from East, West, North and South—from Florida to Wisconsin, from Oregon to Long Island. I was touched by this evidence of strong religious feeling which, after all—amid sects and schisms innumerable—pervades the American mind. It is often unexpectedly manifested at "Camp Meetings." As an instance of this, I may mention that as I passed through Rhode Island, a religious "revival" was going on at Martha's Vineyard.

# DIAMOND STATE.

I WAS now to pass from cosmopolitan New York to Yankee New England. In the grey of an autumn morning, I disembarked from one of the Sound steamers, and entered the tiny State of Rhode Island. As the sun rose, the veil of indistinctness was lifted from the earth, and a New England landscape lay before me. There were green-fields, and stone-walls; busy villages and mills; pastures fringed with pine-barrens and swamps. It was a very suggestive scene, one which I had for years longed to look upon. Coming from the garden-land of England, with its trim hedges and green valleys, can I behold it without intense expectation! And of the dwellers in the land—how shall I find them? Shall I, after living among them, after seeing all that is good and beautiful in their country, be able to say with Miranda,—

O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

I am not disappointed.

Long before factory-bells had called the people to work in the mills, I was standing under a shady elm on the hill-side, looking down upon the city of Providence. Close at hand were the houses of richer citizens, standing in lane-like streets, rejoicing in abundant shade of maple and chestnut. In the gardens, I notice tulip-trees with their dark, glossy leaves, and balsams sharing the glory of the flower-beds. There:—are "meeting-houses" with wooden spires and umber-colored walls. Here:—is

Brown's University, the College of Providence, looking time-worn after its 90 years of life—yet doing what our colleges cannot do—giving to young men, who come up from the public schools of the State, an advanced education for a mere trifle of yearly fee.

Hither in olden time, came good Roger Williams. With just and fair exchange, he bought the land from its Indian owners; then he gave the name to the infant city, calling it after that "Providence," which would, he believed, smile upon and prosper a work whose beginning was justice. The Indians called it the "Isle of Peace;" it gained its present name from the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

In the refreshment room at the railway station, I learned from the young man who served me, that during the war he had been called to the army, and had fought at the battle of Antietam. The saloon over which he now presided, was by no means worthy of the thriving city of Providence, nor was the fare so generous as you find at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel. All sit down side by side. I noticed a lady dressed in white, sipping coffee in republican proximity to garments the reverse of her own in cleanliness. The men have all a free and independent manner, and seem pleased to adopt broadcloth and l[illegible]d ornaments; yet they are evidently all readers and keenly intelligent on political matters.

I had now time to examine an American locomotive. It seems strang[illegible]o see the furnace-fires fed with logs of wood. General Grant is evidently high in favour in these parts, for the engine now under analysis bears his name. The system of checking or registering passengers' luggage is a good one, and saves much trouble. Perhaps by my next visit, the officials will have become more obliging; at present, they evidently think that our boxes

are made to be kicked about, whenever they happen to be in humour for a game at foot-ball! No one can travel in New England cars, without noticing how intelligent are the faces of female passengers. It is true they are pale and thin, having no pretence whatever to the ruddy bloom of our English lassies; but the stamp of a superior education is on their countenances. They dress daintily, and are quite alive to the advantages of appearance. Their voices may be a little harsh—after the manner of their country—but, prompted by kind hearts, they utter pleasant words.

Newport is situate within an enjoyable sail of 30 miles down Narragansett Bay. There the tide rages more angrily, and rises higher than on the surrounding coast. The possession of fine ranges of beach, has long made Newport a centre of fashionable summer visitors. During the season, the gay company is the sight; yet certain antiquaries will carry you off to an old wind-mill, and tell you that *it* is the "lion" of the place—will whisper that the old ruin was the work of Vikings, and will liken it to the *berg* of Mousa in the far-away Shetlands.

Rhode Island people are very patriotic and much attached to their State. One of them told me, that some time before, he had made up his mind to leave America. He arranged his affairs; and with his family sought a residence in the Old World. In his wanderings through Europe, he looked upon many bonnie spots. Amid the recesses of England's Lakeland he almost found the home he sought; but the feeling of loyalty to his own country returned again, and allured him back. What happiness this to him, his own words shall tell.

## THE LITTLE DIAMOND STATE.

What time amid the olive groves
  Which fringe the classic sea,
Where wanton summer laughs and sings
  In never-ending glee,
In dreamy rest and idleness
  We dallied with the hours,
With senses charmed by tireless birds
  And golden fruits and flowers,
How oft the inner self escaped,
  And found its instant way
To where severest winter reigned,
  By Narragansett Bay.

And when beneath that dome of domes
  Which emulates the arch
O heaven itself, we saw in grand
  And proud procession march
The followers of the fishermen
  In costliest array,
And more than regal splendor,
  We could but turn away
From soul-deluding rituals,
  Condoning vice and guilt,
To the loftier though simpler church,
  Which Roger Williams built.

The grandeur of the Alpine peaks
  Let never man gainsay ;
That glorious beauty ne'er shall fade
  Until th' Eternal Day
Yet as we stood upon the strand
  Where Leman's wavelets break,

And saw the monarch of the land
Tower up across the lake,
We thought how dearer far to us
The gently swelling crest,
And fertile vale, which nestle warm
On Little Rhoda's breast.

And now, sojourning in a State
Which boasts imperial name—
Where merchant-princes too attest
The justice of the claim—
We note how wealth breeds luxury
And luxury breeds wrong,
How power and fraud and gold and crime
March hand in hand along,
And, sighing not for distant scenes,
Nor envying the great,
We say, with fulness of content,
God bless the DIAMOND STATE.

New York, March 27, 1869. H. H.

# THE PILGRIM STATE.

"The Mayflower lies in the harbour, with all her treasures, not of silver and gold, (for of these she has none,) but of courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual daring."

* * * * * * * *

Here they will establish the foundation of a free State.

*Everett.*

BIDDING adieu to Rhode Island, I entered Massachusetts, the Pilgrim State. After a journey by rail, I alighted one afternoon at a way-side station, west of Boston. The pleasant town which it accommodates, takes its name from an English statesman. I wended my way through shady lanes, attended at every step with the incessant cry of innumerable grasshoppers. We have no sound in England to which I can compare it. Welcomed at a country-home, and surrounded by kind friends, I enjoyed a never-to-be-forgotten opportunity of studying New England life. "As you come unprejudiced to visit America," said my entertainers, "we are all wishful that your first impressions of it may be favorable." Certainly in their good-heartedness, they spared no pains to make them so.

I will endeavour to draw a little picture of this country-home. The house is a frame one, as is usual in New England; painted white, with a green verandah running round two sides. A stem of English ivy has been planted, and trained up the lattice, but it is sickly, pining for its Yorkshire home. Under the skies of the old Bay State it does not exhibit the hardihood, nor attain the exuberant

growth which distinguishes it in the old country. But in place of it are trailing Mexican creepers; there is the gorgeous "morning glory," or American columbine, which in autumn turns the most beautiful crimson you ever saw, hiding the verandah in festoons of ruby-colored leafage. In the garden grow geraniums; and our old-fashioned hollyhocks give place to kindred altheas. Between garden and orchard is a leafy barrier. Mark it well; for it is composed of English thorn, brought from its native land, and now grown up into a stately hedge. One of the curiosities of the orchard is a bi-yearly apple tree, which is too leisurely to bear fruit as often as its neighbours. In autumn there will be store of rosy-cheeked apples, "enough and to spare" for cider and winter-pies—the surplus will probably find its way to Europe.

When my host came to "locate" here, many years ago, this orchard-land was rough and stony, and had to be reclaimed from the wilderness. He selected this spot for his dwelling, because of its vicinity to a never-failing spring of water. A little creek flows by, and mingling its waters with those of the spring, expands into a bonnie lake. On raised terraces above the dam—fronting to south-west—are planted grape-vines, the cultivation of which, in New England, is now pursued with enthusiastic rivalry. Down below, maize is growing; trailing under maize and vines are the innumerable varieties of "creeping things," known here as squashes, pumpkins and water-melons. Grapes ripen in the open air, and nature furnishes with bountiful hand, limes and strawberries; cherries and plums; with all the well-known vegetables common in English kitchen-gardens.

Within the mansion, I found the substance of all pleasant things that I had hoped for; so much home-like

kindness—so many home-like customs, that I was often reminded of my father's house among the Yorkshire hills —in which my earlier years were passed. Amid these new scenes, the days were spent in riding and driving about the country, with an occasional ramble in the woods.

On the evening of my arrival, I was taken out to see the "lions" of the place. A large space has been set apart as a village-green; in the centre is reared a tall May-pole or flag-staff, upon which the loyal townspeople have inscribed their devotion to Union and Constitution. On one side of the "green" was the store, with its open verandah, and the horses of customers tied up to the pillars. Pointing to a detached house, my guide said,— "this was a tavern in Washington's days; we are pleased to tell our stranger-friends that the General passed a night under its roof, when he was staying in the district." All round, are white-walled villas; each surrounded by orchard and garden; upon the lawns in front, on summer evenings, the young people are playing croquet. Along the streets are planted shade trees of white maple.

It is 200 years since this little town was settled, and a century and a half since it received its charter of incorporation. Its population is now stationary, the surplus regularly leaving home, and pushing westward to wider fields of action. One-sixth of the people are Irish, who live apart in a little colony of their own. They are not so prosperous as the native-born Americans, for they possess some unfortunate characteristics of their race, even in an adopted land. This little town of 3,000 people, sent 200 men to the war. From this item of statistics, an idea may be formed of the strain laid upon the home-population, during that terrible struggle. Schools I need not mention. They are found all over the Northern

States; and always good. Mr. G. took me to see their Poor-house, among other institutions of the town. It consists of a farm of 50 acres or so; a homestead, and a man and his wife in charge. The only pauper is one old man, whom it has been playfully proposed—on the score of economy—to send as a border to the St. Nicholas Hotel. Unfortunately this exemption from poverty, is not general in the larger cities of the United States.

It was only a short distance from the cultivated lands to the woods. *There* was solitude enough, as I wandered through the forest-aisles, and looked upon mighty trees, scarred with lichens, light-green and grey. Here, I gained a primary experience, which afterwards served me in good-stead amongst the wooded wilds of New Brunswick, Ottawa, and Michigan. Partridge, woodcock and grouse are found in these covers, but no pheasants. Game-laws are unknown in America. During the war, feathered game increased considerably, for the young sportsmen who usually waged war against it, were otherwise employing their guns in Virginia, and on the Mississippi. I hear with surprise, that in Massachusetts there is a strong feeling in favor of a return to the English system of protecting game. In the far West, destruction goes on indiscriminately, and every autumn, long freight-trains, laden with prairie-birds and deer, are sent to the Eastern cities. The large herds of buffalo are being rapidly killed off, and the article must become scarcer and scarcer, as the plains are filled up with people.

It was pleasant to go out for a ramble in the lanes, especially when accompanied by a friend who had some knowledge of the local flora. In thickly-shaded places we found the pipe-plant, so called from its resemblance to an Indian pipe. During growth it is white in colour, but when pulled up it turns black. Shape and colour

render it a curiosity. Wild cherries, raspberries, blackberries and hazel-nuts are growing in profusion. American chestnuts also, when cooked, are by no means to be despised by a hungry man. Hemlock-pine has been planted, and trained into hedges, which resemble the closely-clipped yews of old-fashioned gardens, of Haddon Hall style and era. Everywhere there are ferns of beautiful shape, and infinite variety. The yellow leaves of the false indigo, and sumach-shrubs with cores of orange-red flowers, and fringed stems like the wigan-tree, dot the lane sides. In the woods are dark-grained walnut, ubiquitous pine, stately oak, and graceful beech. In the district are many mulberry trees. Thirty years ago there was a mania for silkworm-rearing, and then the mulberries were planted. Somehow the little stranger silk-spinner did not thrive as in warmer lands, so the project was abandoned.

We set out one afternoon for a visit to the lake. It was distant 4 or 5 miles; the approach to it, lay through wild-wooded country and swamp. Above the pathway towered Moose Hill, a high bluff covered with dwarf-trees. A few rattlesnakes are still found in rocky places on its slopes, and their bite is deadly. From its summit you can see the Atlantic Ocean, with 40 towns and villages. Over this hill, the Indians used to drive moose, which were then numerous in Massachusetts! Now, the way lies through solitary lanes and glens, as lonely as those in the Scottish Highlands. The cedar-bird is busy at work, gathering from surrounding trees a store of seeds for winter. It is something like the swallow, and takes its name from the tree whence it draws its food of seed-cones. Squirrels are numerous as rabbits at home; you are constantly sighting a red tuft, or a bright eye, in overhanging branches. The sly red fox is stealthily

prowling about nests and warrens. In the swamp, you may watch the toad in his lair, darting out his needle-like tongue to snare unsuspecting flies. Now and then, a snake will glide across the pathway, harmless enough, if you hear no rattle.

The lake itself is a beautiful sheet of water, several miles in length. Its surface is agitated by the breeze, as by a tidal force, and tiny waves are breaking on the beach. A boat is launched, and rowed across; its keel grates upon the shingle in a sheltered cove, then the party land and camp in pic-nic fashion. Woods close in the lake on all sides, with an unbroken ring of green; all is still, except the plashing of waves over the pebbles. In returning home we traversed the outskirts of the swamp. Rough cattle were pasturing close to its edge, but hunters only would care to penetrate further into its recesses. We passed a lonely private burial-ground. Even this secluded spot has its tale of tragedy. A bride, who died on the morning of her wedding-day, before the marriage-rite had been performed, was borne hither, and laid to rest, with her bridal clothes upon her. She was not long divided in death, from him she had loved; for in a few days, this solitary necropolis received another tenant; the lovers, joined by death, now sleep side by side. In the neighbouring State of Rhode Island, there are many of these private family-cemeteries.

I was a witness to the celerity with which Americans repair damage to their bridges, from flood and fire. In Vermont a freshet, and in Massachusetts a fire, had destroyed a wooden viaduct. In a day and a half in each case, the locomotive had "running powers" restored.

On Sunday I attended service at a little Puritan church in the village. The order of worship was similar to that of an English Congregational Chapel. Several home-

tunes, and Addison's noble Creation-hymn entered into the service. The preacher's sermon was couched in the spirit of earnest Protestantism. In New England, "Congregational Chapels" are called "Calvinistic" or fashionable churches, in contra-distinction to Unitarian places of worship, which are numerous in the Pilgrim State. The era of rude, stoveless "meeting-houses" has long since passed away in Eastern America. Could the Puritan-fathers return to earth, they would find their descendants, worshipping—still according to conscience—but in beautiful temples. The walls of the one I speak of, are tastefully painted in panels, the floor is carpeted, and fans are placed in each pew for use on hot Sundays. Very different is this luxurious upholstery, this wood-work of choicest elm and mahogany, from the floor strewn with hemlock-branches, and the rough plank-seats of early forest-churches. I found much pleasure in visiting the Sunday-schools. A teacher from Western America, had said to me in England, a few months previously, "you must come to our country to see Sunday-schools in all their glory and usefulness. His words were true; for in the United States, all children—irrespective of class—attend the Sunday-schools with regularity and cheerfulness We ought to take a lesson from New England, not only in secular, but also in religious education of the young. The Puritans carried with them to the New World, the old English custom of a childrens' festival on May Day. At that time the weather is generally cold and wet; so the "fathers of the State"—in council assembled—have for once legislated for young America—by changing this favourite day of celebration to the first of June.

During the rebellion, a camp of 5,000 soldiers was formed in the vicinity of Walpole. Visiting the spot with my friends, the conversation turned upon the war,

and to me became full of interest. Soldiers passed free upon all the railways. The ladies were very patriotic; meetings were regularly held at their houses, to prepare linen, and other things, to send to the soldier-volunteers in the army. The Governor of Massachusetts was a long-sighted man; he had seen what was coming; so that when the *first* call for volunteers was made by President Lincoln, the Massachusetts troops—ready armed and equipped—were the first to march southward. There were many instances of patriotic liberality. Mr. Howe, the maker of sewing-machines, armed and clothed a regiment of 1,000 men at his own expense, and served with it for some time as a private soldier. Mr. Vanderbilt purchased and fitted up a noble ship, at a cost of 1,000,000 dollars, called it by his own name, and presented it to the Federal Government. There were instances of another kind. Grover and Baker found that rifles were more called for than sewing-machines, so they adapted their machinery, and were soon ready to take large contracts for guns and pistols. One of my friends showed me his certificate of exemption from the war-draft, for which he had paid 300 dollars. Many Irish and German emigrants were enlisted, immediately on landing at Castle Garden; they were feasted and toasted at the nearest tavern, and when they came to themselves next morning, found that they were within the lines of the army.

Among relics of the war, I was shown a small piece of the telegraph submarine cable through which the order was flashed to the Confederate soldiery in Fort Moultrie, to fire the first shot on Fort Sumpter, while the Government steamer, "Star of the West" was still engaged in the peaceful mission of parleying. This shot opened the "ball" of war, ruined the cause of the Confederacy--and set

the bondsmen free. I asked the question, "What class of officers displayed the most ability and reliabieness?" I was told that when the war ended, all the chief, good officers, were those of the regular army, men who had received a military education at West Point—so true is the old saying, "every man to his own trade." Many valuable officers, who rose to the rank of colonel or general, during the four years of active service, are now serving as lieutenants and captains, rather than leave the army.

From talking of the war-times, we glided on to the subject of the nationalities of emigrants, who are so constantly and rapidly coming into the United States. While there are perhaps a couple of Chinese in Boston, and a couple of hundred of them in New York city, there are a hundred thousand of these "Celestials" in San Francisco and the West. Thousands more are likely to follow, not only to the "Golden West," but also to the cotton-lands of the sunny South. Those from the North of China, are generally frugal, thrifty and orderly; they save money, often returning to their own country to spend it: some of their southern countrymen are dirty and offensive in habits, and addicted to such crimes as robbery and murder. Native Americans are alarmed lest they should become too large an element in the nation; but at present they cannot be spared as labourers. There are now great numbers of negroes in the Northern States; many are employed as waiters at hotels, and about the docks. They generally work very well, and are often quite as intelligent and trustworthy as Irish servants. A negro will learn to read and write in a single winter, and will understand your meaning at once. Americans do not seem to like the Irish emigrants, many of whom, when they have earned a few dollars beforehand,

grow independent and disinclined to work, often leaving their homes and families squalid and uncared for. It is not all the fault of the Irish; some of it lies at the door of English rulers of Ireland, whose unfair laws have kept the people ignorant, consequently discontented and unhappy. We trust that these things may now be remedied by a just Parliament and a just Government. "To the upright ariseth light in the darkness."

The Germans and Norwegians settle well, and are order-loving. They change their language for the English, and become ardently American at heart. During my stay, there was a large gathering of Germans at a rifle-shooting contest in New York. When I say that amongst the thousands there assembled, from various States, I neither saw, nor heard of any case of drunkenness, it is the strongest testimony I can give of the self-respect and steadiness of character which distinguish the emigrants from Fatherland. I am told that the Irish try to prevent the Bible from being read in the public schools, where their children attend. The Pope is said to be turning his eyes to America. Surely the language of American delegate-Bishops, assembled at Rome, (1870) must have opened the eyes of Pontiff Pius. To Peter's successor, neither Supremacy nor Infalibility will be accorded in the Great Republic. Puritan intolerance—of old, occasionally manifested in witch-burning—had to strike its colors to the spirit of a more liberal age. So it must be with Romanism. 500 years ago the following scene took place in Italy:—

Bernabo Visconti, Duke of Milan, had sheltered himself in the Castle of Marignano during the dreadful plague prevailing in Milan, where no means had been taken to stop it, and thereby incurred the displeasure of the Pope. Bernabo, having received intimation that the Pope had excommunicated him, arranged

that the meeting with the messengers should take place on the Bridge over the river Lambro. The Duke surrounded by his men-at-arms, received the two envoys, who, with the usual genuflections, presented themselves before him, and tendered the Pope's bull of excommunication. Bernabo, after attentively reading it, turned to the two Nuncios, and asked them to choose whether they would eat or drink. They, finding themselves surrounded by enemies and without any hope of escape, looking at the river flowing at their feet, after being closely pressed as to their choice, said they must decline to drink. 'Then,' retorted the tyrant, 'you shall eat,' and the two venerable prelates were obliged to swallow the written parchment, leaden seals and all."

*History of Milan, by Versi.*

Then, there were bold Italians; now, there are Americans still bolder and firmer. We earnestly hope that there may never come into the New World that struggle for supremacy, which in Europe raged so long and terribly between Catholic and Protestant. We trust that the people of America may guard with strong hands, the full and perfect religious freedom, for which our fathers and theirs, shed their blood so freely.

From home topics we turned to discuss foreign affairs. Alaska had recently been purchased from Russia by the United States. An American said to me "that the negociation had been a huge political job, and commissions on it have been paid all round." This newly acquired territory seems only suitable for fishing and hunting, during the short summer of the high latitudes which it occupies. Daniel Webster's saying of New England, "that it had nothing to export but granite and ice," might be more suitably applied to the peninsular of Alaska. It is to the honor of America that she has gained this new land by equitable purchase, when probably she might have taken it for nothing—by a process of gradual absorbtion.

In the evenings we gathered within the pleasant rooms of the house. Bed and sitting-rooms were alike jealously guarded from the intrusion of mosquitoes, by gauze-blinds on door and window, which admitted air, but excluded those tribes of winged marauders. Lamps, fed with oil from the springs of Petrolia, cast a cheerful light around; then I listened again and again to the college-songs of my young friends; and was not soon weary of hearing the patriotic and pathetic "gathering songs" which came into existence during the war-time.

My thoughts will be turned in kindly remembrance to this home, as often as Thanksgiving-day comes round. I will endeavour to describe this festival, which is ranked in the hearts of New Englanders, as Christmas is by the English. The President of the United States, and each Governor of a State or Territory, join in issuing a proclamation appointing the date for "thanksgiving day,' about three weeks before the time. It is generally fixed for the Thursday nearest to the 28th November. Indian Summer is just over, the last fruits of the season have been gathered in. Then comes the celebration of the good old custom—handed down from the days of the Pilgrims. The people assemble in their churches, and return thanks to the Great Giver for the bounties of the year. Large flocks of wild-fowl are flying over the country, to the South; leaving summer feeding-grounds, on the Great Lakes of the North, for the marshes of Florida and the lagoons of Jamaica. Everything external heralds the approach of winter, and then the absent-ones of New England families assemble at the old home to keep a joyful reunion.

# A VILLAGE OF ARCADIA.

This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.

*Lays of Ancient Rome.*

* * * * * *

I am not obliged to go to the treasury of the fertile framers of imaginary commonwealths; not to the Republic of Plato, nor to the Utopia of More, nor to the Oceana of Harrington. It is before me—it is at my feet.

*Edmund Burke.*

MR. H. had said to me during the outward voyage, "Before you leave America, I should like you to see how the New England people live in their homes, away from large towns." He directed me to Foxbro', giving me an introduction to Mr. Carpenter, an old school-fellow of his, who lived there. Accordingly I drove over with one of the ladies of the W. household. On our arriving at the door of the manse, the first question which was put, with true Yankee humour, was, "Are you two come to be married?" It is by no means unusual in America, for young folks—and as for that matter, old folks also—to wait upon the minister, to engage his services officially, and to ask his blessing upon an undertaking far more serious than our visit of courtesy. This by-play over, the kind old clergyman accompanied me to Mr. Carpenter's works. In the

waiting-room of the establishment lay a large-sized copy of Webster's English Dictionary, placed there for the use of all comers; this custom is general in New England places of business.

Mr. C. is a fine old gentleman, quite a travelled man, yet rather silent. He seems to know Europe well, and has evidently been a keen observer of men and things. He introduced me to one of his partners, and then calling in his manager, Mr. T., said, "Will you show Mr. B. all that is interesting about our works?" He smilingly added, "while you tell him all that he wishes to know, mind that you ask questions, and obtain information from him in return." In the factory is manufactured every conceivable article in the shape of hat or bonnet, made from straw. The raw material, ready plaited, is brought from Italy, China, and South America.

250 men and 450 young women, are occupied upon the premises; 2,000 females, living in the vicinity, also received employment in their own homes, from the establishment. The nature of the occupation is for the most part clean and pleasant for females, and those engaged in it are of a high class in character and ability. They come here from all parts of the Northern States to earn money; some to have means to keep their parents, some to obtain funds to spend in dress, others wishing to accumulate savings towards—by and by—fitting up a home of their own. At half-past six in the morning work commences, and is discontinued for the day at 8 in the evening. All are paid by the piece, according to the amount of work they accomplish. Many of these young folks who come "blooming" from their homes at country farm-houses, are tempted by the wage-reward to labour so unremittingly, that their health suffers; the manager

notices their cheeks becoming bleached daily. Some of them are school-teachers, who will take a winter-session at the straw-works, and conduct a summer-school in the country, or *vice versa*.

Mr. T. says that the most intelligent and highest paid labour, leaves also the largest share of profit to the firm. Those young women, or rather young ladies—for such they are by right of their education and character—are comfortably accommodated in airy boarding-houses near the factory. As a whole, all whom I saw were pretty-looking girls, bearing intelligence and refinement on their countenances. It will be a happy day for Old England when all her female factory-workers are as well-educated as their cousins under Mr. Carpenter's régime. The men also receive good wages; all live in homes of their own, which will have cost from 2,000 to 3,000 dollars for homestead and building. All have gardens; some of them vineries; and it is no uncommon thing for them to possess a horse and carriage, in which they drive their families out for an airing.

The population of the village is 3,000—all who can work, and are willing, being employed in some capacity at Mr. Carpenter's. The soil of Foxbro' is so rocky and barren, that but for the straw-manufacture, it would be a poor place. Never in my life have I seen such a degree of solid comfort in a working community. These same mechanics have by their thrift and industry reared houses and called streets by their names. They dress very well at their work, and often take a vacation each summer or autumn, during quiet times in business. A proud Spanish king once asked an ambassador concerning his credentials, "Are you a gentleman?" "Yes." "Whose son are you?" "Of my virtues," replied the envoy; by

this answer quite overcoming the haughty monarch. These men of Foxbro' might urge the ambassador's plea. They have broken through what Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has called "the twin gaolers of humble birth and hard fortune," they constitute a democracy which is in very deed a *demos-thenes*. Foxbro' is a little more than a model village, yet it is a type of many others in New England.

I visited the High School, in which students,—male and female—receive the last course of instruction, prior to a University education. The rooms are as pleasantly arranged, the desks as convenient and handsome as those of first-class private schools in England. If any of my readers have ever visited Bramham College, Yorkshire, they may take it as an example of the educational excellence, to which American High Schools attain. Lessons extend from 8.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., and are then over, there being no afternoon session. Foxbro' with its 3,000 people, raises 5,000 dollars for education each year; though it is the heaviest tax on the townspeople, none is paid so willingly. The masters receive salaries, varying from £100 to £500 per annum. The State of Massachusets has 3 Normal Schools, for educating or training male and female *teachers*, free of expense, on their promising to become school-masters and school-'mams,' for 2 or 3 years after quitting the Normal Alma Mater.

In the middle of Foxbro' is a "green," handsomely railed in; accommodating in its centre, an orchestra for the band which plays 2 or 3 evenings weekly, during summer and autumn, for the pleasure and at the expense of the townspeople. The local authorities have voted a sum of money to build a memorial-hall, in honor of those men from among them, who fell in the Northern armies,

fighting for the Constitution. The building has been commenced, and when completed will be used as a public reading-room.

Mr. M. drove me through a quiet avenue to the cemetery. I constantly visited the resting-places of the dead wherever I journeyed in America, believing that a necropolis is to some extent, a reflex or index of village or metropolis of the living. In the present instance we approach by a retired entrance, passing under an archway, bearing the inscription, "Rockville, 1853." The land has been waiting for its solemn purpose, for hundreds, aye, thousands of years. It is rocky and full of slopes; at the bottom roll the waters of a pretty lake. There is a vault in the hill-side for the reception of coffins during winter, (when the ground is frozen 2 or 3 feet in depth,) until graves can be dug in spring. Within the cemetery, they have now discontinued the use of freestone for memorial-columns, for it crumbles away, but granite endures for ever. In coming away we passed the blackened ruins of Mr. C's. mansion, (which a fire had destroyed): by and by, another and statelier manor-house will rise upon the spot where once stood his father's humble homestead.

The manufacturing interest has now become very strong in New England, there being clusters of mills in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusets and Maine. One of these bee-hive-towns—Lawrence—has sprung up with mushroom rapidity—good wages acting as a diviner's rod in building up a population. I journeyed to it by rail, passing *en route* many places the names of which sounded familiar yet strange; for from Wyoming we proceeded to Melrose, from Melrose to Reading. They were the

old country na s mingled with others of Trans-Atlantic origin; yet differ. g strangely in geographical position from namesakes in Britain.

On the banks of Merrimac river stand 4 or 5 large factories, called by such names as Washington, Pemberton, Atlantic and Pacific. Powerful water-wheels, turned by the stream, furnish motive-power which keeps thousands of spindles and looms busy at work. These mills are all the property of Joint Stock Companies, being to some extent owned by capitalists in Boston and New York. At present, during the existence of a high tariff on foreign goods, they are earning money fast for fortunate stockholders. Four thousand people are employed at the largest mill in Lawrence, and the rate of wages paid to them is higher than in England. The girls or young women, who can manage looms for cotton and woollen fabrics, and at the carpet-mills of Lowell will earn £2 weekly; and like Cornish miners, they only receive their money once a month. I had an opportunity of examining the machinery generally in use; I saw the shawls and poplins, cottons and woollens which are here manufactured; and was much pleased with all. The machinery is ingenious, and the fabrics produced are almost on a par with those of English and French manufacture. There is no reason why they should not be fully equal, or even superior, for the high wages paid in America, induce the best men from both countries to go out to the United States, carrying their ability and experience with them.

From Lawrence I drove to Lowell, which is distant about 9 miles. For some way, the road lay along the banks of the Merrimac, which is here a noble river. It was full of fish a short time ago, but as manufactures and

fish cannot divide the sovereignty of the stream, the latter, being the weaker, are becoming fewer and fewer every year. A large dam has been made across the river, so that the water may be taken off by a canal, to turn the numerous waterwheels. Lowell is great in cotton-mills, and the high character which its female operatives have gained for steadiness, economy and prudence has almost passed into a proverb. While I was here, a fire broke out at one of the mills, but the bell on the city-hall tower gave the alarm, and the fire engines were quickly on the spot, and the flames got under. Skilled artizan-emigrants from the Old World are constantly streaming into these busy manufacturing towns; and New England having taken the lead in spinning and weaving, will probably maintain it, in the face of all the continent.*

From life in these New England manufacturing towns, our thoughts often wandered far away to other and distant parts of the Union. We talked of California, which seems to us the finest and most prodigally endowed province of America. Some of its valleys are wonderfully rich and prolific. It would astonish my English friends to hear Californians talk of their country; of its mighty pine trees, its wonderful pears and grapes, and leviathan vegetable growths. Even its very trees yield ivory; and you learn that the finest wheaten flour now comes from the land of the Golden Gate. In fact it produces everything that is found in the other States, and treasure of gold as well. Here nature yields the good gifts of tropical lands, blessing her gifts with the coolest of breezes, to drive away lassitude and indolence from the dwellers in this sunny land. In California's riches above and below

* Georgia and North Carolina however, are becoming formidable competitors with New England in cotton spinning.

the soil, we seem to have the realization of ancient prophesy--"that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed, and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt."

Then our conversation turned on Florida. It is 1,400 miles from New England to the "Land of Flowers;" yet the distance is overcome by numbers of invalids, who yearly seek in this Southern land, a refuge for consumption. They generally reside there from November to May, when tropical heat drives them northward again. Mrs. Stowe has purchased a home in Florida for her son, and is remaining there during the winter. On the "sea islands" along the coast, is grown the finest cotton in the world; yet much of the interior of the country is sandy and marshy, as attested by numerous barrens and cypress-swamps. Considerable portions of the State remain as wild as when Ponce de Leon sailed through its reef-like keys, and the first Spanish settlers landed upon its shores. On the St. John river, the mullet jumps up from the water into the boat, at the sight of a light; and on Deer Island grow wild all the fruits of the earth that the heart of man can desire. In spite of panther and bear, which are yet plentiful on Indian-river, in spite of sandy wastes and gloomy swamps, the land is beautiful.

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.

One of the ladies of the W. household, Miss Fanny G. had come to Europe along with Mrs. Stowe. At Liverpool Mr. L. the London publisher, met the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and he had arranged for her party to land without the annoyance of passing through the custom-house. I was very glad to hear of such a compliment being paid to this gifted American lady. A well-known

Scottish Duke presented plaid shawls—woven in the pattern and colors, of the tartan of his own clan—to Mrs. Stowe and her lady friends. I have no doubt that they are carefully treasured up as souveniors in many an American home. The address to Mrs. Stowe presented by the Duchess of Sutherland, and signed by many thousands of my country-women, was highly prized by her. The long lists of signatures were bound up into eight large volumes, and placed in a special bookcase in her library at Hartford. Valuable money results must have flowed in upon the publication of her two best works. On her return from Europe she had a fancy-house or mansion built in Hartford. It was something it the style of a Moorish mansion, with covered court-yard, quadrangle and conservatory. But in a year or two she sold it, and is now in Florida, as has been previously stated.

# THE ATHENS OF NEW ENGLAND.

"GUESS you'll have to take care of your limbs in this here country, for our carrying companies aint no ways responsible for em;" was the advice tendered to me when I took the cars for Boston. The United States railway system has received its greatest development in Massachusets. On the lines centring in and round Boston, you find a nearer assimilation than elsewhere to the Old World plan. The conductors on these railroads are distinguishable by blue uniforms, whereas on other lines, the only mark of official position which they bear, is a small metal badge on the breast. On the Boston and Albany Railway, they have begun to run a few cars constructed on the English principle, for which accommodation rather higher fares are charged. The stations (or depôts in American parlance) are also fitted up with studied provision for passengers' comfort.

In front of the "Revere House," is a triangular space of open street. Here was the rendezvous of the procession, which met to honour General Sherridan's visit to the city in 1867. There was a rush to see the famous cavalry general, and the friend who described the scene to me, was himself borne down and trampled upon by the crowd.

I went as in duty bound, to see Long Wharf, where the famous chests of tea were tumbled into the water, acquiring thereby a notoriety, which will probably never again

fall to the lot of hieroglyphic-covered cases from China, during tea-growing ages. To Bunker Hill, too, a pilgrimage was made, I, listening the while to this story told by my companion, an American lawyer. Once upon a time an Englishman, visiting this historical shrine, and looking up with straining eyes to the summit of the monument, was informed "Here the gallent Warren fell." Our countryman, just at that moment full of speculation as to the specific gravity of falling bodies, dreamily replied, "Was he killed?" Oh, said his Yankee informant, "Is this all you English know of American history?" No doubt he thought the Islander lamentably ignorant, and so he was; an ignorance only matched by a lady-citizen of the West, who at her tea-table, while dispensing honey and strawberries in hospitable manner, gravely asked me if the Scottish people were not held in a state of bondage by Queen Victoria? I looked in upon Faneuil Hall which has so often resounded with eloquent speeches on liberty. I visited the noble granite warehouses in Summer Street, and stood in pleased astonishment before the City Hall, with its Grecian front of gleaming white.

I passed on to Boston "Common," where English and American elms are growing side by side, the leaves of the latter bending gracefully down in their summer beauty. I halted before the railed-in remains of the old "Liberty Tree," with genuine reverence for the freedom it personified.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,

and when I heard how in a winter storm, a bough from the old witness-tree had been torn off by the wind, and how every inch of its sacred timber had been apportioned and carried off in fragments by citizens—not usually given to relic-hunting—in the face of, and in spite of a protesting police, I felt that Johnny would have

done much the same as Jonathan under similar circumstances. I would myself have asked for a fragment of the forest-spoil to treasure up as my *in memoriam* on Liberty.

Below the Common, roll the waters of a little lake. Its basin has been won from the marshy, tide-washed wastes of the harbour. Hard by is a flower garden, with fringe of bright green shrubs. In the midst of evergreen bushes, looking upon the pathway stands a statue of Everett; in front of a clump of laurels is another monument, to one who though no politician, was a true benefactor to humanity, a liberator in the truest sense. The features which the artist has cunningly graven on the stone are those of Morton. His discovery of the power of ether to soothe the sense of suffering during surgical operations, has given him rank as an initiator of that era, which has been told of in the Revelation. Upon the pedestal below is written

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE PAIN. *

Round the Common, which is closed in on every side by leafy sentinels, roars the traffic of the city; but under the trees there is quietness and upon the lake there is peace. Pleasure-boats are upon the water, and the merry crews in them are proud to hoist the banner of the stars and stripes. Doves are flitting to and fro, for their home is upon a tiny island in the lake. A troop of children are playing under the shady poplar trees, poplars whose glossy dark green leaves, are so unlike the smaller tribes of England and France, that it is evident the poplar-race has undergone a "sea change" since it left Europe, and in the New World has grown up "into something rich and strange."

* Morton was the discoverer of sulphuric-ether. The late Professor Simpson found out, and brought into use chloroform.

Turning into the oldest and most aristocratic thoroughfare of Boston, we pass a mansion which has a charm for me well nigh as great as Abbotsford; for here lived Prescott, when not residing at his country home of Pepperhill. The houses are literally covered with climbing creepers, and the windows look out upon the shady common. All seems so quiet and peaceful, that it is hard to think as true, the saying of Wendell Phillips that "the Devil lived in Beacon-street." He had in his mind certain rich brewers who kept house and home in the old street of the English. He was at that time engaged in a great temperance-battle, and his thoughts were perhaps wandering back to certain gardens at Oxford, where stout old William of Wykeham had declared 500 years before, that not riches but "manners maketh man."

I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Phillips. He is growing grey, yet still retains his great powers undimmed and unabated. He is one of America's noblest sons. He has ever been the unflinching friend of the negro. 6 or 8 years ago, in this very city, he was mobbed, for taking the side of the slave, but the tide of opinion has long since turned, and now he is again in honour, and lives to see his work accomplished. Mr. Motley, the one-time historian, and now ambassador to England, lived over the river St. Charles. He is much respected by his fellow-citizens. The greater part of his life has been spent in Europe, and not amongst them, yet his character and works represent him. From Beacon-street it was but a step to the New State House on the hill, commanding a fine prospect of the city below. Within, the entrance-hall is fancifully guarded by small brass cannon taken from the English in 1775; and embalmed in glass recesses, the flags borne by the Massachusets regiments during the Rebellion, are preserved with pious care. Massachusets

may well be proud of her sons. The glories of the old State House have long since given place to the cries of commerce, and the shoutings of the exchange.

The "old South Church" still stands, and all passers by learn from its too legible proclamation, that it was "desecrated by British troops" during the War of Independence. The present generation of Americans and Englishmen, can we trust look upon such spectacles without any feeling of bitterness, and rather in the spirit of kindliness and peace, which the German poet tells us of in his "Lay of the Bell." It is only a little while ago, since I was worshipping in the time-honored Temple Church in London. In that holy place, (about the time of the first gathering of the "Old South," then a "Sion in the Wilderness") the Puritans had embellished the Crusaders' Temple—according to their simple tastes—by garnishings of whitewash; and Cromwell's Ironsides were littering their horses among the altar-tombs of the Templars. Thinking of these things, I feel no savage thoughts towards the Puritans; they served well their country and their countrymen, and had I lived in those times I should have fought under their banners. Their descendants have been among the first to appreciate and uphold the glory of all that is beautiful in modern architecture and art, looking only to the results which their ancestors achieved for freedom. So America and England should now be glad at heart, for the freedom won and kept, by the founding of the United States upon the ruins of the Puritan colonies.

Stand with me for a moment before the "Masonic Temple" in Tremont-street and share my admiration. This pile of granite architecture, with its perpendicular gothic turrets, is a fitting memorial of the wealth and numbers of those who are joined together in secret-societies in the United States.

In the City Library, (free to all the people) we noticed the familiar faces of English magazines, strewn among American contemporaries. With European nations, and more especially with English-speaking peoples, a taste for cosmopolitan knowledge is in the ascendant. While we believe that the "service of the pen," was never more ably and fearlessly represented than by Old Country writers of the day, we cheerfully agree with Goethe, who said,

I always consult foreign nations, and advise everyone to do the same. National literature will do but little. The epoch of a literature of the world is at hand, and every one ought to labour to hasten it.

At Messrs. Ticknor and Field's, I found myself at once in the centre and heart of American literary publications. I heard a good deal about the visit of Mr. Dickens to Boston. So great was the desire to hear his readings, that long strings of people assembled overnight, in the street, before the office doors, to take their turns in buying tickets. Mr. Dickens would never forget the kindness, and sympathetic literary encouragement, which he received from the Bostonians.* In this, the capital of American literary life and effort, we regret the absence of an honest law of copyright with England. There is hope that a treaty—equally just to authors in both countries—will be concluded ere long. If not, let England herself take the lead in this matter of literary justice, and in time America will follow.

The museum is well worthy of a careful examination, although it is but a faint type of that larger and national one, which professor Agassiz has set his heart upon forming, in the land of his adoption, for the American people.

* Charles Dickens is dead. Americans and Englishmen will hear him no more. But he has bequeathed a legacy to the world-wide clan of English-speaking peoples.

Before leaving Boston we must pay a flying visit to the green squares and pleasant mansions of Roxburg; and of course we must look in at "Young's" to dine; for Young's is quite an institution in the city, and the company of intelligent negroes who wait upon you, is an embodiment of Boston life, to be long remembered. We may cross the threshold of the English Church, which still bears the name of King's Chapel. We wander through the Navy Yard, amid piles of shot and shell, and the iron ribbed forms of extinct Monitors,—we must needs inspect the fashions in Washington Street, the Bond Street of the Massachusets capital; and we will take a sail down the harbour, and spend a day amongst its islands and defences.

Let no one say that the people of Boston are unmindful of their old fatherland, after reading the following incident:—

"On the 21st July, 1857, an ancient chapel on the south-west side of the Parish Church at Boston, England, was re-opened by the Bishop of Lincoln—after having been partially restored at the cost of the inhabitants of Boston, United States of America. This was done to perpetuate the memory of the Rev. John Cotton, a pious minister, who in 1632 was vicar of the Parish; but being silenced for nonconformity, was compelled to leave the kingdom. He fled to Boston in America, and became the first minister of the newly-founded city. The memorial-brass in the chapel contains words in Latin, composed for it by the Hon. Edward Everett.

A drive through the pleasant suburb of Cambridge Port brings us to the University of Harvard—the leading one in the United States. Were all the colleges in America gathered together in one place, they would be small and unpretending, compared with Oxford or Cambridge in England. Yet I approach Harvard with genuine respect, not only because it is a centre of national learning, but on account of the interest attaching to those who founded it. The historian records,

While yet Massachusets had only been settled 20 years, and had only 4,000 colonists, the people voted £400 to found a college.

This act has been one of the key-stones of American prosperity and strength. The 15 colleges which compose the University of Harvard, are, it is true, very insignificant when compared with the edifices founded by kings and queens, cardinals and archbishops, on the banks of the Isis. Gore Hall is not to be classed with the Divinity-school, or Parliament Hall at Oxford; and Appleton Chapel is insignificant by the side of King's Chapel, at Cambridge—but they are open to all the people. To them are called, not only "the noble and mighty," but the poor also.

A young friend who had studied at this University, showed me the "lions" of his "alma mater." We visited the President's house, and the dwellings of the masters, nicknamed Professors' Row. On the Delta the students were playing at their game of base-ball, with all the energy of school-boys at Eton and Rugby. Here is the tree, which on a certain festive occasion, is garlanded with wreaths of flowers, and round which goes on the merry dance, when sisters and friends come down to the University. My friend stood silent for a moment under this tree, probably thinking of the day when he won his diploma, and in celebratian of it snatched a garland from the wreath of flowers above, and then he quietly led the way to Longfellow's house. As we walked up the garden-path, under blooming lilacs, there was no sign of life; no sound, save the shrill cry of the locust. The house is closed; for the poet is far away among the Swiss mountains, or the groves of Florence; spending a long vacation amid Old-World scenes. In the days of the Revolution, here came Washingon, and made it his head-

quarters, after assuming the command of the American army, under a shady elm a little distance away. Every care is taken to preserve these two landmarks of house and tree, and no doubt they will stand firm for many a year to come. The verandah of Longfellow's house is embowered in clusters of coral-honeysuckle, with whorls of orange flowers; and the old rusty knocker still remains on the door, as when "Aides-de-camp" and messengers from Congress used to announce their arrival to the General.

All round is classic ground, for here have lived such men as Hawthorn and Holmes; and through the green shrubberies I can see the gables of homes in which the poet James Russell Lowell and the *literateur* Worcester now reside. Emerson lives at Concord. His peculiar views on natural religion *(a la Carlyle)* are well known in England. Round his New England home have gathered a circle of kindred minds. Few people in England know of the sad bereavement which befell Mr. Longfellow a few years ago. Mrs. Longfellow was burnt to death, her dress having caught fire while she was making sealing-wax models for the amusement of her children. Her death was deeply felt by all who knew her, and especially by the people of Cambridge, for she was an amiable and kind lady. Shortly after the sad event, her husband retired from the Professor's chair, which he had so well and ably occupied at Harvard University.

Very near to Cambridge, is the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn. The Englishman finds here a development of American character which he did not expect. I had visited "Père la Chaise" and had witnessed the fond homage which the French people render to their dead. I had there seen the little memorial-chapels, reared

by the side of immortelle-wreathed tombs; and then little dreamt of finding in America, an equally touching devotion to the memory of the departed. Walking in Mount Auburn cemetery, along avenues of cypress and maple, you are constantly reminded of the sentiment of Catholic "Père la Chaise," only here it has received a Protestant development, and this has scattered the gloomy and sombre associations of the French burial-ground. This Sentiment is especially manifested in the decking of the soldiers' graves. On Memorial Day, (May 1870) the people of New England vied with each other, in rendering a renewed tribute of gratitude to the slain. The commonwealth of the Six States—for one day at least—entered into the spirit of the mourning Prince in Cymbeline,—

> With fairest flowers,
> While summer lasts, and I live here Fidele,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave.

Mount Auburn is a true Necropolis. In vaults far under the hill-slopes, sleep the dead; their memories perpetuated by many a mausoleum of marble, by many a sculptured urn. The smoke-bush sheds its snow-white blossoms round about broken columns of granite, both witnessing to the mutability of human life; whilst bright flowers whisper hope; imagination claiming them as

> Emblems of our own great resurrection,
> Emblems of the bright and better land.

In the small cemetery-chapel on the hill, the day-light streams softly in, through coloured windows,

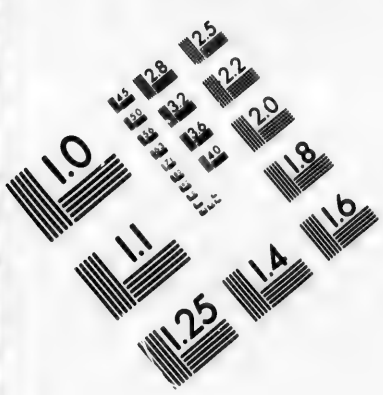
> Und Marmorbilder steh'n und seh'n mich an:
> Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?

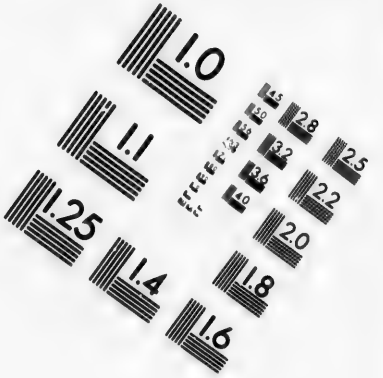
The quiet faces of Storey and Otis, Adams and Winthrop,

graven in marble, are silent witnesses of every funeral train. As I drove back into the streets of Boston, they were thronged with blue-coated volunteer soldiery, marching along to the strains of the national hymn.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock; the boats from the Mayflower put them ashore on the sand or beach *near* the famous rock. Little of it now remains, and that remnant is railed in, and covered over, so that further depredations upon the historic strata are impossible. It is intended to erect a noble monument upon the spot, and subscriptions are now being gathered for the purpose. My friend Mr. Douglas, showed me a drawing of the proposed monument; on the top will be placed a figure of "Faith," and on the sides—executed in bas-relief—will be portrayed those two memorable scenes, "the signing of the compact for Civil Government in the cabin of the Mayflower;" and "the Pilgrims lighting a fire of pine-wood on first landing." In Brooklyn a memorial of Plymouth rock is preserved, for a block of the stone has been built into the walls of the "Church of the Pilgrims."

New Bedford is the Peterhead or Aberdeen of New England, the great centre for whaling-fleets. In proportion to its population, it is said to be the richest city in the United States; and one of its citizens told me that he thought it could boast the finest villas of any maritime city in America. This however is hearsay only, for I did not pay it a visit. The picture of life incident to crews of "whaling" and "sealing"-ships, which Cooper sketched in his "Sea Lions," is (with certain amenities of the age added) true to-day. Men will be absent from their homes for 20 months or so; all the sailors are partners in the venture, and are paid when the ships enter port. An

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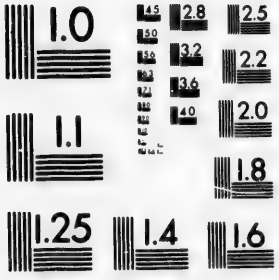

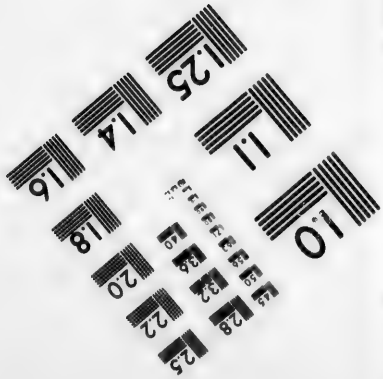

officer in the "crow-nest" service of New Bedford regretted to me, the absence in the United States of that government supervision, which compels payment to the sailors of their wages, in the presence only of its own officers or inspectors—a guarantee-privilege which the English sailor enjoys. For more than 150 years, the whaling-fleets of New England have taken the lead of all nations. At this day New Bedford is the largest whaling-port in the world.

# CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

I have brought you, like "Pilgrim," to the top of the Delectable Mountains, that I may show you all the goodly regions hereabouts."

*Scott to Irving.*

## SPRINGFIELD.

COMING up from New York by the night-train, I reached the town early in the morning, and was glad to seek a resting-place at the hotel near the station. Like many things in America, it has received an Indian name—Massasoit. This is without exception, one of the best managed hotels in the United States. Many are more pretentious in appearance, but here everything is so clean and orderly. From the home-farm attached to the hotel, are drawn all such supplies as cream, butter, eggs, and vegetables, in the perfection of freshness and goodness. Springfield pleases me much. How shall I describe the town, and its sylvan surroundings; both being among the bonniest in New England?

The United States' Arsenal is pleasantly situated upon a hill. The grounds round it are neatly enclosed with hedges, and everything wears a very trim appearance, both inside and outside. I went over the workshops; very few men were at work, and nearly all the machinery was standing idle. During the war, hundreds of men were employed; the machinery was worked day and

night, and the clang of weapon-making only ceased on Sundays. The armoury itself is a large brick building, painted dark chocolate and light drab; with a square tower, from which the United States' flag is flying. In it are stored 800,000 muzzle-loading rifles on the Enfield plan. No new ones have been made for some time, and the authorities have not yet decided upon the style of breach-loader to be adopted for use in the army. The store-rooms are all locked up, and you look through glass doors upon the array of deadly weapons within.

I was handling one of the rifles, with bayonet fixed, when the man in charge said I should make a good soldier; I replied that there was scope for good riflemen at home. There is a curious collection of old fire-arms and weapons which have been gathered up on the battle-field. Guns battered and bruised, bent and twisted; old-fashioned fowling-pieces from the stores of planters, and heavy clumsy Kentucky rifles of 50 or 60 years ago, such as you could imagine to have been used by pioneers like Daniel Boone. Also small heavy cannon, with leathern belts attached for carrying them over the mountains and through the forest, and rusty bayonets taken from the Southern soldiers. But in these armoured chambers, peace reigns to-day. May her reign endure for ever. The Irish gate-keeper at the Arsenal seemed very wishful to talk with me, and asked about the French Armaments, and of old Ireland. He told me that he came from East Munster to America 10 years ago, the last cow was taken from his mother by the landlord, then there was nothing for the family but emigration. When he knew of the struggle we were making in England to act justly to Ireland, he seemed much pleased, and said, "Many Irish will return when justice is done to Old Ireland"; he himself still loved the old country best.

The prospect from the tower was glorious. There lay the broad vale beneath, beautiful as an imagined Atlantis. Amidst well-wooded flats was seen the river's winding course; church-spires, mills, and white houses diversified nature's greenery. Over the whole scene was thrown the mantle of Indian Summer. Of that magic mingling of colours, words can give no idea. Tints of amber and brown, yellow and crimson, purple and pink, gold and silver, are stamped on the leaves of the forest-trees, as the last gift of the year. The ever-green pine trees are there too, and the picture of plain, river, village and many-hued forest, is closed in by a cordon of black and purple hills. It is not only the forest-trees which have assumed the colors of Joseph's coat, in their autumn liveries: for the swamps also are a perfect rose-bud of brilliant coloring. Golden-rod, lilac thistle, and crimson sumach are mingled together, and the great ridge of shale through which the railroad cutting runs, is spangled with leaves of yellow and green to its summit. I can scarcely take my eyes off for a moment, or drink in enough of the glorious Indian Summer landscape. Though the foliage looks so gorgeous at a distance, it is that *distance* which "lends enchantment to the view," for if you come to examine the leaves in detail, you find decay stamped upon each. Their appearance seems to remind us, that

We do wither and fade as a leaf.

In Baltimore, I had seen specimens of fading leaves, painted by a Virginian lady, and under these emblems of fast-waning life, she had recorded the thoughts of the Psalmist. A young gentleman from New Bedford, who was my companion on the tower, had been told that the leaves of English trees do not change color in autumn. Remembering certain oaks in Richmond Park, and the elms and limes at Twickenham, which seemed in their

October-dress to be hung with golden guineas, I can confidently assure him that he had been misinformed.

## CONNECTICUT.

"If I ever come to live in America, I shall choose Connecticut as my State, and Middletown as my home," said I to my friend Mr. Douglas. "Guess it's as well you know the exact location of my Middletown, for there are 26 of the same name in the United States." "How can I possibly forget its situation, seeing that I have approached it from Berlin, a *New World* Berlin, inhabited by English-speaking people"! This little dialogue took place on calling to see my friend in his native town. I had traversed the State of Connecticut through its length and breadth, and had derived infinite pleasure therefrom. I had rambled by the side of its beautiful river, whose many windings and bonnie islands had often reminded me of our own Thames—pure and fresh-flowing in Berkshire. Yellow-tinted ferns fringed its banks; up the trunks of trees had climbed legions of creeping vines, and their dark shadows hung over the blue waters. Water-lilies floated on the surface of quiet ponds, back from the stream. In the broad fields of the valley had grown up tall and strong, ranks of Indian corn; the work of husking was going on blithely by sun-burnt farmers. Pleasant villages and towns are frequent, the people have a healthy, English-like look of strength and vigour.

The farmers have to work hard during summer, but in winter their labour is less. After doing the "chores" about home, early in the day, the young men take their axes into the forest. Work first, play after—and somehow they manage to "edge in" a large slice of the latter. Nature helps them. Muffled in furs, it is a wonderfully nice thing to take a sledge-ride, over frozen roads, with a pleasant companion at your side. It is a cheering sight

to look down on the main-street of a little country town in mid-winter, and to watch the families driving in their sleighs to church on Sunday. The bells on the horses' necks ring lively changes with the steeple-calls.

I had passed the rapids in the river, and coming to Windsor Locks, could almost fancy myself looking out upon the vale of Old World Windsor, but for the absence of Eton spires, and the Castle-towers. Be sure and see "Student's Glen" had been said to me; but instead of finding one "Students' Glen," of limited bounds, the whole valley was a continued glen of equal beauty and delight.

In the streets of Middletown, the leaves were already dropping fast on to the pathway, in a fortnight the trees would all be bare. It is a pleasant English-like town. Its first settlers came from Hartford in 1650, and already its 12,000 people have celebrated a second centenary of its foundation. The settlement was peacefully made; the land being bought from the Indians in exchange for wampum and scarlet jackets. A deed, between red-men and pale-faces, was duly drawn up and signed. All these historical details I gathered from Mr. Douglas, as he drove me through the town. We passed Portland Quarry close by, in which 1,000 men are employed in excavating the good brown sand-stone. It is called after the Portland in England. My guide knew all about the latter and its convict-labourers.

I must tell my English friends a little about Mr. Douglas, at the risk of drawing aside very gently, the veil of private life. Our acquaintance had begun and ripened on shipboard, and was cemented during a visit to his beautiful New England town. He knew quite well, that his ancestors had come from Scotland 220 years ago, (following closely upon the footsteps of the earlier

pilgrims) but until 1867, he had not visited Europe. The Paris Exhibition had been the magnet which drew him from his Connecticut home. He then visited Great Britain and was specially delighted with Scotland. In the following spring, he again visited Europe, bringing with him his young son. He told me that his former visit had convinced him that he could not make a better investment for his boy, than by taking him from school for a few months, and bringing him to see the Old World of Europe—the land of his ancestors. Little Eddie Douglas seemed just the lad to profit to the full by his father's kindness.

Father and son visited Stirling Castle, and stood in the Douglas room, in which their namesake—the hero of Scottish history—died. They had many warm thanks for Queen Victoria's care in ordering the re[illegible]ration of this ancient historical chamber. The old oak-roof was destroyed by fire some years ago, but from the charred beams which were saved from the flames, some curious souveniers had been designed. My friend's memento was a volume of "the Lady of the Lake" bound up with boards of this salvage-oak. He traces back his family to the times of the great Douglas of Scotland, and points with pleasurable pride to the crest of the "bleeding heart" which he has adopted as his own. I know no man in America more worthy to wear the honors and to perpetuate the glory of this escutcheon; or who more firmly acts up to its accompanying motto of "Jamais derrière." In Maryland and Virginia, there has always been kept alive a fondness for old-country heraldry, but to find the same feeling in New England was what I did not expect.

It was a matter of regret to Mr. Douglas that he had not visited Europe 25 or 30 years ago. In his own land he has won a high position. He was president of the

National Bank; amongst other curiosities, he showed me the first note which was issued bearing his signature. A little while before, he had held the office of Lieutenant Governor of his State, but all these honors he bears very modestly and quietly. It was entertaining and instructive to go over his Works in Middletown, in which several hundred men are employed. From what I saw, my idea of American mechanical ingenuity was still further confirmed. I parted from my kind friend at the station, "I do not expect to come to England again," said he, "but I trust you will soon revisit America, and if so, do not fail to come and stay with me." No father could be kinder to a son, than was this American gentleman to myself, a comparative stranger. He is as genuine and true of heart as the Puritans from whom he is descended.

Before leaving Middletown, I sought out a quiet home of learning—the Divinity-school—which is presided over by the Bishop of Connecticut. A young friend from New York expected to spend two or three years here, and I wished to see his quarters. Chatting with his fellow-students, pleasant kindly young gentlemen, one of them asks me "if any but Church of England men can sit in our House of Commons, and hold public office"? I soon set him him right on this point. A bright, happy time will L. enjoy in this nest of "retired leisure." As I sit in my library at home—3000 miles of ocean separating us—I often think of his Middletown home. I fancy myself in his study; hanging-baskets of flowers adorn the windows, climbing creepers cover the outside, and a canary sings its sweet song all day long. L. is at his quiet labours; ever and anon his eye looks out upon the green quadrangle; and he thinks perchance of an Englishman who has also trodden these haunts.

## HARTFORD.

On the right bank of the Connecticut river stands this beautiful city. I went first to see its college of "Trinity," and found it picturesquely situated on a hill side, its outer walls covered with crimson leaves, after the fashion of Magdalen Tower at Oxford. One of its Professors showed me all I wanted to see, with much kindness and politeness. He tells me that nearly all his brother-Professors have visited England; he intends to come over next year and looks forward to the time with pleasure. At the bottom of an avenue called by its name, is pointed out the site of the famous "Charter Oak," of which the Hartford people are still so proud to tell. A few years ago, the tree itself was blown down, ; but from its wreck, most of the citizens carried away some relic. All readers of New England history know the story, how the Charter of the State was carried off by Captain Wadsworth and hidden in this hollow oak-tree; and how the tree kept its secret, until the Charter could be quietly brought forth again. Captain Fletcher had come from New York, and seeing the Connecticut volunteers drilling, he ordered them to disband. "Drum on," said bluff Captain Wadsworth, taking no notice of the New York Governor's orders. Afterwards, when the people met in solemn conclave, they were required to deliver up their Charter. Suddenly, the lights were put out, the Charter was taken and hidden in the oak-tree, and remained there until safer times.

Hartford abounds in benevolent institutions. Deaf, dumb, blind, insane, and orphans are all cared for here. Speaking with an officer of Police, he tells me that Hartford is the most orderly city for its size in the United States. I can quite believe him from what I saw.

"Possibly the proximity of Colt's Revolver Works has something to do with this," said I laughingly to my guide. "Oh no" said he, "the *Colts are all sent away.*"

One would not dream of the immense extent of these Works, until you have been over them. With ready courtesy I was granted permission to wander through them. Two or three years ago the factory was burnt down, but upon its ruins has risen an immense structure of brick and iron, constructed so as to be entirely fireproof. The long rooms, of 200 yards from end to end, have a very imposing appearance. Windows, fronting to the river, admit a flood of light into every corner. In the centre are long rows of iron-pillars, their bright-blue surface contrasting with shining metal-shafting, ever moving steam-engines, and machinery, which in its ingenuity seems almost automaton and possessed of life. An intelligent foreman explained to me the working of the Gatling gun, and the Berdan rifle, which are just now the greatest novelties in fire-arms. On the roof of the factory, rises a curious dome, resting upon a circle of white pillars, and crowned by a cupola, the outside of which is painted bright blue, and studded with legions of golden stars.

There is quite a romance connected with Colonel Colt's history. 20 years ago, he was making pistols in a little shed in the town, and his weapon was just rising into notice and favour. He had observed a swampy tract of land that extended for miles along the river, and which was overflowed every spring, by the rising of the waters; consequently almost valueless for agriculture. He conceived his plan, and became the purchaser of this swamp, obtaining it for "an old song," a mere nominal sum. He then built a dike, or bank of earth a mile long, and broad enough to drive a couple of carriages abreast, which

effectually shut out intruding waters of spring freshets from his possessions. The land so protected was soon reclaimed, and has now become very valuable; while the other side of the dike still remains a marsh, covered with sour grasses, rushes and willow-bushes. Within this dike—worthy of the Hollanders—his firearm's-factory has been erected.

Here too rose a beautiful mansion, quite equal externally and internally to those of the Old World Nobility. But the builder was not long spared to enjoy what his energies had gained. He died in the prime of life. A quiet grave within the park, in the midst of a grove of trees, marks the last resting-place of Colonel Colt. His wealth and business are inherited by widow and only son. Mrs. Colt is building a memorial-church in the grounds. I could only turn away, devoutly hoping that the gospel of peace which will be here preached, will so prevail, that the time may come amain, when nations—learning war no more—shall no longer require weapons such as are made at Hartford.

Other memories of a different kind cluster round the city. Here lived gifted and good Mrs. Sigourney. Here too the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin is a sometime-resident. Here also is the home of the artist "Church." He is well known in Europe as the painter of Niagara, which is a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. If his life is spared we may predict that the same genius will produce many such landscape-pictures. Already, though young in years, he has visited South America, and on the spot, painted the snowy Andes. He has been to Newfoundland, to transfer to his canvas, tint and grandeur of "icebergs," floating past from northern seas. His last scene of labour is Syria. He there penetrated into regions which no Frank had trodden before. His guides warned him that

he was on dangerous ground, but paying no heed to them, he pitched his tent, and began to paint. The hostile Arabs sent a message to his tent, that he must leave their territory. He fearlessly remained. Finally, when they again angrily demanded his departure, he gave their Chief a bag of gold, when opposition vanished, and the brave, devoted young painter was allowed to continue his labours in peace. With this tale of heroism and enterprise fresh in mind, it was doubly gratifying to me to find one of his pictures, "Damascus," much admired in London during the summer of 1869. It was evident that the Syrian campaign had not been without results. I trust that America and England, have as yet, only seen the first-fruits of a genius so remarkable.

From Mr. Reed, the superintendent of the "Hartford, Newhaven and Springfield Railway," I gathered a cyclopædia of facts about American railroads. A railroad in England is quite another thing, in solidity of construction, and also in cost, to a railroad in America. Taking into account the immense concessions of land made to the Company, the mighty "Pacific Railroad" will not have cost as much money as the London and North Western with its various ramifications. The one which Mr. Reed manages cost 3,000,000 dollars, or about the £600,000 which the Britannia Tubular Bridge cost. This is one of the better lines. There is a double rail-track on it throughout, though single lines are the rule in America. He told me that gradually all the wooden bridges are being replaced by stone and iron ones, and only two now remain to be altered. One of the finest bridges on the line, which spans the river Connecticut, was made in Manchester, and taken out and set up by English engineers. During the war, they imported coal from Wales and Scotland for their locomotives, and now they use the

soft coal from Virginia. This line has been open 28 years; the charge to passengers is 1½d. per mile, and it pays about 12 per cent. to the shareholders. The charge on the "New York Central," is fixed by law at 2 cents or 1d. per mile, and the line pays well. On other railroads the rate varies from 2 to 5 cents. Some of the Companies are beginning to run saloon-cars, in which by payment of an extra dollar, you may enjoy the luxury of English first-class carriages. So much for universal equality!*

Mr. R. had just returned from a visit to England. It was very interesting to hear an opinion of my country, from one so well able to judge. He says that England is a "great country." He admires and likes her railroads best, the rails and the permanent way are so much better laid down than in America; but he prefers his own style of carriages. Speaking of coal, he thinks that the coal and iron in England will last for ages yet; and in his own country too, for the Alleghany mountains are full of these treasures. He was astonished to find London, *a city 18 miles long*, with 21 miles of underground railway. In his opinion York Minster is the finest building in the world. Again and again he returned to the remembrance of this mighty monument of the middle ages. It might have suggested Wordsworth's thought—

They dreamed not of a perishable home who could thus build.

Mr. R. had run through Europe, with a celerity which he must have learned in his own profession, as he told me he travelled 7,800 miles in 63 days. He had flown on the wings of express trains from industrial-town to capital, and from capital to sea-port. Of course he gave the palm of admiration to Paris, Paris the finest and grandest city in the world. "Our summer nights are

* The Pacific Railway was successfully opened in summer of 1869.

not like yours," said he, "for in Edinburgh I could see to read the newspaper by daylight at 11 p.m. in June, and here such a thing is not possible." "I am very fond of England, and hope to come over again in a year or two and visit your Scottish Highlands, and shall possibly take a run over to St. Petersburg and Moscow before going home," were among his parting words to me, when we shook hands heartily on the morning of my leaving Hartford.

While we were together the previous evening, the chief of police had come in, to report the capture of a person who had placed a bar of iron across the rails, in the hope of bringing train and passengers to "grief." Fortunately, the pilot, or cow-catcher, (which all American locomotives carry in front,) had caught up, and knocked away the obstructing bar, and saved a smash and probable loss of life and limb. The pilot is strong enough to lift or sweep anything less ponderous than a rock out of the track. The poor madman, who had planned the obstruction was found not far from his fancied scene of triumph, and sent off to a "retreat."

"I shall stop this train just now, and put you out," said the conductor to an offending passenger, and without more ado, he pulled the signal-rope which communicates with the driver, speed was gradually slackened, and the train came to a stand-still in the middle of a green plain. "Get up and follow me," and in a moment or two the offender was standing in the plain, and the train flying on its way again. This incident took place on a New England line of railway. The Crusoe of the plain had been sitting on the same seat in the cars with myself, his crime was seeking to travel without paying his fare, and then defending himself by falsehood; when Nemesis in the shape of an upright conductor, found him out, and

punished him. "Served him right," said his fellow-passengers; but I went further, and drew a moral from the circumstance, which is—Every carriage on English railways ought to have an internal means of communicating with guard and driver. I need say no more.

## NEWHAVEN & YALE.

It was pleasent to tread the streets of "Elm City," as Newhaven is called; after long travel by land, to see again the waves of ocean, come rolling up the Sound, to which the city faces. For America, this city may be called old and venerable. I had certain of its historical associations in my mind, but I need not say that its greatest attraction was Yale College. I had passed up the long elm-shaded main street, with its shops and commerce, and been shown the old English Episcopal Church embosomed in foliage of crimson climbing-plants, when coming to green lawns and quadrangle, I knew that the goal was attained. The scholastic home of 700 students, the largest college in the United States was before me.

Let all who want to see a rare collection of American minerals, go and search the cabinet of specimens at Yale. But to me, the Library was equally or more interesting. "We can never hope to have a "Bodleian" here, there are not in the wide world, materials to form another such an one," said the kind and erudite secretary to me, as we were standing in the noble library-hall at Yale, "and yet" (and looking upon the wealth of books ranged round,) "this is not bad for a young country like America." "My dear Sir," said I "your country shares in the glory of our 'Bodleian,' as I to-day share in the glory of yours." In the reading-room I found many French magazines, and still more German ones, and from this fact I learned that the German language was more studied

in America than I had thought. Among the curious literary treasures are an "illuminated copy of the Koran," and a volume of Bishop Latimer's sermons in old English. A copy of Elliot's Indian Bible, very much worn, is another. The sounds of the Indian language are represented by words spelt with English letters. It was printed at Cambridge, U.S.A. in 1680. Observing that I took great delight in seing these curiosities, the kind gentleman previously named still further unmasked his store of records for my pleasure. He showed me a pen and ink sketch of Major André done by himself in his cell, the evening before his death. It is said to have been a good likeness.

I then saw two books of pencil sketches of "Indians" done by George Catlin's own hand in London, copies, or rather miniature reproductions of his famous pictures. Catlin spent 13 years of his life among the various Indian tribes of America, from 1830 to 1842, visiting in succession 63 tribes, then comprising 2,000,000 people; and with his own hand painted separately the likenesses of 200 of their most distinguished personages, male and female. Daniel Webster proposed in Congress in 1849, that the American nation should buy these pictures, (pictures of a race of men fast passing from among them,) but his proposal was rejected by one vote, and that the vote of Jefferson Davis! They were shown in London in 1850, and were mortgaged by the artist to an American gentleman in Philadelphia, who holds them. Catlin is now an old man and lives in Brussels; I saw a letter which my informant had received from him a few weeks previously. There was a curious picture of a child of the Flathead tribe. The flat-head is real, more than a name; for in infancy the head of the child is flattened. Catlin's picture shows the child in its cradle, and the flattening

process going on. Another strange profile was that of the Kickapoo prophet. He was half civilised, and composed a prayer in character. This was written on maple-batons; these he sold to his tribe, making them buy and use them. From their sale the prophet gained a competence.

The nucleus of a Yale Art Gallery has been formed in a noble building, which was given by Augustus M. Street at a cost of £40,000. Doors and staircases of polished broad-grained chestnut; gallery itself, and lighting are perfect; and now as to the pictures on the walls. As yet, no pictures of Bierstadt or Church have been placed here; the collection is only in embryo. There is one picture which might claim to rank with the masterpieces of Bierstadt. The painter is Alexander Wust—the scene the White mountains. From snow-crested Mount Washington, a green valley of 20 miles is condensed by the artist in this beautiful landscape. There is a quiet scene on Lake George by Timothy Cole, and two or three scenes from Scottish history, that is all—the glory of America does not yet rest upon its pictures. In Europe, the grand paintings of Bierstadt had astonished us by their immensity of subject and brilliancy of coloring. When I came home again to England, I could better appreciate his picture of the "Sierra Nevada Mountains" which hung on the walls of the Royal Academy, the following year. After looking upon the giant physical features of America, drinking in the idea of immensity of nature in all its boundlessness, and feasting your eyes upon the glories of an Indian Summer, you will feel and know whence American artists have gotten their inspiration. With a parting glance at Lombardi's beautiful statue of "Ruth gleaning," which has been the princely gift of an American gentleman to Yale, I bid good bye to Newhaven and its college.

# NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Land of the mountain and the flood.

WHAT Helvellyn is to the English Lake-land, Mount Washington is to New Hampshire. King-like it stands amidst the White Mountains, its summit often covered with snow. Year by year, thousands of visitors crowd into the Mountain State. All who can afford time and means, leave their homes in the hot Southern States, and come north during summer and autumn. The needle does not tremble more surely to the pole, than do crowds of Southern people come up northward, when dog-days reign in Alabama and the Carolinas.

The Americans are great travellers; by rail and river. Niagara is full of them, Saratoga is full of them; St. John, Halifax, Quebec, and Montreal count them as their most numerous visitors; and they follow each other in beaten tracks all over Europe. Here in New Hampshire, they swarm about Mount Washington. You meet them standing under the Profile Rock, or in common phrase, "Old man of the Mountains;" you see them threading the pass of the Notch, and by the side of the sparkling Flume, and their shouts reverberate among the hills round "Echo Lake." The giant hotels are full of them, for they are all

visitors of pleasure. Such a thing as a pedestrian tour does not come naturally to an American. He leaves that to his English cousins, whose country can provide for them a village every two or three miles—excellent roads, and now and then a ruined abbey or a manor-house for the curious. "Tell your friends that American ladies won't walk a block, if they can ride," said a Washington lady to me, and her remark is no more than true. Yet I have found American gentlemen who have made pedestrian tours in England, and remembered them with pleasure.

From a New York banker, I heard a curious story, which he assured me was quite true. A man was seized with a mania for strawberries, thinking them as necessary to his well-being as ambrosia to the Gods. So he feasted upon the rich ripe fruit when it made its noviciate appearance in April in New Orleans, and followed the rose and cream-speckled berry from zone to zone, until he was served with the last dish of the season on the banks of the Gatineau river.

In New Hampshire grow the rock-maples, and in the early spring, while yet the snow is on the ground, it is one of the sights to watch the process of maple sugar-making in the woods.

## VERTS MONTS.

I have pleasant memories of democratic little Vermont, especially of the pretty town of Burlington, sunning its face on Lake Champlain. Rising up out of the Lake in front, are some bold and naked rocks, at which a British war-vessel fired during one long night in the war of 1814, (mistaking them for vessels,) without ever bringing them to surrender. Old Whiteface is the *vis à vis* of Vermont on the opposite shore. From its summit, Canada, and the wild regions of Upper New York State are visible.

The democracy of this little Switzerland—Vermont—not only enjoy equal political rights among male citizens, but the time seems fast coming among them when females will have an equal franchise with the males. According to appearances, men will soon have to become Calibans; soon they will search in vain by hearth and home, by fireside and cradle, for their fair ministering angels. American poets, pointing to Professors' Chairs, to Colleges and Parliaments, will sing, "Here woman reigns," not by influence but in person. It is facetiously said in reference to the sexes, that the man holds the reins, but the lady shows him where to drive.

It is no business of ours to scan the future too closely. It may baffle our most certain auguries; but one thing is certain. In America the question of the sexes, the question which shall rule, is being pressed to an issue, in a manner little dreamed of in the Old World. On the shores of Salt Lake, women are as the two sparrows of the parable—but in New England, in San Francisco, in the great West, they are as the golden doves, as the pearl of great price. Year by year the peaceful conflict is surging onward, and with every summer the American woman, counts as nearer by a cycle, the Paradise of her sex.

Mr. Dixon, in his "New America," has drawn full-length portraits of the ladies of the land, with all their peculiar theories and habits; and so faithfully has he done the work, that I can give approval and concurrence to all that he says. It is one of those social problems, which if destined to receive solution in the way desired by the fair sex, will soon be settled to their mind. If not so to be in the order of Providence, there will arise a revolution in society, which will sweep away anomalies and restore simplicity of action again. "In God's

universe there is no accident," wrote Charles Sumner to a young friend of mine; and so among all these vexed questions of New America, there is no accident, but a governing law of Providence.

Among the students who gathered to listen to Wendell Phillips's anti-slavery lectures at Harvard University, were many of Southern birth and opinions. They differed from him in belief, but were spell-bound by his eloquence. They were almost convinced against their will. We imagine the same current of feeling running beneath the crusade for Woman's Rights. A woman may be fascinated by the ideas of supremacy, advanced by plausible orators of her sex; but, depend upon it, good sense will step in, and urge as the greatest happiness of life, the performance of true womanly duties; for after all,

Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse.

From Ticonderoga to Whitehall, Lake Champlain narrows, and for many miles is more like a winding river than a lake, like

Winandermere, the river-lake.

The green rolling hills of Vermont are seen here in all their glory. and make us often think of the Yorkshire more than the Scottish hills. To-day they have poured down their streams in such earnest, that lake and river are swollen to overflowing; and the railway-embankment has been washed away. So I am laid-up high and dry in a little mountain-town. Many of its houses are built on ledges scarped in the rocks on the hill side; there each stands—

As an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Appenine.

Castleton is the centre of the Vermont marble-district. Here the beautiful white rock is "plentiful as blackberries; so handy is it for use, that fence-posts and

mechanics' shops are made of it. But if marble is plentiful, beer and spirits are not. Vermont is one of the Maine-law States, a "Cider State" as it is here called. The contraband article may be obtained on the sly, as I witnessed, for while I was dining at the village-inn, my companion William Pollock discovered a fountain of good beer not many yards away; but this is an exception, and the Vermont folks deserve all honour for making temperperance and abstinence the law of their land. So good-bye to Vermont. ‡

## MAINE.

Very different is the Maine of the New World, from its namesake, the French province, for which English and French kings so often contended. Much of the land is still covered with forest, and its rivers abound in salmon. One of my forest-experiences was on the northern frontier of this State, when I accompanied Donald M^cMichael in a canoe, with a couple of Indians as boatmen, to the head-waters of the St. John. Donald was out on an errand of prospecting, not for gold, but for timber. For this timber, when felled, a royalty would be paid to the United States' authorities, and then the logs would be sent to Liverpool, to the firm whose agent my companion was. Far in the interior, wild rivers and mountain-lakes abound. A thousand stories of daring and endurance might be related of the early settlers, who first waged war against the cedars and hemlocks of the forest; and legends innumerable, of Indian strife, could

‡ Maine-law has had a two years' trial in Massachusetts, but did not succeed. Citizens, so-minded, found means to evade its restrictions; and on one occasion the whole of the hotel-keepers in Boston were arrested in one day for breach of the law. A strict licensing-regulation has now taken the place of Maine-law in Pilgrim State, and is preferred by the people.

be told by the dwellers in lonely clearings on the Kennebec and Penobscot. A terrible struggle they had to hold their ground against the Lorettes and Mohawks, and in the early history of the State it is said that every twentieth settler was killed by the red men.

But now industrial life is the order of the day in Maine. Not very long ago, one-third of all the wooden ships in America were built on its rivers, and in its ports. Everywhere, water-power abounds, and has been pressed into the service of man, becoming the very life of his spinning-factories and saw-mills. Large blocks of marble are quarried on the Penobscot, and shipped off even as far as Washington. Augusta, Bangor, Houlton and Lewiston, as inland towns, attest the power of successful enterprise.

In Portland the traces of fire are still very observable. One bright Sunday morning in July, 3 years ago, when the congregations were mustering for service, a fire broke out, and the conflagration could not be subdued. By sun-down a quarter of the city was destroyed, and 10,000 people were roofless, and camping out in the streets. Fortunately this happened in summer-time, or their sufferings must have been terribly augmented. "Go ahead," is the watch-cry of Americans, and already a new brick-built town has risen on the ashes of the former wooden houses. The streets are yet "sloughs of despond" but already the Post Office is lodged in a palace of Vermont marble. Banks and hotels have sprung up, built of *freestone* (imported from Halifax) although even this stone is taxed by the revenue, and the buildings mortgaged as it were, before the walls are laid.

I looked in upon the Savings' Bank, and found a large business going on in the bureau, in spite of fire and high taxes; so elastic are the resources of a rising American town. I found that sums so low as half a dollar were

received on deposit, and any sum up to 1,000 dollars may be withdrawn without notice.

As we sailed out of Portland harbour in the good steamer "New England," we passed many islands and some fortifications. The haven is a very fine one; it is the port for the Allan line of British steamers during the winter-months, when navigation on the St. Lawrence is closed by ice. The Grand Trunk Railway have a line through to Portland, and goods are allowed by the United States' government to pass through to Canada "in bond." The coast is wild and rugged, and generally shares the Bay of Fundy's fogs. But during this voyage the sky is clear and blue, not the shadow of a mist to hide the view. The sea is quite calm. Sailing close in to the land, the coast is never out of sight from the steamer's deck. Mount Desart Island is the largest of the many islands off the coast, and wilder and grander scenery than is here found, is difficult to imagine. The coast line of Maine is 278 miles "as the crow flies," but it is so indented with bays and inlets that it is increased to nearly ten times as many miles in distance.

The harbour of Eastport is large and good,—nothing gave me so complete an idea of the wealth of timber in Maine, as to find the pier here in Eastport built up of solid trunks of trees, 30 feet from the water at low tide, huge trees piled one across the other. It was high-noon as we steamed into Eastport bay and cast anchor in front of the little town. This is the last town on United States' soil, over the bay is New Brunswick, and there the Stars and Stripes give place to the red cross of England. "Over there," said an American fellow passenger to me, "you will be among your own people."

# THE ADIRONDACS.

All friends round the Wrekin.

THERE is no finer scenery in America than in the wild regions of the Adirondacs. Here the Saranac lakes twist and twine into each other like an intricate sampler of lacework, embroidering the forest-covered plain with a chasing of silver waters. Here the Raquette gathers up the tiny springs, which it afterwards pours down in floods to the St. Lawrence, and here too is the birth-place of the lordly Hudson. This forest-land, these wild glens and lakes were once the hunting-grounds of Mohawks and Iroquois, of whom now scarcely a trace remains, and hardly a dim tradition is preserved. He who would see these wilds, must gird up his loins for wilderness travel, and even in these days he will have to resign all luxuries for awhile.

It was at Plattsburg that I first looked upon the noble lake to which the old French governor M. de Champlain gave his name. In 1814, at this point, a battle was fought between Americans and English, in which the latter were defeated. This very year, in opening up ground for a new line of rail, there was brought to light that, which is the saddest memoir of warfare, the graves of brave slain soldiers. The United States' soldiers from the fort, came down, and to the strains of solemn music, with

military honours, the bodies were re-interred, friend and foe in a common grave together. Embarking on the lake, we find a strong wind blowing, which causes the pale green waters to frisk and rage in snowy crests of foam. Then the wind dies away,—the sun shines out brightly,—and it is so hot that we are glad to take shelter under the deck-awnings.

Champlain is beautiful beyond any description that words of mine can give. Along the Vermont side, stretch the knolls and slopes of the Green Mountains. Along the New York side, rise up the Adirondac range, irregular as a Spanish Sierra. Split-rock is the greatest natural curiosity on the lake. It received its name from French explorers who came south from Canada. At Crown Point are the ruins of immense fortifications which the British government commenced but never completed. All down the lake, there comes to mind, the history of strife and battle in these waters, and now all is so calm and peaceful that those sad times can scarcely be realised. I landed at Ticonderoga. It means *noisy* in Indian parlance, and was so called from the "falls" which are near. On a swelling upland stood the fortress which bore this name. The garrison-well, traces of earthworks, and ruined walls now mark the site of this once famous citadel.

A table-land of four or five miles separates Lake Champlain from its sister Lake George. A little distance from the fortress-ruins stands a green tree, marking the spot where Abercrombie lost 2,000 brave British soldiers, and about mid-way between the two lakes we come to the village and falls of Ticonderoga. Soon lovely Lake George bursts upon our sight, and descending to the shore, we embark upon the little steamer "Minne-ha-ha." No wonder that Americans have warm praises for this lake; it seems to me the most fairy-like and beautiful in

the world. It is the Trossachs, and the Ellen's Isle of our Scottish Katrine, repeated over and over again. Hundreds of islands stud its surface. Green hills encircle it round, and behind them are purple mountains, folding all in their stern unbroken embrace. Before us is Sabbath Day Point, with the memories of peace and calm which even an armed host found upon it, when they landed here that bright Sunday morning more than 100 years ago. Here too is Roger's Slide, with its history of daring. Passing through the "Narrows," the palisades of Shelving Rock, the bold peaks of Black Mountain, and the promontory of the Tongue are before us.

The lake and its shores were once the battle-ground of contending nations,—British, French, Americans, and Indians have all fought here. How thankful we ought to be that the mantle of peace is now cast upon these scenes, and over the once hostile nations! We all earnestly hope that never again may anger and strife enter this lovely region, and not here only, but wherever on the broad Continent, or in the wide world, the two great Anglo-Saxon nations meet, Providence may grant, that for ever,

> Love between them as the palm shall flourish,
> And peace shall still her wheaten garland bear.

A more enchanting spot than Lake George one thinks can scarcely be imagined. We may find its compeer in our own land of lakes and purple-hued mountains, but it will lack the extent of the American lake. On board the steamer is a gay and merry company, and as we mingle with them, we think that after all the name "Minne-ha-ha," or "laughing-water," is a very appropriate one for such a vessel. As she comes near to the landing-stage, at the bottom of the lake, she is greeted by a salute of two guns from the Fort William Henry Hotel. This mark of distinction, I suppose, originates from the fact

of the hotel standing upon the site of an old fort. (The same custom is kept up at the Fort Anne Hotel, at Douglas, in the Isle of Man.) The hotel-band is on the lawn, welcoming new arrivals with the rather mournful strains of "Shells of Ocean."

By moonlight the scene is like a fairy world, It is shut in by hills, clothed in leafage of forest-trees, of lightest, brightest green, and the spot seems almost as secluded and far from the world as in days of old. At night the hills lose their green tints, and then loom out, like grim, sombre monuments, overlooking the waters of sheeny silver, and the pleasure-boats floating upon them. All round is the scene of Cooper's romance, "Last of the Mohicans." Well do I remember reading this story when a boy at school, laid at full length beneath an old hollow tree in the park; little thinking then, that fifteen or sixteen years after, it would be my lot to visit these regions. Late in the evening as I paced the terrace of Lake House, I could hear the merry strains of violins playing the "lancers," and through the closed venetians I was able to catch a sight of the flitting, shadowy forms of the dancers. Our American cousins are very fond of all kinds of enjoyment and pleasure, and dancing is more general with them than with us.

The next morning, rising betimes, I hastened out to drink in the pure breezes of this Highland region, before the sun had risen.

The breezy call of incense breathing morn,

had roused many besides myself, for the Americans are, as a rule, early risers. At our early breakfast, a fellow-guest who had visited Italy, tells me that he thinks Lake George more beautiful than Lake Como. On paying a visit to the Fort William Henry Hotel, crowds of American ladies and gentlemen were sauntering about the halls

and grounds. By the side of the pale, slim, sparkling sisterhood of fashion, our English ladies look stronger and rosier. I then visited the ruins of Fort William Henry. A tree marks the site of the powder magazine, and the old camp-well is enclosed by palisades. These, with mounds of sand and stone, are all that remain to tell the tale of the massacre which was perpetrated here, in which from 1,500 to 2,000 brave English and Colonial soldiers perished.

Of Fort George, a mile further on, more extensive ruins remain. The mounds of earth are faced with stone and mortar, and rise 30 feet in height. From the old rampart walls, you have a good view of the lake, looking due north. The bonnie Scotch thistle flourishes here in all its pride, and a swamp of reeds and water-lilies extends on the margin of the lake in front. All around are hills and woods; you look down upon seas of forest-trees, cedars, and limes.—(the pine in this region has long been exhausted.) Solitary indeed must have been the life of the soldiers here 100 or 150 years ago, when not at war with the Indians. It speaks much for the hardihood and energy of both Saxon and Gallic races, that so far away from home, they should have left such memorials behind, though for the sake of humanity we could have wished them to have been peaceful ones.

The hotel and village of Caldwell remind me of Inversnaid on Loch Lomond. At the back, wooded hills rise very abruptly, shooting suddenly into the pikes of Mount Pleasant and Rattlesnake Hill. Among the rocky boulders on the latter, rattlesnakes are still found sadly too often for the security and safety of adventurous climbers. Beautiful as is the region now, it must be terribly lonely in winter. Amongst the Adirondacs will be found many a hamlet of freemen—homes characterised by Moravian

simplicity, and Swedish contentment—real "Happy Valleys." A few miles up the lake, is Bolton, a quiet, lovely place, a very paradise for fishermen. At the Mohican Hotel there, among the guests just now, are the Grecian Consul, several of the attachés of the British Embassy, and a daughter of Thackeray. As the palace of the Escurial counts its rooms as the days of the year in multitude, so Lake George may claim the same comparison for the number of its islands. Many of them are fertile, others merely barren rocks. The Indians called the lake "Horicon" or the "silvery waters"; and by the French it was named Lac Sacrament, on account of the purity of its waters. There is no tide, but the swaying of the water and the action of the wind are always causing a little surf, or breaking of waves on the fine sandy beach. The lake is high above the level of the river Hudson, and very deep. The waters are free from lime, and you can see a long way down to the sandy bed below. Crest and motto might be drawn from Lake George and its surroundings—

The Crest—SAND AND LICHENS ON AN ISLAND STUDDED LAKE.

The Motto—GOD'S WORK ENDURES, MAN'S WORK FALLS AWAY LIKE SAND, AND MOSS AND LICHENS HIDE THE RUIN.

The "Silvery waters" seem to say to all,

Men may come and men may go,
But (we) flow on for ever.

In the valley of bitter waters at Salt Lake, Mormon pilgrims have caused the earth to yield her increase, and have won from mountain-slope and desert kindly fruits and flowers. To the new devotee coming from old-world haunts of poverty, and looking down from the Sierra, for the first time upon the holy city, the shrine of his faith, it seems as it were the "New Jerusalem." How much

more then will lovely Lake George answer the expectation of imagined ideal? To the most fastidious connoisseur of natural beauty, the scene is radiant and glorious. It seems to appeal to him as a fragment of that "new created world," which in the beginning, sprung up at the command of the Most High. What must the prospect be then, to the poor pariah from crowded cities, to him who comes from Liverpool cellar, Whitechapel alley, or Edinburgh wynd; from the hovels of Foula, the Faubourg St. Antoine, or the dens of Canal-street in Empire city! To him the gleam of silvery waters, and sheen of purple peaks, must seem a blending of "new heaven and new earth," the realization of a vision, like that which came to the denizen of lonely Patmos.

We must now leave Lake George. The notes of a horn are heard sounding reveillé through the main-street of Caldwell, its cheery echoes rolling from peak to peak under Rattlesnake Mountain. A gallant "turn out" with "four in hand" after the fashion of orthodox Perthshire coaches, stands at the door. We mount, and obtain our heart's desire, the box seat. My immediate companion is a young gentleman from Ohio; and with a company of lively New Englanders, I renew a previous dinner acquaintance. Merrily trot our horses along the "plank road," which runs from the glen to Moreau station fourteen miles away. The roads and fields are all sand, which fact seems to prove what I had previously read,—"that New England and New Brunswick were once separate from the mainland, and that the sea then rushed and rolled through these gorges, from the St. Lawrence to New York Bay. Shells and other sea-tokens have been found on the mountains round, and seals are sometimes caught under the ice of Lake Champlain, and occasionally by the rapids of the Richlieu river." Still, sandy as is the soil, the rock-oak grows sturdily,

rich in dark green leaves, and ripe with countless acorns. The golden-brown sumach is scattered by the way-side in plenty; and best of all, buckwheat and maize will repay, not ungratefully, the farmer's care. As we ascend the hills, I cast "many a longing, lingering look behind" on the lovely island-studded lake; at length the vision fades, and other scenes present themselves.

We ride close by "Bloody Pond," a shallow, circular sheet of water, now overgrown with rushes and dank lilies. In olden time a battle was fought here by British against French and Indians. The bodies of all the slain, friend and foe alike, were flung into the pond to find sepulchre there, hence its name. A mile further on, stands an isolated rock, the scene of a gallant fight between Colonel Williams and a number of Indians, in early settlement days. This officer upheld the reputation of his countrymen for bravery, meeting the moment of peril in the spirit of James Fitz James—

> Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
> From its firm base, as soon as I.

It is called Williams's rock to this day. A white stone monument has been raised above the rocky boulder, and a suitable inscription upon it bids fair to record the deed for all time.

We have now reached the summit of the water-shed, and by a rocky road begin the descent. The Hudson river in its infancy lies far in the valley below. At Glen Falls the river rushes over strangely shaped rocks of blue slate-stone, and by many channels it has worn for itself a way through the flinty strata. As a sight it is not much, but the noise is considerable. Below are some caves, in and around which are laid the scenes of earlier adventure, of Uncas and Hawkeye and their "fair charges" Alice and Cora Munroe, in the "Last of the

Mohicans." Times have changed since the period of this tale, for now the energy and life of the falling waters are pressed into the service of man, to turn his water-mills for corn and lumber. The bridge of wood by which we cross the falls, looks so frail and insecure, and through large gaps in the roadway we can see so plainly the dashing torrent below, that we breathe more freely when the coach is fairly over.

We are now emerging from grand scenery into a region of matter-of-fact, industrial life. Here is a steam-machine stubbing up roots of trees, which look ugly customers when turned up *chevaux de frise* fashion, to form a stump fence. In a factory hard by, Yankee ingenuity, aided with funds from an Albany Company, is converting peat into good house-fuel, while close at hand the consuming organs of locomotives are being catered for by the preparation of piles of logs of hardwood. Here is growing buckwheat, with its three-cornered grain, something like a miniature Brazil nut in shape. The meal made from it soon turns sour, and must be ground immediately before being used, to secure it sweet and good. A dish of smoking buckwheat pancakes served up with molasses, was a great luxury to breakfast in the New Brunswick forest. By the side of buckwheat flourishes a similar cereal,—Indian wheat it is called, it ripens early in the season, and is used for fattening hogs. But the glory of the corn-land is the golden Maize. As we pass by the fields, the reapers are at work, cutting it down plant by plant, and storing it up in "shocks" like our English wheat. Delicate and beautiful is the large ear of maize, of pale amber color, which peeps out from beneath its leafy sheath. It turns out to be the Canadian maize, which is a rather smaller variety than the American, and ripens *sooner*. The ground beneath is now exposed, all covered with growing pumpkins amongst the stubble.

By this time I was on excellent terms with my fellow-travellers on the coach. With Americans there is little of that needless formality which you so often find in England. If they meet a fellow traveller, they are quite ready to break a lance with him in conversation, and if they find the ring of true metal of honest human nature about him, hospitality and friendship soon follow. I have received more acts of true kindness on occasions when it has been necessary to "take me on faith" in America, than in England, or anywhere else. Not that I blame my own countrymen for the want of it; there are warm hearts enough in Britain, only that warmth is often chilled by a certain icyness, if you cannot at the moment present any credentials beyond an honest face and an intelligent conversation.

My new-found friends were joking me about staying in America, and said that I was half a Yankee already. "But my chances of long life are not so good here as in our foggy island," said I; upon which I was assured that although in American towns and cities men live fast and are old men at fifty, still, in the country, they generally live to a good old age. Speaking of the habit of reading or studying by gas and candle light, one of them, a Professor, said that the practice is more injurious to sight, in the morning, *before* daylight, than in the evening *after* dark. I had not heard this opinion propounded before, and must therefore only advance it as half-proven. Alluding to the early hours which obtain in New England farm-houses, where half-past five to six is the usual breakfast hour, one of them repeated the line,

He that by the plough would thrive, —

I gave the maxim at length,

He that would thrive, must rise at five,
He that has thriven may lie till seven.

They all laughed heartily, and immediately said, "Oh, we are all English you know, and English in many of our ways and notions." They regarded my country as the old mansion-house of their race, and judged its present tenants by Emerson's standard. He said,

I was given to understand in my childhood, that the British Islands from which my forefathers came, was no lotus-garden. * * * In prosperity its people were moody, but in adversity they were grand. The ancients did not praise the ship leaving port with flying colors, but the one which came back with torn sheets and battered sides, having ridden out the storm! England has done this for a thousand years, and I say, All hail! Mother of nations!

"Why do not your young noblemen come and travel in America? said they." Why do not your future statesmen know something of this land by actual observation? The answer shall be that of our "Thunderer,"—

The characteristics of the class in general, in the present age is play rather than work. To judge very many of them by what they do, one would think they were the idle apprentices of Providence. All play and no work costs an aristocracy the respect of the people of which it is the natural leader.

Again they said to me, "Stay in our country, and become a United States' citizen." My last words to them on parting were, "I shall carry with me pleasant memories of you all, and America will always be allied to home in kindly associations, still I shall return to England, fonder than ever of my country."

# HUDSON RIVER & WEST POINT.

WHEN we came on board the steamer at Albany, the river was a flood of brown waters, which had risen 3 or 4 feet higher than had been known for 40 years. Yet though there was flood below, the sun was bright and glowing above; in the clear atmosphere we could see a long distance with the naked eye. I had seen the birthplace of the river far away in its mountain cradle, here at Albany it has swollen to a lake-like expanse. You are prepared gradually for the glorious scenery of the American Rhine. For miles its banks are low and flat; now terraced with vineyards; now gleaming with fields of red-tinted buckwheat. Close under our lee is a little town called after a city of sunny Greece,—Athens the good, non-classical townsmen call it. Soon the wharfs of Hudson city are abreast of us, and away in the distance loom the Catskills, with a glimpse of the White Mountain house gleaming on a shoulder of the hill. Many and enchanting are the glens and flumes which reward those who penetrate these rocky spurs, and strange to say the ice and snow creations of winter, are perhaps more remarkable than summer scenes amid the Catskills.

The outer barriers of pike and slope run inland for many a mile, yet, sheltered behind them spreads a goodly table-land of farm and prairie. Now the banks are overhung with rugged flinty masses of rock, into which the quarryman will never strike his drill. You would think

that no blade of grass could find root there, yet fine young forest trees spring up and flourish. The cedar assumes a conical shape, tapering gracefully to a needle-like point, as if it had been clipped into form by the hand of man. Simple as they seem, these cedar clumps remain impressed on the travellers' mind, as one feature of the Hudson's beauty, one reason of its fame. After passing a fairy scene of rock and woodland, we come suddenly upon West Point. Another time we will return to spend a day among the cadets in their own quarters.

Our steamer goes merrily down the river, her whole frame, from end to end, vibrates with the strain upon her. A railway runs along the river bank, under rocky heights, and now our boat is put on her mettle, and races with the engine on shore. I will back our "Drew" against the landsman's "Vanderbilt." Our water-palace is teeming with guests. You need but look round on every side for studies of American character in manhood, womanhood, and childhood. "This reminds me of my old home on the Derwent," said a voice at my elbow, and turning round I recognised an American acquaintance from Germantown. He had lived 25 years in America, and never expected to see again his old world home, but the sight of wooded slope and mansion had stirred old memories, and moved him to open his heart to a Britisher. "Guess this yer whips your British rivers" was the observation of a Yankee of stalwart build. He was pointing out the spots of interest on the banks, when he was carried off by a call "to liquor" at the bar. He and his companion dived deep into politics with an irascible Southerner, and whoever lost the argument, stood the drink-bill. So vehement did our disputants grow, that there seemed prospect of a quarrel, but their ire was again and again cooled at the bar. The

Southerner went, I know not whither, but his two companions I saw again, in policeman's habit in Broadway.

Looking up, we sight the batteries at West Point, and over an inlet stands a splintered rock much persecuted by the round shot of cadet artillerymen. Some of these in after life have come in for siege in its grim reality. Knocking out Fort Sumpter's eyes and drawing the teeth of Castle Pinckney, one thinks they often turned in memory to their early practice. The snow-fortress at Brienne was not a more effective training-school in war to Napoleon, than West Point's sand batteries to Grant and Lee.

Now the silent Moodna joins swift-flowing Hudson, and the Appalachian mountain-chain which run north into Canada, are seen here in all their glory. A waterfall leaps down from its secret springs 500 feet above, and under the Storm-king nestles a little colony of cabins, whose inhabitants must needs look to the river for highway; other pass or outlet there seems none. Mingling with a group on deck, I watch intently, for a first glimpse of Sunnyside; close at hand is Idlewilde glowing with festooned balcony and porch, fit home for a genius, like that of the late Mr. Willis. Set back from the river is Newburgh the scene of Washington's romance. This old manor-house of the Phillips' family might pass for an Elizabethan grange, with its shingle roof, yet its walls of rubble stone are such as a Norman might have built. A couple of mounted ship-guns, and an old relic or two mark this spot as one of the many halting places of Washington.

Then come the Palisades. Like mighty ramparts rise the river-rocks, now baying back in bastions of splintered reft; now lone and isolated as a feudal castle by the ocean; now dressing themselves in shapes of fancy,

which rock spirits or mountain gnomes might have fashioned. Rowan and cedar cast anchor there, "moored in the rifted rock," fringing the grey peaks with green. But the characteristic of the Palisades is their wall-like sharpness; as if Titan hands had hewn for the Hudson a passage through this barrier of trap-rock strata. Perched aloft on a cliff reclines a tourist looking down on us with perfect "sang-froid;" while below is moored a pleasure boat, and its fair company, in white dresses, and with unbonneted heads, are sunning themselves on the bank, the overhanging cliff being to them as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Sing Sing, the prison is behind, before, lie the wharfs of busy Empire City, and our day on the Hudson comes to a pleasant ending.

## WEST POINT.

Leaving New York and its bustle behind I came one fine morning into the Highlands of the Hudson. The steamer lands two solitary pilgrims at the jetty, under West Point, and proceeds on her upward journey again. The two strangers become first companions, and then friends for the day, a day spent among military memories at West Point, and among literary memories at Sunnyside.

When the boat pushes off up-stream and leaves us, we begin our ascent through a rocky pass, hung with trailing creepers, and seamed with waterfalls, which like silver veils hang down shining and sparkling from secret springs aloft. The grey rocks do service in advertising the well known deeds of Saratoga, and Banker's Hill. Our friends the West Pointers evidently think with the Egyptians, that stone records are desirable; it will take a few centuries of storm to wear out the written history of these rocks.

Bugles are calling to muster and mount as we gain a spacious quadrangle on the plain. All around run solid, castellated buildings; and in the centre of the square are gathered the little band of America's military hope. From all parts of their brave fatherland come these cadets. As I see them answering to the roll-call, each attired in light grey uniform, with black Zouave cap, I think that I have never seen finer forms, or more eager intelligent faces, than these soldierly youths display. They are the pride and care of the nation, clothed, fed and taught by Government.

While they are arranging in the square, we follow a courteous officer, who shows us as it were in a nutshell of time, the "lions" of West Point. This is a specimen of the rooms, each of which is occupied by two cadets; we may peep inside and see its camp-like furniture, iron bed and table, and carpetless floor. The young men who are in, quail beneath the eye of my guide, and this incident makes us think of the penalty which attended shirkers in our college days. That solid building is the Academic, and this one the Trophy Hall. In the first goes on a part of that educational course which tasks the ability and energy of each cadet to the utmost, but which when completed gives its possessors a high stand before the world. In the other, are gathering those spoils of War which America like older nations must now and again reap on battle-field and quarter-deck, though we trust that such accumulations may be slow, while the greater triumphs of peace may grow apace. We will not linger here; a troop of saddle-horses have been led up from below by the grooms, and now each grey uniform leaps into a rough Mexican saddle as the bugle sounds the mount. Bidding us adieu, our officer friend commits us into the care of a soldier for guidance round the outworks

The plateau in front of us has been carefully levelled, and all obstructing boulders removed, save a small rock in the centre, from which floats the commandant's flag. In a grove of trees stands the place of summer encampment, where, lodged in canvas tents, these young warriors gain some initiation into bivouac life. "Gay as a soldiers life" we often say, and our friends here are no exception, for during summer months, sisters, mothers and friends come up to the camp, and then dancing-parties and merry doings are for a little time permitted to relieve a life of study, drill and engineering practice.

Turning aside from equestrian evolutions on the plain, we enter an elm-grove, where, ranged round are trophies of captured cannon. English field-pieces of 100 years ago figure here in a "little way," then come heaps of Mexican guns; each one bears upon it the name of the battle in which it was taken. The tell-tale face of one informs you that it was cast at Southampton, and belonged in its early days to Republica Mexicana. Another, bears upon it the crest of Mexico, "an eagle with a snake in its mouth." We fancy that there is more of the snake than the eagle in the character of its people to-day. Here are old Spanish mortars stamped as king's property, Ferdinand rex Hispaniola.

We in Europe knew little of Santa Anna's republic, until Maximilian led thither the eagles of France; yet long before that time American armies had camped in the city of Mexico, after fighting their way through blood. These brass guns tell us stories of Monterey, of Vera Cruz, of Molins del Rey, of Angostura and Buena Vista, and of other battle land-marks which were won before the star-spangled banner floated in peace from the walls of the table-land city. We hope to see it there permanently, ere long, and under its *ægis* a nation of semi-barbarians taking a new lease of civilised life.

Our reverie is interrupted by a rattle, and a "copperhead" glides out across the path. Seen, its life hangs on a single thread, and it immediately falls a victim to our soldier-guide. By the side of cannon is preserved a huge link, long ago a unit in an iron chain or boom which barred the river below against British ships. "Never say your people didn't help the rebs," and how can I attempt a denial, for before me lay one of Whitworth's mighty children, and a rifled gun, which as certainly gathered its shape in the foundries at Ellswick. Oh! England thy offences are many, "Alabama" is thy "unpardonable sin," but there are "Whitworths" and "Armstrongs" also ever before thy brother Jonathan's face. I could understand now the sincerity of a plaint made by a venerable New England friend. We were standing on the Bluff at Ottawa by night, looking upon the silver river below. We had talked long of old England and her people, my friend had told me of the love which he bore to the land of his ancestors, when taking my hand in his, he said, "Do you know, we felt that Old England did not behave kindly to us in our time of trial and gloom." What could I say, but simply admit it as a partial fact!

Far away on a wooded hill above us is concealed Fort Putman, but there would be no uncertainty as to its "locus" did an enemy appear. Below are Fort Clinton and Battery Knox, both of them looking out on the river. It is quite a sight to watch the fleet of ships below, as each vessel catches the wind, from round the point, how its sails swell, and carry it scudding out of the wind-locked pass. On a little mound on the slope stands Kosciusco's monument, and hard by in an undergrowth of weeping willows and lilacs you stumble upon a well of water, a little fountain and a tangled garden, all of which are identified by tradition with the Polish patriot's

name. Here too is a dint in the rock, said to have been made by a cannon-ball, fired at random from a ship in the river below, yet it came very near the spot where Kosciusco lay in hiding. A monument has risen to "General Dade and his companions." Out of a band of 300 men, 3 only were saved in the encounter with the Indians of Florida under Oceola, commemorated by the monument.

West Point is a beautiful spot; mountains close it round on two sides, and the river washes it on the north and east. A spur of the Alleghanies traverses the Appalachian hills and makes the "entourage" complete. Before leaving we take a glance at the officers' pleasant quarters; we stroll through a grove of trees, which our young romancers have called "Flirtation Walk," and take a peep at Buttermilk Falls. Then after lunching at "Cozzens," we descend to the ferry, the cry of the kati-did being the only sound that accompanies us to the quiet landing-pier under the rock. "You will have distinguished visitors sometimes" said I to the ferryman. "Oh yes," he replied, "one day Mr. Lincoln came and we didn't know him, he was so quiet and plain, but when we found out he was our President the boys did give him a salute." North of West Point on the foundries of Mr. Parrott, the inventor and maker of the famous guns which bear his name.

Leaving the ferry-boat, we stop on shore at Garrisons. A few miles over the hills, the curious visitor will find a New-World Agapemone, with bloom-bearing fruit gardens, scented flower beds, and barns bursting with harvest; a settlement of industrious men and women, who are great in religious dances, straight-cut garments, and theories of free love. (In "New America," my readers will find a graphic description of Mount Lebanon,

from Mr. Dixon's pen.) Shakerism is one of those singular growths, which claim to find authority and concordat in the Bible. It is another demonstration how the truths of the sacred Book may be wrested to suit any doctrine of man's desire. A member of one of these religious tribes told me of certain tenets of his belief. The paradise of his hope was an earthly one, not in the "new heaven," but on the "new earth" of St. John's revelation. As a rule, these freaks of practice and belief in things spiritual, like Mormonism, and Free Love, are only excresences on the tree of religious life. American Protestantism is a strong and sturdy-growing tree, overshadowing with its branches, adherents in every corner of the empire. There are certain boles of oddity upon its trunk, which puzzle a classifier of "isms," even from the gnarled old lives of Europe. Cut through the bark however, and you will find the rings of evangelical truth increasing in circle year by year. Hope on! fancy faiths and interpretations shall crumble and die, but the faith of the Apostles shall march on to an everlasting and all-triumphant kingdom.

My companion had a telegram for New York. He committed it for transmission into the hands of a female operator. We observed how skilfully she put the message upon its travels. The tiny room bore evidences of feminine taste. Flower, picture, and needle-work marked a woman's rule. The elegance of the boudoir had been grafted, not unsuccessfully, upon the hard planked walls of the telegraph bureau. If ever American women gain their desire, and enter the lists of employment shoulder to shoulder with men, we trust that they will not surrender the taste and elegance which is the inheritance of their sex.

Near Tarrytown we may see the well where Major André was resting, when pounced upon by the American soldiers. In vain he bid them take his watch and purse. All that a man hath will he give for his life, but no pleading could move the stern honesty of his captors. His life was forfeited. A granite obelisk marks the place, but his remains have rested for more than half a century in Westminster Abbey. A memorial church has risen upon the spot of the vision of the "headless horseman." A melancholy interest connects twin associations of the place, the scene of poor Andre's death, and of Irving's happiest legend-creation. Tragedy and comedy have here woven history together.

The open grounds round Sunnyside, are studded with villas of merchant princes. Williams, Jaffray, Cottinet, and Grinnel, are all well known and honoured names, both in the city and at the homes on the Hudson. Irving's cottage is embowered in ivy. The cuttings which have ripened to such dignity and exuberance of growth passed from hand to hand years ago on the banks of the Tweed—Abbotsford the scene—donor and recipient Scott and Irving. The names of "Sleepy Hollow," and "Carl's Mill," are still known in the vicinity of Tarrytown. They remind us that the romancer, no less than the poet turns "airy nothings" to shape. Irving's "creations" will live on, and be read by future generations, for they shine with quiet humour and playful fancy,

* * * the mirth and merriment,
Which bar a thousand harms, and lengthen life.

# EMPIRE STATE.

I WILL attempt outline sketches of three scenes, each of which is laid in the region of the famous springs of Saratoga. My readers may fill in the details of each of these pictures for themselves. The first is an historical scene. Two armies are ranged upon the plain. But a few hours ago they were rival hosts, now the tournament of strife is over, the old flag of England is drooping low, before the banner of the new Republic. The defeated British soldiers have laid down their arms, and their commandant is tendering his sword to an American General. Among the staff of officers surrounding General Gates are two prominent figures, one, a patriot Colonel, the ancestor of the honoured Prescott of our times, the other an officer dressed in white uniform, Colonel Morgan, the celebrated commander of the Virginian Volunteers. A fresco painting in the Rotunda at Washington, will perpetuate this memorable scene as long as the Capitol stands.

* * * * * *

A populous town has sprung up near the battle-field mentioned in the preceding sketch. Its streets are shaded by maples and elms; gay shops and monster hotels indicate that the place is a resort of the *richesse* and fashion of the country. Here during the brightest months of the summer solstice, you will find Legislators and Congress-men, Southern planters and Northern

merchants, with a sprinkling of Californians, and now and then as a *rara avis*, an European Ambassador. Here too, you will find in all the glory of beauty, and in all their "bravery of apparel,"—American ladies. Dancing far into the night, and drinking the "waters" before the day has begun, have become the ruling passions, the Alpha and Omega of life at fashionable Saratoga.

"Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair?
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green."—*Old Song.*

This is not more true of Ireland, than that our fair cousins of the West allow no peace to fathers and husbands until they are taken to share in the revels of the "Springs."

* * * * * *

It is a September day, when you alight from the railway cars at a rough barn-like station. As you pace the platform, it is somewhat hard to realise the fact, that during the "season" one thousand guests arrive here daily. Passing into the deserted streets, you are ready to exclaim—Is this Saratoga—the famous city—"whose antiquity is of ancient days?" When the first harbinger frost-breath, brushing the maple leaves on its passage, is felt here, the gay company take wing in haste for home. Coming into the recently evacuated camp of fashion, surrounded by the débris of those things which minister to the wants of her devotees, I caught myself musing, and inwardly repeating these thoughts:—

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,"—

when musing suddenly came to an end, under the vigorously applied suggestions of Melpomene Brownell, and Thermopylæ Philemon Collender, the authorised "touters" of Empire House.

The lake is left to its loneliness, the Opera House to silence; the springs at Congress-Hall and High Rock may ebb and flow unnoticed, the waters of the Excelsior and Columbian fountains will remain untasted, no throngs of visitors will jaunt it to the Falls of the Mohawk. Everything reminds you, that the harp of pleasure, but a little while ago so ubiquitous at Saratoga is mute. But the place will burn with eager life again. The winter of its loneliness will depart, the summer days of its revels will return. Birds of passage will not more certainly seek the reed-beds of Winnipeg and Saskatchewan, than will birds of pleasure come again to flutter round the Goddess who reigns enthroned at Saratoga Springs.

The pioneers of the New York Lothians must have been giants in classical history. The nomenclature of their towns attests the fact. Ithaca and Syracuse, Utica and Rome, and here under the shadows of Ida and Olympus, stands a New World Troy. A wonderfully different city it is from the Ilium of Virgil, from the town which Æneas described to the Carthagenian Queen. It is twice as populous as Quebec, it is prospering and flourishing; and with the sight of its church spires before me, I may call my story of it—more appropriately than Milton's city of mythological worship—"the tale of Troy divine."

Owing to the washing away of a railway embankment in the north, I was detained for some time in Albany, which may be considered at the head of navigation on the Hudson, and the pivot on which turns the traffic of the West by land and water. It is a fine pleasant city, and is the political capital of the State of New York. The streets are broad and well planted with shade-trees.

Passing up the steep pavements of State Street I came upon the noble State House on the summit. In the library here are preserved all the documents relating to Arnold's treason, and the death of André.

It so happened that I had very pleasant company, for two American gentlemen were my companions in misfortune. One of them a Boston merchant-captain had lost much of his Yankee prejudice; it had been fairly knocked out of him in twenty three years of foreign travel and life abroad. He had seen a great deal of our military officers in China, and likes them very much. He was in Manilla in 1852 at the time of the great earthquake; he could never have imagined anything like such a convulsion of nature.

Another of our company, a banker from New York described to us a funny scene which he had witnessed a little while before at the Tower of London. An American family were passing through this "old curiousity shop," and by and by came to the rifle armoury, in which 75,000 Sniders were piled side by side in bright array. "O I see," exclaimed Mrs. America, "I guess a lot of those behind are rusty, and you put a few shining ones in front"—"Madam," replied the old warder, "there is neither dust nor rust here, what you see is the reflection from behind, this is not a show-place, but a real armoury, and it is by the courtesy of the British Government that you are allowed to go through,"—and still further, "there are hands to use them too, there are both *riflemen* and rifles in old England." The following story of a *Britisher* "abroad" I will tack to the one just related of Jonathan. Both have their odd ways. The story appeared in a daily journal, so may be deemed public property. The French delight to relate stories of English eccentricity. Few

things tickle them more; and one such anecdote is just now reported, on the authority of M. Garnier-Pages. Speaking of Election times in 1863, he says, one evening "I received 6,000 persons; or I should "rather say, 6,000 men, and one woman." Thereby hangs the tale. An Englishman and his daughter arrived one night from Florence, and put up at an hotel in the Rue Saint-Roch. They saw people crowding into No. 45 in the street. "What's this?" said the Englishman. "An assembly at the house of Garnier-Pages," he was told. "Very good; then I will go too," he declared, and in he went, his daughter leaning on his arm. The faithful historian adds that the son of Albion was in full travelling costume—yellow waistcoat, red necktie, green jacket, carpet-bag in hand. The daughter, Miss Anna was a charming girl, lovely pink and white, who made havoc of the ice-creams. When the time for departure came, the English traveller addressed M. Garnier-Pages. "I am very glad to have the opportunity of seeing you again, Monsieur," he said. "When you were in England I followed you about from London to Manchester, from Manchester to Glasgow, from Glasgow to Dublin, from Dublin to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to ——." "Indeed," said M. Garnier-Pages, "to see me eating?" "No, but to beg of you to be so good as to kiss my daughter Anna, who has already been kissed by Lord Russell and Lord Disraeli, Sir Napier, Sir Cobden, Kossuth, Garibaldi, the late lamented Cavour, Changarnier, General Bedeau, Ledru-Rollin, M. de Beust, &c. "Anna present your forehead to M. Garnier-Pages." The distinguished Frenchman professes to have been stupefied with astonishment as he stood before this imperturbable Englishman, who had turned the brow of his daughter into a kind of album, where the illustrious signatures came from the lips. However he went through

the performance like a man: he kissed Anna. The Englishman drew from his coat a pocket-book, and made a note of it: "May 24th, 1863. M. Garnier-Pages kissed "Anna." Then he tucked his daughter under his arm, made a stately bow, and went away happy, with his yellow waistcoat, his red necktie, and his green jacket, looking for all the world like a paroquet. It is well to see ourselves as others see us.

I failed to "make connections" and "get aboard" the train at Schenectady and so had to remain in harbour long enough to take stock of this old Dutch town. It is now thoroughly Americanised. In seeking out the "baggage master," I went into two or three saloons in which hard drinking was going on. My companion, a young Ohio man, and no coward either, declared that he himself would not stay in such places, if he valued his personal safety. He complains that Americans of this class are very uncivil, and can scarcely answer a question without an oath, and are very different in this respect from the English. So I often found it. The missing official at length turned up, and released my companion's luggage.

We had telegraphed to [illegible] for berths in the sleeping car by the night ex[illegible] I am pleased with these sleeping cars. A ne[illegible]n attendance to make up your berth and then he hands you a couple of warm rugs. The berths are in two tiers, ship-fashion. In the morning you awake to find it time to rise. Your boots are ready cleaned, and you may wash and make a hasty toilet in the little room in one corner of the car.

We stayed for breakfast at Rochester, and here Western peaches begin to be plentiful: you may make a meal of them at any time, for they are like the bread-fruit, meat and drink. Close by the rail are the Genesee Falls said

to be higher than Niagara. Just now the river is so low, that no water is going over the Falls. When flowing, the waters pass over an immense flat rock, the whole width of the stream, and then leap into the pool beneath. The rock is a kind of blue slate-stone. Dr. Newman Hall tells a story of his visit to Rochester in this wise: he enquired of one of the townsfolk as to the whereabouts of the great sight of the place, and so little is the cascade held in honourable remembrance there, that the good man replied, giving the stranger the location of a store where there were sold "water-falls" for ladies head dresses.

On rushes the train again; the country through which it passes seems good grazing land, and here are a few English-like thorn hedges. The iron bridges over streams are simply beams for the rail track to rest upon; the space between is open and bridgeless, and attests the principle of railway economy.

New York men say of their prisoners that they are sent to a "marble-palace on the Hudson," referring of course to the place of detention at Sing Sing. All joking apart however, we must acknowledge that the Americans have an excellent mode of treating ordinary prisoners; *i. e.* persons guilty of criminal offences. There is scarcely such a thing as imprisonment for debt, for in the United States you cannot push a debtor to extremity, but must leave him in possession of house, furniture and homestead. At Auburn in the interior of New York State is a large prison answering to one of our county goals. A prisoner entering there is asked his trade, and if it is one of ordinary handicraft he is placed in a large room to pursue it. Other men work along with him but strict silence is enforced. If a person had no previous occupation he is taught a a branch of trade. It is not compulsory on any of them

to work, but it has been found that *all* choose labour and the society of their fellows, in preference to idleness and solitary confinement. A small sum of money is daily placed to the credit of each, dating from the time of entering; so that when the period of sentence is completed, each on leaving prison may join the ranks of honest labour again, for he has a trade at command and a small capital with which he may begin business.

"When you visit America, you will come West and see me at Buffalo, will you not," was the request of a young American friend, as he and I sat together in the orchard of Ann Hathaway's cottage at Stratford. I passed my word to him by the quiet Avon, and redeemed it to-day on the shore of Lake Erie.

Buffalo is a large town of 145,000 people, in which the German element is largely prevalent, as indicated by the German names and inscriptions on many of the shop signs. It has rather a sombre appearance with its red brick buildings, and streets planted with trees. Here the useful is evidently the order of the day, the citizens have scarcely begun to understand the ornamental.

The city has an immense trafic in grain from the upper lakes. I went first to look at the "elevators." An old American came forward on my speaking to him, and said, "Well as you are a stranger, I will shew you all about them, for I have built all the "elevators" in Buffalo myself." And shew me round he did, in a rough but kindly manner. The "elevator" is a square tube of wood inside of which are scoops like the buckets of a water-wheel, worked by an endless belt. The nose of the tube is put down into a ship's hold; these scoops soon empty its cargo of grain and deposit it on an upper floor of the "house," as a warehouse is called here. All corn here

is sold by weight. I thought the arrangements for weighing and measuring the grain much better than at Marseilles, but not so complete and perfect as the new mode in use at Liverpool. Trade is so good in the city, that mechanics in sufficient number cannot be obtained, although the wages offered are 7 dollars or 20 shillings sterling a day. Buffalo has a frontage of 5 miles to the lake. Erie is shallow; and has the unenviable distinction of possessing a long line of "lee shore" all round. Its waters are sooner lashed into fury by the winds, and its navigation is on this account more dangerous than Huron, Superior or Michigan. I found out my friend in his pleasant home in Clinton Square. The large drawing room in which we sat was full of curiosities which he had gathered during a year of European travel. Photographs from Rome and the Holy Land; a musical box from Geneva; flowers from the Pool of Siloam, and gay colored prints of the Paris Exhibition were among these trophies. Mr. P. had written a journal of his tour, and he told me that already he had had several offers made for it, with a view to acquiring a right to publish it. His return home had been greeted by quite a "flourish of trumpets" in the local newspapers. The young traveller was sadly altered since we parted in England. After reaching his United States home, he immediately took a long trip to the West, during the terribly hot weather, and since then has been sinking in health. His mother had a kindly hospitality for the English stranger and yet she seemed to have very dim ideas of "our people," and had a notion that the English are all slaves under some despotic rule. She can't imagine why my countrymen come over to the United States on pleasure, as it is such a rough unsettled country, and she also thinks it high time for the United States Government to put a stop to

emigration from Europe of all poor and helpless people. This bustling Western port "boasts a poet," who is "thought all the world of" by the inhabitants. There was a good gathering of young folks at his house that evening, to which the Clinton Square household contributed its quota of guests. Afterwards P. and I sat up chatting about old times, while his little sister played for us on the piano. Very warm ones were his memories of England. The flood-gates of English hospitality seemed to have been opened to him, and he had tales to tell of a descent into Newcastle coal mines; of visits to Sheffield factories; of rambles on Calton Hill; and glances of the grim castle of the Scottish metropolis. I felt very sorry to leave him, as it seemed possible we might never meet again.

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This supposition has proved correct, for my poor friend is since dead.

# THUNDER OF WATERS.

IMMEDIATELY after entering my name in the visitors' book in the Hotel at Niagara, a gentleman came up to me and said, "Are you an Englishman?" "I saw you in the cars this morning." "You and I were born under the old flag." It was now ten o'clock in the evening and quite dark, and going up to our rooms together he proposed a walk out to see the Falls. He then took a pistol out of his bag, showed it to me, and put it into his pocket, saying, "It is not safe to go out here into the lonely places after dark without this." "Last year I went out on to Goat Island, and was tracked for a long time by two thieves; I was unarmed, but had managed to pick up a thick cudgel in the woods, and was determined to sell my life dearly: fortunately a carriage, with visitors who had been out to see the Falls by moonlight, passed me: I stepped up and asked to ride, and this I was at once allowed to do. Two years ago a man was robbed and thrown over the Falls." Half an hour later, in the moonlight, we stood on the spot of the murder.

Thus prepared and in company, we walked out, passed on to Goat Island, and through the woods away to the Terrapin Tower, from which we had a good view of the Canadian or Horse Shoe Falls, in the dim weird light of a clouded and partly obscured moon. Anything more awful and lonely could not be. As far as we knew not a human being was near us. Alone we stood amid this

mighty power of nature. A wooden gallery leads to the tower, which is built on a ledge of rock, in the midst of the rapids. A few yards to southward, the waters of Superior, Huron, Erie and Michigan take that terrible plunge which has made this spot a wonder of the world. Day and night, summer and winter, for long ages, for aught we know since the beginning of time, this carnival of waters has continued. With furious, angry haste, but still with chain or link unbroken, these waters join Ontario. You would think this reckless leap to be unto destruction and annihilation, but no! Deep down in the boiling caldron there is a bottom, there is a rallying point, whence in a while the floods emerge, their transformation dress of misty spray to be again transformed—toned down to waters capped with snow-white foam. Anon they struggle, they grapple with the pent-up gorge, and fight with a perfect "Trossachs" of unyielding, hardy rock, and then with anger over, and in gentler mood, they pass the flood-gates of Ontario and lose their individuality for ever.

The Indian's nomenclature is often more poetical, and yet more pithy than our own. His "Texas" means "a land of plenty"; his "Alabama," signifies "here we rest." So with Niagara; he called this spot of sounds so mighty, "Thunder of Waters." Though his race fade away, and fail upon the earth, "Niagara" will record his tongue and literature for ever. To him the huge rocks seemed an altar for his Manitou. To him the never-ceasing spray seemed like the smoke of incense ever mounting heavenward. To us a voice of thunder speaks of the Invisible One in every storm, to the red man "Niagara's" thunder spoke of the "Great Spirit." What wonder that fear should come upon him, when he listened to this mighty tone? What wonder that his

human heart should counsel an offering of peace? And so on that great day of festival the tribes sent forth a precious offering, the rarest tithings of their husbandry, the richest trophies of the chase, laid ready in a white canoe. Forth came their human offering to seal with blood and life the grim sacrifice. A maiden of the nation takes the charge, and drifting over the Falls is supposed to meet acceptable entrance in the heathen Elysium.

To us it preaches a wonderful sermon of the power of Him whose hand "setteth fast the mountains and holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand." It requires little superstition to imagine a Spirit in the seething flood. This was in Scott's mind when he pictured the Spirit of the Flood, answering the Spirit of the Fell. As we stand here in the weird moonlight, and look intently upon the concentration of watery rage and strife below, there is a strange fascination in the scene; invisible cords and seeming voices are on us and around us: to the melancholy and despondent one would come the fancied call of piteous lamentation, a soft entreaty to join with fellow spirits in this Saturnalia of Waters.

And yet putting all superstition aside, what have we to fear? Naught. We are as safe here as anywhere in the wide world, for the eye of Him who made this natural wonder, is equally mindful of His human family.

* * * all places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Through the open window of my bedroom, all night long, with moments of wakefulness, came the sound of the Eternal Cataract. In 1868 two Chinese Princes visited Niagara. Great was their desire for complete understanding. They entered into minutiæ of wear and retrogression with all the interest of our greatest *savans*.

# OVER THE STRAIT.

All States that are liberal of naturalisation towards strangers, are fit for empire.

*Bacon.*

ON the Atlantic sea-board the cities and people are essentially English in character. In Carolina, in Virginia, in Maryland, in Pennsylvania, in Massachusetts, in Maine, the first settlers were men and women of British birth.

It is related that when the "May Flower" was ready to sail from Delft-haven for Southampton, *en route* for the New World, some wealthy Dutch burghers came forward and wished to join the pilgrims in their enterprise. "Nay, nay," said the English Puritans with one voice, "we go to found a NEW ENGLAND in the far west, and none but men of English blood, and who speak the English language shall help in that great work." So it came to pass, and hence it is, that among this section of the American people you find greener and kindlier memories of the old country than elsewhere. Westward it is not so. As in olden time there arose a king in Egypt who "knew not Joseph," so in the Great West there has risen a people who cherish no traditions of England, like those retained by the dwellers in the Eastern States.

Many English who have emigrated to the West, have done so when commercial distress prevailed at home; with recollections of "hard times" in their minds, they have naturally retained somewhat bitter thoughts of the land in which their lot was poverty. One of these said

to me, "I will never return to live in a country in which I saw men and women begging bread from day to day."

Worse still are the Irish. More ignorant even than the English peasant, poorer than the German emigrant, more under priestly influence than either, what wonder that they should dwell upon their real wrongs until the memory of them has eaten into their very soul, and become the parent of fancied wrongs. These men are no doubt uncivil to English strangers, but we must recognise in this a punishment visited upon us for the misdeeds of our Government in times past. The policy of English rulers in Ireland, of doing "those things which they ought not to have done," and leaving "undone those things which they ought to have done," is now yielding its fruit in bitter thoughts and cruel actions even across the wide Atlantic. With the children of these emigrants will come a change. In their New-World homes, education will emancipate their minds from ignorance, though probably not from prejudice; industry will raise them above poverty, and they will become order-loving citizens. To these we would say, "think kindly of old England, for they who dwell there are of the same stock as yourselves, and in their hearts they cherish the same earnest love of freedom."

On my way to the Mississippi I halted at the city of Detroit. In the old French times, it was a frontier post on the "strait"; now it is a thriving commercial city, as large as Quebec and Toronto rolled into one. Up to its wharfs comes the plash of Erie's tideless waters, and northward through the lake and river St. Clair you enter the lordly Huron. Sailing up this inland sea to Mackinaw is an experience closely akin to ocean voyaging. In fact, during spring and late autumn, the navigation of these lakes is more dangerous than the open sea. The winds

lash the saltless and less dense waters into fury, and paddle-wheel steamers are then useless; hence it comes, that all steamers going west from Buffalo into the great lakes are "screw-propellers," and they are without the *third tier* of state-rooms, universal on the Hudson-river and Sound boats. The owner of the steamer on which I embarked, told me that he had been on her when the water swept over her decks in waves several feet in height. It is not often one finds a French skipper, and yet this man was both owner and skipper in one. Twelve years ago he left the Empire, and now seems supremely happy under the Republic.

I was surprised to find fully one-third of the shops open on Sunday in Detroit,—very little attention is paid to the day in spirit, though there is some in form;—scarcely any trains run on Sundays, and yet smoking, drinking, and newspaper reading go on as usual among many sections of the people. Yet even here the good work does not slumber, it is silently leavening the whole mass. The young men have banded themselves together in a Christian Association, and the city has been famed for its array of churches.

A few miles from Detroit is Ann Arbor, the most democratic University in the world, as it will some day be one of the richest, for its modest foundation dowry is 1,000,000 acres of Michigan land. Here are gathered 1,300 students; amongst them one lady. A fee of ten dollars on admission and five dollars annually, are the only charges made to each individual. Competitive rivalry is discouraged in lecture-room and study. Canada sends 90 young men to the University, and there are students from every State of the Union. After graduating here, many of them go to Germany, to pursue a wider range of studies at Leipsic, Bonn, or Berlin. All the English

magazines of any note are found in the reading-room of the University. Large numbers of German works in the original, and translations of them, find readers in America. It is well-known that there are many streets in Chicago, Buffalo, and Cincinnati in which German is almost exclusively spoken. This vast University of Michigan is only in keeping with other evidences of intellectual life among the people. In the farm-houses there are good libraries. It is calculated that English works have a circulation in America ten times greater than in England. The publishing firm of Harper Bros. of New York print one book a minute, or half a million yearly. One of the Professors at Ann Arbor is an Englishman by birth, but of 15 years American standing. He spoke with feeling of the students who came under his eye, as being brave, pure-minded young men, full of noble impulses—and in every way worthy of the nation. A gentleman of my acquaintance was one of a deputation from the Canadian Board of Trade who visited the University, and he told me that the young ladies of Ann Arbor placed their carriages at the disposal of the gentlemen of the deputation, and showed them every kindness and hospitality in their power. In "Greater Britain" my readers will find a full and minute account of the University from Sir C. W. Dilke's able pen.

The good steamer "Dean Richmond" on her voyage up lake Erie stopped for a breathing space at Cleveland, the most beautiful city of Ohio. Its streets are so profusely planted with shade trees, that Cleveland has won the name of the "Forest City."

The night when I left Detroit was bitterly cold, and very thankful was I to share the warm home-spun blanket of an English settler bound for Iowa. At daybreak we found ourselves passing through a series of open glades

in the forest. Away to the northward, magnificent timber trees of *first growth* are still repaying the lumberer for his toil. I had seen the spoils of this region in the shape of huge logs of walnut on barges floating down lake Erie. The train rushed on, bearing us through the "oak-openings" of Southern Michigan; by the edge of reedy swamps which are still the haunts of the wild-duck and heron; past settlers' clearings and fields of sugar-cane. The energy of Saxon and Teuton life has invaded a region whose solitudes were once roamed by Canadian *coureurs de bois;* emphé and sorghum grow on the spot where prairie-grass flourished, and maize springs up amid the charr'd stumps of hemlocks and cedars. The blooms of these open glades were once the chosen gathering-grounds of wild bees. Man, the spoiler, broke into their treasure-cells and the insect colony has taken wing, but its tribes have not forsaken bloom and flower, without in their retreat, teaching

The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

The hollow forest-trees which they garrisoned as citadels, and in which they stored the honey, have given place to villages, in which Saxon law is kept, and Saxon words are spoken. In glades where the bee-hunter practised his craft, we now hear the cow-bells, and where his log-storehouse stood on the banks of the Kalimazoo, a steamer is to-day loading the cargo of peaches which Chicago calls for every twenty-four hours. We have wound our way through sand-hills, shapeless mounds which are the drift-winds' monuments, we have glided for two or three miles over the lake on a tressel-bridge, and are now safe and sound in one of the fourteen railway termini of Chicago.

There is in the British army a regiment which claims to carry on its banners the proud motto of "Primus in

India." Chicago goes a step further, it claims to be the *first* in the realm of enterprise and successful adventure. If you suffer from morbid notions of palæontology, go to Chicago, and the glory of ancient things will there be rivalled by the new.

Within the city of London there is a square of ground which a Rothschild valued at the price of an equal area of golden sovereigns; here, on lake Michigan, is a spot of land, won from the waters, which aspires to an equal golden value. What have these Western Yanks accomplished to make good their boasting? Here, thirty-five years ago, they began to build around a solitary trading fort, and in one short generation of fervid American life they have reared a more splendid city than Nineveh. They have lodged in houses of brick and marble, a population, ten times the number of that which clusters round Cape Diamond. From Wisconsin, from Minnesota, from Iowa, from Indiana, from Illinois, yea from far away San Francisco, they have gathered up the reins of the iron roads, and hold them fast at their port on Michigan Lake. Their swing bridges *over* the river are marvels of ingenuity, but, impatient of delay, they have driven a tunnel *under* it.

They have conceived the idea that the waters of their lake shall be mingled with the Mississippi floods, to flow thereby, right down to the gulf of Mexico. It shall no longer be the exclusive right of the Britisher to tap the great lakes by his St. Lawrence; they, Western men, will draw them too, by a ship-canal into their own Mississippi. They may well be proud of their waterworks,—the supply can never fail. Two miles out in the lake they have built a "crib" which is connected with the shore by a tunnel carried ten feet under the bed of the lake. It was cut through solid clay, and not a drop of water

percolated from above during its construction. Out at the lake water-house, live the men in charge and their families. There are tide-shuttles, or water-gates fixed at different levels or depths, so that when the upper surface of lake-water is muddy or sandy, a lower and more undisturbed current can be admitted through the sluices, into the crib, for the town's supply. At Mackinaw, and at Sault St. Marie, the water seemed as green as emerald, but when the Chicago folks have filtered it and placed it on their tables, it sparkles like morning dew.

A noble avenue, composed of pleasant dwellings, runs for miles along the margin of the lake. Pacing its terraces, it is somewhat difficult to understand that the expanse of water before you is only a fresh-water lake, and you would think the breeze which is blowing landward to be no other than one salted in the wide Atlantic.

Sitting over our claret and peaches at dinner with an Iowa merchant, he proposes to take me to the summit of a high mountain to see the thriving city. "Reckon this 'll try your wind and nerves," said my lithe western friend as he literally spun round up the interminable steps of the City Hall Tower. At length we were out on the turret, by the side of the straining flag-staff, and looking down upon the city; from our lofty vantage-post, men looked like mice, and ships like cockle-shell boats. On terra-firma again, the streets seemed full of London life and Parisian toilets. Here is the Irish mason exulting to tell you of five real dollars earned every day, when his lordship chooses to labour, very different from the twelve pence daily, and the "praties" of the "a'uld counthree." Here is an African lady, of undoubted Ethiopian skin, in amber-coloured garments, and there the Illinois farmer in his rough home-spun grey.

The citizens wanted a Chamber of Commerce, and straightway they built 600,000 dollars into the walls of a noble palace. At Chicago are the offices and head quarters of Pullman's Palace Sleeping Car Company; last year they returned 150,000 dollars as the year's profits, chargeable with Income Tax. Seeing that a traveller pays four dollars for a night's ride in one of the berths of their cars, it is not unreasonable to think their income must be enormous, and the profits princely.

A simile used by an American writer to describe British energy, is equally applicable to Americans—

The Scandinavian fancied himself surrounded by Trolls—a kind of goblin men, with vast power for work and skilful production—divine stevedores, carpenters, reapers, smiths and masons, swift to reward every kindness done them, with gifts of gold and silver. In all American history this dream comes to pass Certain Trolls or working-brains dwell in the Troll-mounts of America, and turn the sweat of their face to power and renown.

Potter Palmer needed a mighty storehouse for his wares, "but it must be sprung up quick, sir." Mr. Contractor understands all about "American hurry," and sets to work. Tooled at the quarry, all his marble and stone are brought on to the ground ready for use. I wish our English masons would remember this. Up rises a fabric, larger than a Manchester cotton-palace, when the first story is up, it is roofed with water-proof cloth, and while masons and bricklayers are building up No. 2, carpenters, painters, and decorators are busy in No. 1. In 60 days after the first stone is laid, the roof will be on, and P.P. will be telling his friends that in two weeks more, he will be selling goods in his new store; and in profits of dollars and cents he will soon win back its cost.

Very ingenious are these Yanks; as a proof of it my friend Inglis O'Connor showed me in his office, specimens of lacework, beautifully executed in paper, and to crown all, when he explained the mechanism of his safe, lo and behold it opened with a song! Since the days of that wonderful leathern purse of Rob Roy, which was defended by a complex lock and concealed pistol, a slight advance has been made in the construction of such things. These worthy Americans have not all the enterprise of the city to answer for. Inglis took me to a large warehouse owned by three Scotch brothers. They were humble instruments in clothing the gaunt, stalwart men of the West, and not unwilling, for while the New England manufacturers had reaped a goodly crop of profit upon their goods, our friends the storemen came in for a second growth of gain ere they finally dispensed them.

I had a letter to a man of eminence in the city. What do you think was his history? Fifteen years ago he had run away when a boy from his humble home in Exeter, from a ship-builder's yard, and in this western city had risen and gained wealth fast. Is there a shop or block of buildings to be raised a step from their foundation, or to be thrust back a little from the street, Brown is the man to do it, and you may be sure that a goodly share of dollars will be his reward. As we sat in a little conservatory in the heart of dusty Chicago, he told me many a story of his early struggles and now rising fortunes.

A countryman of mine who left Lincolnshire seventeen years ago, invited me to visit his home in Wisconsin. He has retired from active business; upon his new estate he has built a comfortable homestead, and he spends his leisure in cultivating peaches and grapes. He will invite me to a row upon the lake which skirts his farm. Its bright waters have rolled there for ages, waiting to

become useful to man, and of its beauty no English nobleman need be ashamed. Land and lake have come to the kind-hearted Lincolnshire farmer as the reward of honest labour, and he will perhaps found a family whose influence shall be greater than that of his one-time landlords, the Winns or the Lacys of the old country.

"You will find Chicago a pandemonium of wickedness," said a provincial gentleman to me, when I mentioned my intention of going Westward. Arrived there, the beginning of my experience looked omnious. On the station walls were conspicuous proclamations bidding us beware of "confidence men," on the waters of the adjoining lake a captain was flying the Fenian flag, a green emblem of defiance to my Queen and country; I heard stories from friend Brown of processions of citizens being attacked by the "Ribband Lodge" of the West, the cruel Klu-Klux clan, and murder done; of swarms of disbanded Southern soldiers hanging about the city, always ready for lawless deeds.

But the strongest powers are ranged on the side of order and peace. Each good citizen is for the sake of his own interests "a law unto himself," and the *lawless* ones are sometimes visited with terrible retribution. Sunday Schools and Churches scattered amongst the mansions of Wabash and Michigan avenues, and standing within the purlieu of humbler dwellings, attest the fact that Yanks, Scotch, and English have not left their religion behind them. Here in the metropolis of the West, and in hundreds of farm-houses, which nestle amid the broad corn-lands of Illinois and Iowa, we shall find the earnest faith of New England homes, the Ha Bible of Scotland, and the evangelical belief of Lutheran lands, by the side of the Catholic régime of priest and confession.

I will liken Chicago with its mingled lot of peace and strife, rest and unrest, its gloom of savage passions, and smile of glad content, to an Eastern scene, which is brought before us by an English Governor of Ceylon. "The wild and uncivilised trenches closely on the civilised here, for in an Englishman's home, near Kandy, a leopard from the forest above came down nightly, to drink at the fountain in the parterre." So in Chicago—and here too the scene is changing fast; the garden of civilised life is yearly adding to itself parterres of flowers, of purer enterprise and softer graces: the waters of its fountains grow brighter with each philanthropic and earnest Christian help; the visits of the lawless leopards of a fading régime grow less frequent, and perchance some of them will in these purer haunts, be brought even to change their spots of dishonour for those of honour.

It is worth going a long way to see the corn-lands of Illinois, and its sister prairie States. Take all the wheat fields of Sutherland and Cambridge, of York and the Lothians, of Inverness and the Lincoln levels, and the sight will be as a tiny photograph, by the side of the great Illinois painting. Farming is a more simple operation than in Europe. There is no rotation of crops in the West. The soil is virgin. It will yield its increase for a quarter of a century without tilling. An unlearned man may farm. Plough and cast in seed when neighbors do; reap when harvest is ripe. So it comes to pass that emigrant farmers soon become men of substance, and their children—educated in the free schools, and trained in the fear of God—grow up to form the strength and glory of Western America.

Midway between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi is Springfield—the Springfield of honoured LINCOLN. Many a stranger and many a patriot will stay to visit the grave of the martyred President.

Over the Mississippi, on the soil of Missouri, stands the queen city of St. Louis. Years ago it was the "Ultima Thule" of the explorer's desire. While Daniel Boone was a pioneer in Kentucky, and Audubon was searching the woods of Virginia, the region beyond the Mississippi was a veritable "no man's land." Here sprung up a city, and into it, as to a cave of Adullam, flocked the discontented, the unsettled, the lawless ones of the South and West. Now it is outstripped by Chicago, and is pressed hard in the race by its rival, young Omaha of Nebraska. Speaking of the marvellous progress of Western cities, a New York banker told me that the best banking-account they had, was from Omaha. Three young men, brothers, had gone from Ohio, to the small settlement at Council Bluffs, and now their transactions are of such magnitude, and their wealth is so great that they have sometimes a deposit of 600,000 dollars in the bank.

Just above St. Louis the rivers Missouri and Mississippi unite, the dark floods of the former bringing sand and mud into the clearer waters of the main-stream. Unfortunately for the St. Louis population, their supplies of drinking-water are drawn from a muddy Missouri, instead of from a clear Lake Michigan. A terrible leveller visits the city now and again, when cholera stalks through hundreds of homes, laying low its victims. There was in St. Louis a population burning with zeal for the Southern slavery cause, but now, ministers preach to the negroes, where a few short years ago, such an act would have imperilled their lives.

I would fain have journeyed further toward the setting sun, for

> A true, devoted pilgrim is not weary,
> To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps.

I would have visited Minnesota—"L'Etoile du Nord," as its enterprising settlers call it—the most beautiful

Water State of the Union—where hamlets and schools are fast filling up a region of meres and cascades, but time would not permit. Westward Ho! was not more the watch-cry of Drake and Raleigh than it is of the whole American people of to-day. In a corridor of the National Capitol is painted a fresco, and there within the narrow limits of a picture, you find the embodiment, the concentration of this trait of American character. "Westward the course of empire takes its sway," is the motto, and this is the scene,—An Emigrant-train is crossing the Rocky Mountains: there are the cattle driven before the wagons; the pioneers of the band, felling trees ahead of the train; the Indian guide is pointing to the smoke of some prairie-camps below; every detail is complete, drawn as it were from the life, the women poorly and roughly clad, the sick sister pale as death, the rough men, the ardent, ragged boys. Love blossoms in the desert, for a stalwart youth is helping a young woman by hand up the rocks, and over all, on the highest crag, the captain has planted the United States flag. By the side is written,

> The spirit grows with its allotted spaces,
> The mind is narrowed in a narrow sphere.
> * * * * * * *
> No pent up Utica contents our powers,
> But the whole boundless Continent is ours.

These vast regions seem to invite the poor of every land. It is not profanity to say that the free empire of the West appeals to all who seek for home and freedom, in a material sense bidding every one who thirsts for the waters of liberty and competence to come and receive freely. We are told that we are yet to see another development of Anglo-Saxon beauty—a race flourishing amid the Caucasian mountains of the West. I once met in Paris a lady from the Old World Caucasus, and remember well her great personal beauty, and her fine

intellectual powers, but these and the like are to be outdone by a new Circassian race, dwelling in American Montana.

We can conceive for America a future, the magnitude of which, the mind cannot grasp or comprehend. We know no human power that can stay the wave of Anglo-Saxon empire. The Red Man was unable to work out a destiny for the great Continent through which he roamed, the ruins in Arizona and Nevada show that another race has gone down in the attempt, like the Aztecs of Mexico. The Spaniard thought that Providence intended the New World as a dowry for his ancient kingdom of Leon and Castile.* It is well for the human race that Northern America has never been subject to Spain, as Mexico, Peru, and South America once were; as Cuba is to-day.

To the Anglo-Saxon has come the call to "go in and possess the land." How thankful we ought to be that these fair domains of virgin land have not been given to Mahomedan or Hindoo! The land is glowing with a people, who with all their faults are the children of freedom; a people who hold in their hearts a knowledge, an understanding and a love, weak and imperfect though it be, of that higher law of holiness and peace, which shall some day "cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." For good and not for evil, the tide of people rolls to the Western Continent, and on that Continent still westward, and the empires of earth are as powerless to alter its times and seasons, as was King Canute to hurl back the raging sea.

*The ashes of the Discoverer of America (enclosed in an urn of silver) repose in the Cathedral Church of Havana. Along with the royal arms of Spain, Columbus had certain insignia of golden islands, anchors, and azure billows on his quarterings. At Seville there is a monument to him, with the inscription,—

A Castilla y a Leon,
Nuovo mundo dió Colon."

# EASTWARD HO!

LIFE in the West is no sinecure to one not innured to discomforts. I battled manfully against mosquitoes by day, but always on the losing side. It was still worse to endure privation by night; to rise in the morning unrefreshed; scarred with bites of blood-suckers, "creeping" and "flying." Such trials however are unworthy of mention, compared with the perils of a soldier's campaigning. Colonel E. S. Johnson, of Illinois, told me a story of *real* hardship, cheerfully endured for the Union cause. At 19 years of age he joined the Volunteers as a private in the ranks. Government served out to its levies, muskets with antiquated *flint-locks*, for when the war commenced it had none other in its arsenals. Johnson and his fellows preferred weapons of precision to useless "Brown Bess," so they equipped themselves with repeating carbines, at their own expense, also taking their own horses into the field. When Lincoln made his first call for volunteers, a little band were ready—men of Massachusetts—men of Illinois.

Western regiments were told off to the army of the West; the young soldier took service under its banner, and shared its varying fortunes and ultimate triumph. His brother was killed at his side, his comrades fell one by one around him. *He* seemed to bear a charmed life; never wounded, never quitting camp from sickness or

accident, and throughout those four terrible years *he* was always at his post. As a private of 19 he began his military career; at 23 he concluded it as a colonel. With Sherman he marched through Georgia "to the sea" and witnessed the closing drama of the Rebellion at Lynchburg. This young hero had seen more of actual warfare than many an older man, yet he wore his honours with a maiden's modesty. It was only when I asked him to do so that he showed me his medal. A plain gold crescent scrolled with name and military rank; he prized it as the martyr's gift, as our soldiers treasure a Victoria Cross. He had previously asked me to examine a beautiful specimen of filigree work, a chain curiously fashioned by a Venetian goldsmith. That was a cosmopolitan prize, free to the ken of the world; but the medal was a token of merit, a possession of the individual man, only to be looked upon and named with reverence. It was a memorial of honour, such as a man cares to hand down to his family as an heirloom.

More than 150 regiments, comprising 200,000 soldiers, from the Prairie State threw life and sword into the Union scale. More volunteers came forward than could be accepted; many of these on being rejected passed over into Missouri and tendered their services. There they readily obtained enrollment, for the people were lukewarm in the Federal cause, and loyal men were not so numerous as in freedom-loving Illinois. Remembering these facts, let us credit Americans with a measure of humility and patriotism, as well as with the boasting and selfishness so often gratuitously ascribed to them. Colonel Johnson was returning from an European tour. He had found there, that the name of the Republic was still a tower of strength to cis-atlantic nations. After this knowledge he came home, feeling more than ever

rejoiced at his soldier's work. Cross came before Crown. The one ceased to mortally afflict when the last battle was fought, the other shall endure with the nation's life. It is rimmed with happiness for the poor and needy, starred with promise for the world. Already bitter cross is well-nigh swallowed in bright crown,—the former a penalty of Disunion, the latter a seal of Union.

Turning our faces from the "Father of Waters," we may pursue our journey by rail or river. The latter is the more enjoyable route. At Cario we pass from the Mississippi into the Ohio, meaning in our language "the beautiful river." Steaming now through lake-like expanses, now through watery defiles, for hundreds of miles we see to the northward the skirts of the granary States, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio; and to the south Kentucky, the "ole Kentuck" of banjo tradition, the "dark and bloody ground" of red and white men's strife. To those who have leisure for lengthened travel there is beautiful scenery awaiting them amid the limestone gorges through which the river Kentucky runs. For them also the wonders of the Mammoth Cave are open. For those of us who cannot visit it, the photographer has taken pictures by the aid of reflectors and the magnesium light. All the mysteries of the cavern are laid bare,—the "Gothic Chapel" and the "Column of Hercules;"—the "Altar" round which cluster memories as romantic as those which makes famous the "Wedding stone" at Wensley; there is a "Bottomless Pit" of Stygian gloom, and through the "Scotchman's Trap" there is entrance to "Echo River."

Illinois is rich enough in wealth of corn-lands, with its river bottoms of vegetable mould 40ft. deep, yielding 30 to 35 bushels of wheat per acre, worth 2 dollars a bushel.

For Indiana and Ohio there is not only the climate of South[illegible]n France, but also the vineyards which in the old lands s[illegible]tch from Bordeaux to the Mediterranean. The quiet pas[illegible]ral life of the dwellers here reminds us of a similar scene which an ancient poet has described. The farmer is amongst his vines,—

Inutilesque falce ramos amputans
Feliciores inserit ;

or, changing the scene,—

—In reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges ;

A variety of horse-chesnut, which in St. Petersburg is a greenhouse shrub, grows bravely in Ohio ; expanding to the size of a forest-tree, and to the dignity of naming a State,—"Ohio, the Buck-eye State."

The land owners in Ohio number *a third of a million* ; proprietary farmers who cultivate their own vine-slopes, their pastures and corn-fields. Happy would our British farmers think themselves, if they could each own the 84 acres or so which constitute an average farm in the "Buck-eye State." These rich lands have yielded harvests for half a century without intermission, without application of the manure, which, to our farmers is such a necessary item of expense. No wonder that Ohio grows rich faster than Suffolk and Essex. The people are essentially an agricultural community, yet they have raised the vision of their understanding far above the level of other bucolic centres I could name ; to wit, the "habitants" of Madawaska. The first settlers started with freedom from slavery,—every 36th quarter-mile section of land was set apart for school revenues,—and now, so perfectly is the science of political economy understood, that the very convict prisoners are made to

earn their expenses and a little over.* Where in the whole world would you find a people who would more certainly fight to the death for home and freedom, than the men of Ohio? They proved their loyalty during the war. General Cary told us of scenes he witnessed when raising troops to send to the front. The city-halls of every village in the State rung with shouts of enthusiasm as he called for volunteers. This leader is not unknown in England. During a progress of some months through the three kingdoms, his resolute pleading has been cast into the Temperance scale. He has faithfully told our people of the grim warfare that is ever waged amongst them—of that vice which is a more ruthless destroyer than the deadliest war. As a Maine-Law man and an advocate of Free Trade, he carries with him to his home in the West, the respect of the British people. (1870.)

Hundreds of petroleum tanks, and cars freighted with oil barrels, indicate the proximity of the rock-wells of north west Pennsylvania. The ravines of Oil Creek are masted with derricks, and palled with furnace-stacks. It is no relief to turn southward, where by the once pure-flowing Monongahela stands Pittsburgh, a Birmingham and Newcastle in one. The town was named after a *British* Prime Minister, and on the banks of the river hard by, Washington won his spurs of generalship under an *English* commander. If we were inclined to sorrow for

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* The convicts are chiefly men of foreign birth. An orator was addressing the people at an election; many of his hearers being men who came originally from "Emerald Isle."

"Who builds your railroads?" Ans. "The Irish."
"Who lay out your towns?" Ans. "The Irish."
"Who build your prisons?" Ans. "The Irish."
"Who *fill* your prisons? Ans. "The Irish."

To the latter question, before former enthusiasm could subside, came an affirmative answer. Random as it seemed, it was a fact. Of 1100 offenders confined in the State prison, 950 are Irish. !

the departure hence of *English* Saxondom, we might exclaim "Sic transit gloria mundi," but believing in the presence and vigour of *American* Saxondom, we rejoice.

At Pittsburgh we see an example of the evil effects of a depreciated paper currency upon a people. The miners there are now receiving in scrip, *three times* the amount of wages which formerly contented them when paid in silver dollars. The apparent increase of prosperity has proved a source of temptation to the Irish miners which they cannot resist: drinking and fighting now enter more largely into the avocations of the week, until the play of these savage passions has become a terror to peaceable inhabitants. The ignorant Irishman says "I have fought your battles for you and now I will rule;"—with his class it is not more "Ireland for the Irish" than in these days, "America for the Irish." Even a child here knows the comparative worthlessness of greenback currency. While it looked upon a silver coin as a real treasure, worthy of being saved, it regards scrip as a sham and not worth saving. "This is a *bad* note," said a restaurant keeper on my presenting a dollar bill in payment, and examining it more closely I found that it was an imitation, a forgery. "Give it me back" said I, but the American replied "it will do as well as a good one, there are thousands of *bad* notes in circulation, and we are obliged to take the good and bad together." I could not reconcile my conscience to aiding the fraud, so pocketed the loss and brought home the note of phantom value; but afterwards was careful to refuse imitation greenbacks.

I had heard of American tressel bridges, but passing over the river Catawissa on a wooden viaduct 100ft. high and 700ft. long, I could not help wishing that American

engineers would construct their works, to have at any rate an appearance of greater stability. Accustomed to the solid works on English railways, there seemed something perilous in the steep gradients and awful curves by which the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies are passed, into the lower vales of the Susquehanna—but it is the fashion of the land not to be too mindful of the odds. The Susquehanna where I saw it is a beautiful river, flowing through meadows and pastures, and I could not but think of the tragic scenes which were enacted higher up the stream, in ill-fated Wyoming Valley. Valley Forge could tell us of the endurance of privations by the patriot army, and Germantown and Brandywine of scenes of battle. At Brandywine there is still a goodly colony of farmers, mostly of Quaker descent, who retain some of the old customs of their fathers, and prouder title still, they have the reputation of being upright and God-fearing men and women. When the domains of the "keystone" State were granted to William Penn, he proposed to call it 'Sylvania' from its large forests,—but Charles the Second gaily told the favourite that he must prefix his own name and call it Pennsylvania. So it came to pass. The old elm tree under which the good Quaker had his treaty with the Indians signed, is now no more in the land of trees, but a portion of it is fashioned into a chair, the sight of which will satisfy the longings of relic-hunters for a long time to come.

I halted for a breathing spell in Delaware, a tiny State which bears about the same proportion to its giant neighbours as does our Huntingdon to the county of York, assuming at the outset as a basis of comparison, that Delaware is about a third of the size of our largest county. It takes its name from the river, which again was called

after Lord De-la-Warr, a name still known in the British peerage. Here I notice the finest breed of cattle that I have seen in America, many of the animals being finely shaped, and roaned like our English short-horns. American cattle-fanciers whom I met, expressed themselves in terms of admiration about those famed specimens of animal flesh and blood which are yearly seen at our Royal Agricultural shows. Delaware bay is a fine sheet of water, narrow and long, like a fiord, and on the other side of it, in sight lie the lands of New Jersey.

This state is in some parts flat and sandy, and here and there resembles the old Jersey of the English Channel. The good folks cultivate large crops of cranberries. To insure success the fruit requires to be grown scientifically, and then it pays well. A dam is made, each frosty night in spring and autumn the plants are flooded with water from it, which is drawn off again in the morning. By this means they are raised on tracts of sandy soil which would otherwise be valueless. It is a pleasant sight when the fruit is turning red, each berry the size of a thimble. As it will keep during the winter, the fruit is in request among the thrifty housekeepers of New England.

In many of the States a law prohibits the holding of land by foreigners. They may occupy property it is true, but the law can give them no title which would be valid for a bequest or sale of it. The reason of this decree, was a determination to prevent Englishmen from buying large tracts of land in the earlier days of the Republic. With the ownership of land would have come a power of control in State affairs, but the Americans jealously guarded against this species of influence. New Jersey is an exception in this respect. Within the boundaries of this State a foreigner is free to buy and hold land or other

property if he pleases. For this reason the docks of the Cunard Company are constructed in Jersey-city and not in New York. This arrangement is inconvenient for passengers; but was apparently the only mode of securing a legal title to the docks to a Company which is a British corporation. I came up to Jersey-city from the South in time to witness the welcome given to General M'Clellan. He had arrived in the steamer "Cuba" after a long stay in Europe, and his friends were determined to give him a hearty reception. As the fine mail-steamer rounded to, and came into port, her deck was a scene of gaiety and excitement. It was a pleasant sight to me to set eyes again upon the British flag.

# THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

LARGE petrolium tanks, breweries and mills in the suburbs, proclaim to us that Philadelphia is not only a city of brotherly love, but also a realm of industry and citizen competition. When Penn came out in 1682 to look after his grant, he found a few Swedes and Finns settled on the Delaware river. On a spot that seemed to have been appointed for a town, and of which Penn himself wrote, "Of all places in the world I remember not one better seated," sprung up the beautiful and world famed city of Philadelphia. Large ships come up the Delaware and anchor in front of the city, forty miles away from the Atlantic. The houses are generally built of bright red brick, while the large palatial stores, the banks, public buildings, the railway and newspaper offices are of granite and white marble. Like the French Boulevards, the streets are planted with trees,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the Apostle.

A savour of rural life still hangs about their nomenclature,—

The streets still rëecho the names of the trees of the forest.

Cherry and chestnut, walnut and spruce, locust and pine, maple and vine, with the non-rural names of Samson and market, race and arch, distinguish the streets running up from the river, while the cross-ways are designated by numerals. The city has been laid out with mathematical precision—each block contains 100

houses, and each street is simply a multiple of 100; for instance, 43rd street commences with house 4300. There is no city in the world about which a stranger can so easily find his way.

Leaving my hotel near Independence Hall, I went first into the suburbs to find out a friend whom I had met at Warwick Castle. Beyond 43rd street, the detached villas and mansions spring up in countless numbers, and on account of their gardens and sylvan surroundings the sight of them is perhaps more gratifying to an English eye, than their splendid rivals in Fifth-avenue at New York. I did not wonder now that my venerable clergyman friend should have acquired a love for nature, nor that he should quote Ruskin to me on Cæsar's Tower, by the water-lilied Avon.

On the voyage-out the occupant of the next seat to myself in the saloon, was a Philadelphia gentleman who kept the table alive with his jokes and funny stories. On our parting at New York, he said, "When you come to our city you must call and see me, and if I am away, my people will entertain you." I found out his leviathan store of fire-arms, piled with Colts, Enfields, and Birmingham fowling-pieces. Hailing from the city of peace, of course I had set down this worthy shipmate as a man of peace; when behold his territories bristled with arms! He was ready enough, however, to make good his invitation and render my stay in his city as pleasant as possible.

Foremost in interest to us is Independence Hall. The room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, July 4th, 1776, is open to the public. The table and the President's chair are still there, and also the great Liberty-bell which was first rung in honour of the

event. These relics are preserved in the original building; some years ago the internal wood-work was taken out and replaced with fittings in a modern style. This did not please the people who insisted on having the wood-work again torn out, and the hall restored with new material and made a fac-simile in all respects to the old one. The remarkable scene which took place in this chamber is commemorated in a painting at Washington. In the artist's conception, the sombre brown and mulberry-coloured garments of the Quakers are noticeable; and one of the founders of the Republic, John Adams, might from his likeness have been related to our great commoner Friend. The charter of Independence is being deliberated and signed under the ægis of British flags, which appear on the wall, not having yet been dethroned by the Stars and Stripes.

Girard College comes next, with its foundation of 8,000,000 dollars, supplying the means for regularly educating nearly 500 poor boys. The building itself is a pile of white marble; the roof also being composed of huge flags of the same pure material. This immense weight is supported on brick arches. A glance through dining-rooms, dormitories, lavatories, chapel, board-room and library, with a peep into the playground and gardens, show how well and sensibly the wants of the orphan boys are cared for. A statue of the founder is placed in the entrance-hall, and his remains lie beneath it. A very stringent clause in his will forbids all religious teaching of a sectarian character.

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

Th. e are, however, some restrictions, which I consider it my duty to prescribe, and to be, amongst others, conditions on which my bequest for said College is made, and to be enjoyed, namely

* * * * * * * *Secondly*, I enjoin and require that no

*ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said College; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said College:*—In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever; but as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce; my desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in the College, shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars, *the purest principles of morality*, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, *from inclination and habit*, evince *benevolence towards their fellow-creatures*, and *a love of truth, sobriety and industry*, adopting at the same time, such religious tenets as their *matured reason* may enable them to prefer.

The tale of Stephen Girard's life is an oft told story. A native of Bordeaux, he came to America as a poor cabin-boy; step by step he rose from cabin-boy to owner, from owner to merchant; amassed wealth and became a banker. Naturally shrewd and longheaded, he sometimes adventured loans which others declined on account of the risk. All seemed to prosper in his hands, until people watched for him, and when *his* ships sailed out, others also put to sea, when *he* lent money, others lent too, till they came to trust in his inevitable good fortune. They became as earnest in their belief of fortune, as the ancient Greeks who believed in Castor and Pollux.

Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the great Twin-brethren
Sit shining on the sails.

It was a treat to go over the "Public Ledger" printing office. The good folks showed me round with great politeness, and gave me two or three trophies to bring away as mementoes of the visit. A sharp little boy took me up on to the roof-tower, from which there is an excellent view of the city. Curiously enough most of the roofs are of tin and *flat;* from this desert of stone walls and painted tin, the eye wanders with pleasure to the green squares of Independence, Washington and Franklin, which stand out as oases. I asked my little guide if he knew the great man whom Philadelphia had produced in his trade of printer? He at once replied "Yes, Sir," with a peculiar emphasis on the "yes." An English boy would not have been so ready with his answer I fancy. We, English, have to thank an American inventor for the printing machines now in general use.

The principal mint of the United States is at Philadelphia. You would scarcely think that the handsome building in Chestnut-street, with Grecian front and pillared portico, had behind it a "green room" of enginery and furnaces. In good times of specie-currency, hither is brought the gold of California, the silver of Nevada and Colerado, the copper of Lake Superior, and a sprinkling of nickel from Transatlantic Sweden, to be stamped with a sign manual of authenticity by the Imperial government of the United States. Just now, a paper-mill is more to the purpose, than a metal-mill; an engraver on steel more called for than a die-sinker. At the mint, small coins, in value from 1 to 5 cents, and a pretty piece of money called half-a-dime, are being produced. The gold furnaces are at work, but the precious metal instead of coming out in the shape of eagles and dollars, is moulded into solid bars of great

value, for exportation. Upon the solid marble floor of the gold melting room is placed another of perforated iron. The sweepings which are annually taken up from the safe custody of the marble floor, are said to reach the value of 80,000 dollars. Many young females are employed in the lighter departments of work, the period of labour being 8 hours daily. The old gentleman who supplied me with sundry new coins to take home across the "fish pond," was very kind and polite. One thinks that the absence of metal coinage in the United States cannot be long continued. With the strong-box of Californian gold, and the rich veins of silver in Nevada and Idaho open to all seekers, the mint must soon have some of its legitimate work again.

Turning from a scene of comparative inactivity, I entered the museum. If you cannot see United States gold and silver coins in the process of manufacture, you can at least find samples of the real "almighty dollar" in the museum. A party of ladies were saying that they never saw any gold in circulation now, upon which I showed them an English sovereign, the finished workmanship of which they admired. Among the curiosities is a Chinese bar of gold worth 10 taels or 235 dollars; also a thin plate of gold, a sample of Japanese money. The law as to its circulation is very strict, and denotes the way of an exclusive nation.

FOR KNOWINGLY TAKING THIS PIECE OF MONEY OUT OF JAPAN, THE PENALTY IS DEATH; FOR TAKING IT OUT OF JAPAN BY ACCIDENT, THE PENALTY IS TEN YEARS IMPRISONMENT.

The Siamese coins are rather neat, and very curious in design.

Poor Maximilian and the Confederate States of America are now ranked together in museums, since they resigned the functions of active life. Of the former there are

few traces. A poor stricken widow, a lonely castle in Austria, an autograph in a Derbyshire scrap-book, bitter memories among the Mexicans, and a few beautiful and well-finished coins in a United States museum are all that remain of the founder of an empire in Mexico. Poor Maximilian! The late Confederate States of America are represented here by promises to pay which they could never redeem. A large scrap-book is filled with notes like the following:—"The Confederate States of America promise to pay the Bearer One hundred dollars, two years after the ratification of a peace with the United States."

There are specimens of quartz from the gold mines of Nova Scotia, of pure copper from Lake Superior, and most curious of all is a bird's nest, a perfect nest, incrusted with carbonate of lime in a wonderful manner. I left the mint and its museum with the feeling that I had never spent an hour in sightseeing more profitably and enjoyably.

Perhaps you will nowhere find an establishment more self-contained as to all its departments of labour than the Continental Hotel. Two stories below the level of the street are workshops, in which the artificers of the concern are busily engaged. Gas-lights flaring fiercely, along with a consciousness that we are below the ground, suggest to the lively imagination of an American companion that the scene bears a resemblance to Dante's Inferno.

Of course we visited Fairmount Park and Waterworks. Passing over the river Schuylkill, the conductor pointed out the dwellings along its banks as being the homes of the poorer and more turbulent population; for we are sorry to say there are such Arabs even in great and good Philadelphia, and streets in which a man's life is not safe after dark. The waterworks uphold the renown of the

city. Never-failing supplies are pumped up from the river, and the clear sparkling stream sent circling through twelve miles of streets and dwellings. A dam is built across the river, and through a race cut in the solid rock the current is brought to play upon the waterwheels, and there supply the power for pumping. The whistle-call of a tiny steamer summons us on board, and we ascend the river to the pretty falls. Near here are the beautiful cemeteries of Mount Vernon and Laurel Hill, the former entered by a simple gateway guarded by an Italian campanile; the latter through a many pillared portico. Within the gates at Laurel Hill we come upon the monument, or rather the sculptured group known as "Old Mortality," and cut in the solid rock, overlooking the Schuylkill, is the tomb of Dr. Kane, the Arctic traveller. The cemetery is a triumph of landscape gardening, and is bright and gay with blooming flowers, and green with cedars of Labanon and the weeping ash. Further up the river, and along the banks of Wissahickon Creek, many a ferny dingle and many a dimpled flume unknown to fame will gladden the eye of the rambler, and perhaps he will come upon spots which are known to fame and name like "Fairy Dam" and "Poet's Haunt."

In American parks you see much green and few flowers. In this respect Fairmount is no exception. It has groves of chesnut and maple, but you miss the pansies, the roses, the primroses and violets, the heaths and rhododendrons, the geraniums and the trumpet-flower which flourish so bravely just over the southern line. The river Schuylkill is its lake or fringe of silver, and among its artificial attractions are a finely chiseled monument to Frederick Graeff, the man who originated the plan for laying out the park; and the wooden hut or cabin in which General Grant lived during his campaigns in Virginia.

I found the old park-keeper quite a learned man in his way. He could tell me the names of trees growing in the the city squares which puzzled me sadly to make out and classify. There was the Chinese catulph with its clusters of thimble-shaped blossoms like bunches of grapes, and leaves three times the size of a man's hand; the analanthus, or tree of heaven, with its long tine-like leaves; the silver and red-stem maples, with the chestnut, Spanish and over-cup oaks. The linden trees have served other purposes besides forming street-parasols, according to the followir g, which is taken from the London "Telegraph" of April 23rd, 1869:—

The streets of Philadelphia, like those of most American cities, have their pavements bordered by limes, planes, elms, and other "shade" trees, the value of which is incalculable during the summer heats. For many years past, the trees have been infested by countless swarms of insects, known as "measuring" or "span" worms, which hang from the branches by their long silken cords, adhere to ladies' dresses, crawl over gentlemen's hats, alight on parasols, and otherwise obtrude their disagreeable presence on the passers-by. The City Fathers determined on applying to old Mother England for a cure; and an agent was sent over to procure 1,000 sparrows. They were brought to Philadelphia, tended with great care until the beginning of Spring, and a few days since they were liberated in the heart of the city, to fly whithersoever they chose. The sparrows have since been building nests in belfries and under the eaves of buildings, and have also taken possession of the boxes set up for them in the parks and squares. Thus settled in their new home, they are expected to multiply rapidly, and be in good condition for fighting the "measuring worms" when they make their abhorrent appearance about the end of May. The sparrows have experienced the warmest welcome in Philadelphia. The Mayor, at the time of the liberation, issued a special proclamation, requesting the public to protect the little strangers, and prohibiting all persons from injuring them.

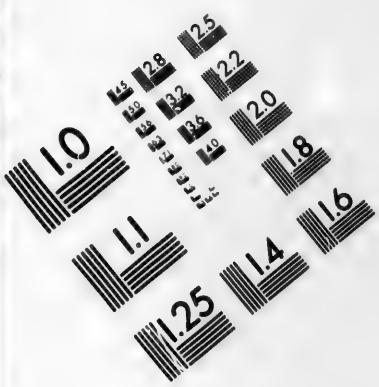
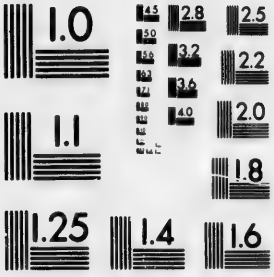
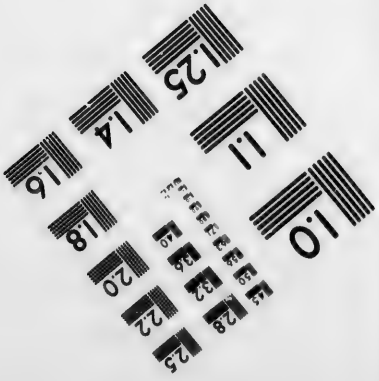


**IMAGE EVALUATION**
**TEST TARGET (MT-3)**





At home one occasionally sees ladies who adopt the quiet garb of the Quakers, and here one meets cousins of theirs in the same dress of drab and silver-grey. It feels strange however, when from under the large "cottage bonnet" peers forth the swarthy face of a negress, who scorning the gay bandana, chooses to follow the Friends in fashions. The dress is strictly adhered to only by the *orthodox* section of Quakers,—the other section, the Hecites are not so formal in the matter of the "thee" and "thou" and the dress. My kind friend Lewis Cooper tells me that the largest "meeting-house" in the city belongs to members of the old régime. Next to the Swedes' burying-ground, its grave-yard is the oldest in the city. It is said that William Penn spoke over the grave of the first person interred there. During the Revolution and also during the late Rebellion, some of the good Quakers laid aside their peace principles, and fought bravely for a cause which they valued more even than peace.*

Lewis Cooper himself is one of the Hecite section. His definition of the use of speech or language is simple enough—"Use the words by which you can best be understood,"—and of dress, "use that material which is most comfortable, healthy and warm." Why therefore be bound by any rule of speech or dress? I told him the story of Alexander and Diogenes,—the conqueror of the world came to the philosopher and asked him how to be happy; "Be humble minded" said the stoic, and taking

*This conduct was not approved by "Friends" in England. A lady thus eloquently pleads in favour of the non-fighting Quakers. "No community has had the cause of freedom so near at heart as our Society. Therefore it was not necessary to add to the real help they did afford, by taking up the sword. Many Friends refused to join the army, and were persecuted for so doing. But they were in a remarkable manner preserved from evil."

the rich mantle of the king, he trampled upon it saying, "thus I trample upon the pride of Alexander." "With greater pride, Diogenes," said the Macedonian king. This story took the good Friend's fancy, and pleased him immensely.

I had looked upon Franklin as a father of the American people, and expected to find in this city traces of him as numerous as his own cardinal points of morality. The last evening of my stay had come, and as yet I had seen nothing to remind me of him, except the Square called by his name, when "I drew a bow at a venture," and asked a Quaker gentleman to show me the printer's house and grave. With ready courtesy he at once volunteered to go with me. The house stood in Franklin Square, near Hudson-Street. No traces of either home or printing shop now remain, but the spot can be pretty well identified. The present owner of the ground told me that when he came to build his mansion, he filled up an old well, and discovered a strong arched cave at the back of the wall. The old market-house in which Franklin used to address the citizens, is still standing, and is now a stable. His grave is in a church-yard at the corner of Arch and Fifth streets. The wall has been removed, and a railing put up in its place, so that people may see the plain grave-stone which simply records the name and age of him whose remains lie beneath. Some relatives of the name of Bache still live in Philadelphia, but the great man's name is extinct. By Americans, says my guide, Franklin is little known, and little enquired after. It is the old story of a "prophet without honor in his own country." Dilapidated Mount Vernon also proves this. The busy selfish world goes on, and in this city of Philadelphia, each one for himself, cares little or naught for the past. When thanking my guide for his courtesy, he remarked that his countrymen are not very ready to show

kindness to a stranger, but on my assuring him that I had been the recipient of manifold acts of kindness, he replied, "After all there is much in the way of accosting people!"

I had heard Lavine, a young American friend, tell of his adventures with London sharpers, but now I myself came very near being taken in by a Trans-Atlantic member of the fraternity. On Sunday afternoon there came into the pew in which I was sitting, a person with his arm in a sling. When service was over I held open the door for him to pass out, upon which he thanked me, saying that he bore a commission as Lieutenant in the United States navy, and had hurt his arm by a fall, while setting an example aloft to his seamen. The conversation was continued as we walked away from the church. The following are jottings of the story which he told me, given merely to show the ingenuity of these fellows. Though a great rogue, the deputy-Lieutenant was a clever man. He was a Briton by birth, of good Lincolnshire family, and educated at Oxford; having quarrelled with his father, he ran away to sea. In crossing the Atlantic he was fortunate enough to attract the Captain's notice. By him he was sent to the United States Academy, and then entered the navy. He is very proud of his profession—has been all over the world,—during the war was in 24 actions, and won Mr. Lincoln's gold medal. Pointing to one which was no doubt an imitation of the real medal, he said, "neither John Bull nor the United States have riches enough to buy it from me; it shall be by me transmitted to posterity as a precious heir-loom." The next step in this wonderful ladder was an attendance at our Queen's drawing-room. His sisters and brother recognised him at the Court Ball and came up to speak; one of his sisters fainted. Lieutenant Morgan has not written his family for 20 years and holds

no communication with them. He spoke of Admiral Farragut's European progress, and holds that the United States is the strongest power in the world; yet professes to respect me all the more for defending my own flag. He ridiculed the French line of Atlantic steamers, saying that with 10 of his blue jackets he would do the work, at sea, of 20 or 25 French sailors on the "Ville de Paris" in a storm. He wound up this remarkable story by asking me to go down to the Navy Yard on the morrow, when he would have a boat manned and show me round. A little fault in his replies when I pressed him for the name of his father's country seat in Lincolnshire, induced me before receiving further advances, to go down to the Navy Yard and trace the matter out. Arrived there, in the presence of the real officers, I found how—

> The greater glory doth out-dim the less,
> A substitute shines brightly as a king,
> Until a king be by.

Fine, manly fellows were the men who had won a right to wear Uncle Sam's uniform. By a careful examination of the service-lists, I found that Lieutenant Morgan was a myth, his story an imposture. The gentlemen in blue uniforms laughed heartily at the attempt that had been made to take in "Johnny Bull;" they said at once to me "You are an Englishman, ain't you"? and then, "have you lent him any money?" "for these Yankees will pull the teeth out of your head before you know it." This little by-play over, they showed me every kindness, and on leaving them, again warned me to be on my guard, "for your would-be friend is sure to turn up again, if you ain't on the alert."

I left the good Philadelphians in a most hospitable mood and in excellent countenance, for they were entertaining my countrymen, the "All England Eleven;" and the Saxons of both hemispheres were batting and bowling like a band of brothers.

# MARYLAND.

WE are not the first visitors to Maryland. Hither, nearly two hundred and forty years ago, came Lord Baltimore, and founded the city which bears his name. As the Huguenot families who flocked into Carolina have transmitted the old honoured names to American descendants, so you find in Maryland familiar names, which are held by English Catholic Gentry. You do not more surely find Ravenels and Vandaleurs, Remberts and Duboscs in the Palmetto State, than Vernons and Herberts in Maryland. Though the Catholic colony soon became "a land of sanctuary," and Protestant settlers came over its borders, the old faith is still held by its aristocratic families. Virginia is not prouder of its "F.F.V's" than Maryland of its "F.F.M's." While across the Potomac and eastward of the Shenandoah you find Randalls and Purcells, Raleighs and Fairfaxes, names which have the true ring of Elizabethan times about them; so at Baltimore and along the "Eastern shore" Nortons and Berkleys, L'Estranges and Temples are mingled with those of German and Swedish origin.

We know there are glades in the forest into which the sun never seems to penetrate; cool, leaf-screened grottos they are, in which we should not know how a meridian glory without is steeping the world in light, save for a

few stray glints of sunshine that straggle through the green canopy. So in Maryland. Between the waters of the Chesapeake and the Atlantic there dwelt a race, Americans, and yet not Americans. Men who seemed to have been bred in Westmorland Manor-houses and Northumbrian halls, and then grafted into Maryland, with shoots of democracy and slavery combined. Northward their neighbours were racing and hurrying; southward their compatriots were sleeping; here on the "Eastern shore" they were alive and well, and *resting*. Nature gave them plenty, fisheries and corn-lands and forests; the black race were their servants, and the good men followed slowly, if they followed at all the "almighty dollar." They could talk fondly of monarchies, and almost lovingly of French Henrietta Maria—for them heraldry had a charm. Yet withal these patriarchs ate not the bread of idleness;—the father watched his maize-fields and cotton-blooms, the young men took their guns into the forest, or drew the seines of their negro fishermen, while the ladies hovered between memories of the old country and enthusiastic patriotism; and amid all quietly governed the household and the "people."

The descendants of good Friend Penn and my Lord Baltimore could not exactly settle the boundaries of their estates; a rather weighty matter seeing that the properties together embraced an area equal to England and Wales; so they sent over two commissioners to survey the ground and fix lines of division. Hence sprung into existence "Mason and Dixon's line," the acknowledged boundary between the two States of Maryland and Pennsylvania; yet further it became the dividing line between free soil and slave soil. That line has now been washed out in blood. It is but ten years ago

since the Governor's daughter in Virginia, pleaded with tears for the life of old John Brown, but in vain; the Southerners clamoured for his life and the North looked coldly on. In a little while a change came. There was no apathy now on the part of the North. By Harper's Ferry flowed and flowed again the tide of strife. The mounds of Gettysburg, the earthworks of Antietam, the desolated Shenandoah, with Richmond's leagues of ruins, prove how earnest and resolute were the contending foemen. The conscience of the North was roused to action, and its blood to fever-heat; and then neither woman's pleadings, nor rifle and bayonet could save the life of slavedom, or win a respite for the empire whose corner-stone it was. Well might the negro soldiery and their northern comrades sing round their camp-fires and when moving to the battle,

> John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
> But his soul is marching on.

There is but a step "from the sublime to the ridiculous," from the exalted to the common-place. Our reverie is broken in upon by a boy, who comes to us in the cars as a vender of chess-men, made from vegetable ivory grown in some Mammoth Grove or Yo-Semite valley, and wrought into the similitude of pawn and knight by Pennsylvanian carvers. Their cunning was learnt, perchance, in Swiss 'Chalet' or Norwegian 'Hoff.' Anyhow, the fingers which have fashioned out of the hard beech, fans for the ladies of Geneva, and angels and apostles for pulpits in the valleys of Sulitelma, take kindly enough to the hard white nuts from California.

The train stops and we are at Baltimore. First impressions are not favourable. The city stands upon sloping hills much in the position of old world Douglas

or St. Helier. Its authorities would do well to take a lesson from the Paris "Board of Works" in the matter of drains. Probably no city in the world is so well drained as the French metropolis, whose conduits and subways you might navigate in a boat for miles; the same cannot be said of Baltimore, open gutters emit anything but wholesome smells under the fierce sun of "dog days." Right up to wharfs on the Chesapeake and Patapscot come large sea-going ships. The Bremen line of steamers after calling at Norfolk, Virginia, come up here. The emigrants which they bring are sent inland to the West, over the Alleghanies, via Baltimore and Ohio Railway. The Chesapeake abounds with oysters and terrapin, which are famous not only in the epicurean cities of the North, but also in London, in Paris and in St. Petersburg. All along the water side are packing-sheds for the oyster trade, and millions of refuse shells are scattered on the ground.

Far inland stretch the waters of the bay, and nervous people would cringe as they cross them on the railway bridges. These constructions, partly on piles and partly on piers, might be claimed by American engineers as *wooden suspension bridges*, for the very bends even are formed from planks of timber. Baltimore-street is the Broadway of the Regent City. Great is its bustle and traffic. "Our trade was with the South, and consequently our sympathies were with the South," said a merchant to me, and he went on to say "down here we are all Democrats and haters of the Republican party." Baltimore has been called the City of Monuments, but though its monuments are beautiful they are only two in number. The North Point one is a fine pedestal of granite, from which shoots up a spiral column raised in memory of "1814"; while the other is of more

pretentious dimensions. Washington monument is somewhat like "The Monument" in London, but much more beautiful. From a large square basement rises a long shaft 100 feet high or more, of purest white marble. You may mount to its summit, and look down upon the city. This great work was subscribed for by the State of Maryland. Catholicism is not supreme in the city, for the Wesleyans are also strong and numerous, and a little temple has just been raised by Northern-men for Congregational worship.

Away from the rattle of Baltimore-street is the region of villas and houses of the rich; and very nice they look, built of bright red brick with window-sills and steps of white marble. These steps are honored beyond all other steps in the world, for seated upon them the fair ladies of Baltimore receive their visitors on summer evenings. The purple flowers of the morning-glory hang over from the garden-wall hard by, and as the breeze springs up and comes landward to temper the noon-day heat into evening coolness, out come the fair daughters of Maryland; visitors and hostess are attired in white, and flit about without hat or bonnet as we English do in our gardens in July. The scene reminds us of another hemisphere, where our Australian friends pic-nic under the gum-trees; and still further away, we are carried back to the soft Grecian clime, when Plato and his disciples walked in the groves of Academæ. Beyond the city stand the white cabins of the negroes—freemen who cultivate their little corn-patches and flower-beds, for they are no longer *slaves*.

We are bound half-a-day's journey westward to see a great sight. Midway on our journey we come upon piles of ruins; they are the monuments of flood. Here

stood a dozen factories for cotton, woollen and iron—built along the Patapscot, apparently safely secured from freshets by strong outer and inner river-walls of solid masonry, 15 feet thick. The terrible flood of August, 1868, came and swept them all away, mill and bulwark; of Elicot's mills only ruins remain.

Now we pass through a tunnel and along a gorge in the mountains—Maryland Heights and John Brown's cliffs are frowning above us, and close at hand is Point of Rocks. Here amid scenery wonderfully wild and sublime, from the north the turbulent Potomac pours through a gorge in the Blue Ridge, while to the south-west, the Patapscot bursts the granite bands of the Alleghanies, as the Missouri rolls its floods through the "Gates of the Rocky Mountains." Below is Harper's Ferry, the scene of John Brown's attempt to free the slaves. For this he died a martyr, but from the ashes of such men "spring an hundred-fold." The enthusiastic free-soiler, who had won laurels in "bleeding Kansas," and death on a Virginian scaffold, now sleeps in a quiet grave at Elva in freedom-loving Vermont; but the heaven-consecrated principle of liberty to the slave, for which he died, is not likely to slumber again in Free America.

The name of Stonewall Jackson was a household word on both sides of the Ferry during the war-times. You know what was Tilly's beau-ideal of an army! It was to be composed of many units, each unit a "ragged soldier and a bright musket." You could have seen this spectacle to sorrowful perfection, when the poor, hungry, ragged yet lion-hearted Confederates entered Maryland through these gorges on their way into Pennsylvania, to fight the battle of Gettysburg. Gettysburg is *the* monument of war across the northern line, southward their number is legion. The Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut told

me that he was on the field of conflict soon after the battle. Heart-rending were the scenes he describe For the slain they could scarcely provide burial, so covering the bodies with a sprinkling of earth; sad sights of all were the hospitals in the woods, which literally become a shambles of human flesh; the stream ran red with blood and was choked with the poor lifeless limbs of maimed humanity. We call in our thoughts, and bidding good-bye to Maryland, cross the river and enter Virginia.

# VIRGINIA.

THE man who discovered Virginia died on a scaffold; but his spirit of daring yet lives, and is perpetuated in hundreds of families that bear well-known English names. Warrenton and Culpepper, Stuart and Lee, Webster and Washington, Scott and Denman are all dual names; looking one way to England, and the other to Virginia. We have always had a veneration for Raleigh's State, but like Mr. Hepworth Dixon, we shall find a "New America" in place of the old one of early historians. Yorktown was in embryo when Captain Smith was governor, and Poccahontas the guardian-angel of the settlement. For traces of these days we shall search in vain, but in lieu of them there is the real Virginia of times present. The rough anti-Yanks who dwell here in the towns, who flit about the bars of taverns, and who handle pistols lovingly as they would the right hand of a friend, tell of a degenerate national life; a life which was inevitably vitiated by slavery. To use Mr. Bright's powerful imagery, "The slave-empire was as it were a cradle, rocked under the shadow of the cypress, which latter has ever been regarded by man as the emblem of mortality."

Before the war the poor whites of the South were a very degraded class of citizens. Even the negroes scorned them, calling them "white trash." They had become what our younger sons in England would

have degenerated into under similar circumstances in a few generations. Fortunately there have been outlets for the latter. They have gone into the army, into the navy, they have found posts in India; or have departed to Australia, to New Zealand, to Canada, or to the gold fields of California and British Columbia. At home they would have scorned to labour, and would have looked down with contempt upon trade. In the South it was pretty much the same. Labour was looked upon as reserved only for Yankees and slaves; the United States' army and navy could absorb but a limited number of these discontented people. When the Republican party under Lincoln came into power, the Slavery party, unable to bridle its ambitious passions, took the field, dragging along with it the planters, who were really a very small part of the Southern people.

The neighbouring State is called Kentucky "the dark and bloody ground," how much more has Virginia earned this name of sorrow and tears? For four years it heard the clang of war-horns and the thunder of artillery. Its forests were cut down to make breastworks of *chevaux de frise*, and to light the camp-fires of the soldiery. In yonder clearing stood a church which a Randolf had built, with nave and aisle, and roof of tiles, like that he left behind in the old English village. Had you come here ten years ago, you would have found congregations mustering on Sundays; long lines of horses "hitched" under the sheds hard by, and Sambo driving "de massa's" family to church. A little later came another scene. "De young massas" and "de young missas" had gathered here to hoist the "secession flag," and when from the old weather-beaten tower fluttered the device of the new Confederacy, their joy knew no bounds. With all the enthusiasm of Irish who see again their orange banners

waving in the streets of Londonderry or Limerick, did these gay, chivalrous Southerners greet the emblem of a new-born realm. But it was not to be. The church is now unroofed and desolate; the blood of these very young men has drenched their native soil; these young women are mourners.

It seems but a little while ago since Confederate soldiers passed up the Shenandoah, reaping and thrashing the corn on the march; but yesterday since Sheridan swept down the valley like a whirlwind, leaving behind him a wilderness like Glencoe; since Stuart's wild horsemen were charging the Federal lines, and firing into the railway trains. Armies were shouting and fighting in grim earnest before Richmond, now all is deserted, and the trumpet-flower is covering the mounds of earth with its bright tints. The Southerners were brave and chivalrous, but they were fighting in a bad cause. The Northerners were equally patriotic, and had a just cause. Both antagonists showed the valour and heroism of Anglo-Saxons. On a hundred fields, beaten oft, yet gaining ground month by month, the free Puritans bore down the slave-holding Cavaliers. At Antietam, at Fair Oaks, at Chancellorsville, at Winchester, on Atlantic Plains, at Spottsylvania and in the Wilderness was fought out the terrible duel. In the Northern Sunday Schools the children now sing a hymn, the spirit of which nerved the soldiers of the North. Strong with the rectitude of their cause, they feared no defeat—success must ultimately be theirs. Each soldier in the ranks was a freeman, a citizen, and knew full well the value of what he was fighting for. When General Burnside came down to the river before the battle of Fredericksburg, all through the night his 50,000 Northern soldiers were singing as they marched, the song of "Victory at last."

There are other sights and other memories in Virginia. A little to the southward is the Natural Bridge, compared with which, the Colossus at Rhodes was a dwarf; there is the Hawk's Nest, a rugged pyramid of rock, by the side of which the glory of Egyptian Pharos and Pompey's Pillar wanes and grows dim. You cannot stand by the lonely burn with the rocky arch above your head, or by the side of the needle-rock, without feeling how man's mightiest efforts are overshadowed by the greater works of creation.

One morning we steamed down the muddy-brown Potomac on a pilgrimage to the shrine of honoured Washington. With the captain of the "Arrow" I was on capital terms; he told me that for many years he had been steward at the White House, and in that capacity had assisted in entertaining the Prince of Wales during his visit to President Buchanan. With the versatility of Americans he had changed his occupation and become owner and captain of the swift little steamer "Arrow." With great kindness he pointed out to me the most interesting landmarks on both sides of the river. When we were passing a reach in the Potomac near Fredericksburg, he said, "I came down here one night with a cargo of stores for the Washington Sanitary Commission; I was instructed to land them in this cove, and I was informed that I should find some regiments of Federal infantry in camp just above. As daylight appeared I turned the steamer's bow shoreward and ran into the cove. Suddenly there arose loud cries among the troops on the bank, "Stonewall's a-coming," "Jackson's a-coming"; and there sure enough in the indistinct light of dawn we could make out the grey-coated horsemen dashing into the camp. So sudden was the onset, so great the terror inspired by the name of the Southern

leader, that the soldiers did not dream of fighting; the Georgian swordsmen took 700 prisoners and drove them away before them like sheep in the face of thousands of Federal infantry. As my boat was unarmed I pushed her off into the stream until the skirmish was over and the camp-visitors gone."

In the woods on the Virginian side of the river stands a pillared hall, known as "Arlington Heights." This was General Lee's residence before the war. I believe that he inherited mansion and property from his father-in-law, Custis. The General had a large tract of land under cultivation, and kept a staff of 700 negroes. These men, though slaves under the old régime, were well treated, and will give "de massa Lee" a good word now that they are freemen. An incident like this casts a gleam of light over the otherwise dark picture of slavery. There is now a freedman's farm upon a part of the Arlington Estate; in another corner of it there is a soldiers' cemetery; its long lines of white headstones constituting one of the saddest memorials of the war.

I never heard the name of General Lee mentioned except in terms of great respect by both Northern and Southern men. A gentleman of South Carolina, who had fought under the General all through the war, spoke of him to me almost affectionately. Our "commander" said he "was very quiet and retiring, and yet was gifted with excellent judgment. Not one of his officers was jealous of him, and when he exposed himself to danger, as he often did on the battle-field, one and all would beseech him to go to the rear and let them do the fighting."

When the Confederate army of Virginia surrendered to Grant, the Northern General performed an act of great

magnanimity. With a delicacy of feeling rarely to be found, he avoided appearing in person to receive the token of submission from his old fellow-officer, and thus spared his brave foeman the pain of such a scene.

Every one has heard the story how General Jackson gained his title of Stonewall. On the field of Bull Run the Southern troops were wavering, when an officer came up from the General's post, and said, "There is Jackson standing like a stonewall." From that hour it became a designation far more famous than that of official rank. His prowess and intrepidity were known on both sides of the line. When he swoop'd down on Harper's Ferry and captured the Federal garrison there, he was surprised to hear himself cheered by his foemen-prisoners; so not knowing any other means of expressing his feeling, he ordered double rations to be served out to the cheerers. His death came upon the Confederacy as a great sorrow, and was mourned even as the fall of Hampden was by the Puritan soldiery. The old world has boasted much of its military commanders, and points to Gustavus of Sweden, to Havelock and Campbell in India, to Cromwell in England, and the rivals of Waterloo, as its names of fame; yet we hesitate not to add to the roll of honour the deeds of Lee and Grant, Jackson and Sherman, Sheridan, Stuart and Rosecrans. Like the captains in the ancient ship-race, they take the prize with equal prow.

## MOUNT VERNON.

The desire of the wanderer's heart is granted to-day. After roaming a continent the pilgrim has reached the shrine. It is sacred to Washington and to American liberty. Silent and deserted now is the home of him who while he lived was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Mossy with age, and

untenanted save by myself and companions, is the little wooden pier upon which we land for Mount Vernon. Passing up through the thick woods you hear the piping of the mocking-bird, the plaint of the katy-did, and the softened scream of the tink-a-tauks. You almost expect to see a pair of luminous eyes, flanked by antlers, peering out from the thicket. But the expectation is vain. The deer have all been scared away from these woods by blazing camp-fires, or they have been shot to supply a soldier's larder.

On the slope of the hill we come upon Washington's grave, over which has been reared a simple porch or vestibule of brick. Through an open railing in front you look in upon the marble sarcophagus, on which is recorded the hero's name. The figure of an eagle with outstretched wings has been carved on the slab, but some Vandal has broken off one of the claws of the bird. Higher up stands the mansion, a frame-house of very plain and simple architecture, stuccoed outside so as to imitate stone-work. The situation has been as carefully chosen as that of Abbotsford. Unlike the bleak hills which Sir Walter laboured to plant with trees, the district round here has timber enough and to spare. At Mount Vernon it will be part of the work of a life, not to create but to diminish the growth of forest-trees. When in process of time the country becomes again settled, and the land more amenable to cultivation, you will have to look long for a bonnier home than this. Up some narrow steps we found our way into the great man's bedroom. There is a similarity between this chamber and that one at Stratford in which Shakespeare first saw the light. Both have the same desolate look, the same lack of furniture and adornment.

At the risk of being thought tedious by some readers I will mention a few relics which remain in this cabinet-mansion of the nation, their presence serving to remind us of the once busy life at Mount Vernon. In the entrance-hall hangs a trophy from the France of the Revolution, the key of the Bastile presented to Washington by La Fayette. The dining-room has a mournful look, and the feeling of gloom is deepened by the sight of memorials of its one-time occupants strewn about. There is a harpsichord brought in olden time from over the sea, as a wedding present from the General to his adopted daughter, Miss Custis. It is curious to decipher the names of its makers Longman and Broderip, and to know that even *then*, musical instruments were elaborated in London, at 26, Cheapside, and 4, Haymarket, by artists as eminent in their day as Collard and Broadwood. I asked one of our company, a young American lady, to play upon the old keyboard some song of her country, but on her trying it, we found the strings to be broken, "its soul of music" was fled; it was as lifeless as the fabled harp in Tara's Halls. Turn aside for a moment and examine the marble mantel-piece. It was carved in Italy 80 or 90 years ago, and represents three scenes of ancient country-life on the Arno. The group of cattle in the centre might have been modelled after Rosa Bonheur; equally true to life are its companion scenes of "oxen ploughing," and a "vintage-festival." This work of art was a present from an attached personal friend to Washington. Pistol-holsters and fragments of camp-equipage remind us of campaigns and military achievements. From the old negro in attendance you may purchase photographs of mansion and tomb.

The gardens in rear of the house are sadly neglected now. The flower-beds were once defined by borders of

box, now they are fortified by hedges or walls of it. From the white-haired negro-gardener I obtained some slips of geraniums to send to England. The Americans of our party seemed surprised that an Englishman should manifest any interest in the scene; the little act of taking the geranium-slips opened their hearts to me at once. One young fellow brought some walnuts which he had gathered from a tree near the tomb, for me to plant in "old England" he said, and a lady gave me some seeds of the wild cypress to train up my porch at home. Another informed me that her husband was a Yorkshire-man; while a real Yankee youth, after telling me that his father hailed from the same county, concluded an enumeration of his parent's peculiarities by saying "He liked his roast beef." Before the time came to leave, several of these new-found acquaintances had offered me the hospitality of their homes, if, as they said, "you should happen to come our way in your rambles."

The property of Mount Vernon was purchased for the nation by the ladies of America. Their agent Mr. Herbert has charge of it, and the premises are kept from going absolutely to decay with money from a small sustentation fund. The founder's family in former times possessed large tracts of land which stretched back to the Richmond road, and had a frontage of some miles to the river. Some large trees still mark the boundary between the woods of the Washington-estate and those of the adjoining proprietor. Washington himself cultivated portions of his estate, and employed 1000 negro-slaves. Colonel John Washington, a direct descendant, was killed while serving in the Confederate army; but other offshoot families still live in Eastern Virginia; so the family name will be perpetuated, and may be again honourably known in American history.

Mount Vernon was respected by both armies during the war, though the tide of conflict rolled very near it sometimes. On one occasion a German Colonel and his officers rode up from camp to pay a visit to the lonely house. Not being an American by birth, the Colonel was disposed to deface and destroy certain landmarks of the place, in defiance of Mr. Herbert's protests. It so happened that a party of Confederate troopers galloped up on a morning-visit to the grave, and hearing from the curator of the work of destruction going on at the house, they determined to put in an appearance also. They met the Federals face to face. "This is no place for fighting" said they, but taking the Vandal German aside, the fiery Virginian captain, single-handed, thrashed him soundly; the soldiers of both flags looking on the while, and then the Southerners mounted and rode away. The church three miles away in the woods, which Washington attended when living, was destroyed in the war.

Returning again to the knoll in front of the mansion, I let my eyes wander over the beautiful landscape around. Beneath me stretched a sea of green leaves down to the water's edge, and beyond the river on the Maryland side, forest-trees only, in unbroken rank, met the view. Near the landing-pier, the river makes a sweep or reach to the south, while further away its mud-banks are covered with flocks of wild-fowl. On these deltas of mud and sand grows an aquatic plant, which has been called the wild celery, and to dive for its milk-white roots hither come millions of scarlet-hooded birds, whose blue-white backs mark them as that species so dear to epicures—the famous canvas-backed duck. A whistle is heard behind the point, and soon my old friend the "Arrow" is rounding to and signalling us to come on board. Thus

ends my day at Mount Vernon, a day long to be remembered.

Going up stream, we pass fortifications on the Maryland side. Fort Foot, a new battery is constructed on a bluff, and is to be mounted with 15in. Dahlgreen guns: Fort Washington is an old work and was badly used by the English ships in 1812. It would soon crumble away under the guns of an iron-clad. On the Virginian side stands the town of Alexandria. It was in this place that blood was first shed between North and South. Lieutenant-Colonel Ellesworth in the Federal service was passing up the street when he noticed a flag of new device flying from the top of a house; he ascended to the roof to take it down, and on reaching the door again he was shot down in cold blood. Blood once spilt, nothing could avenge but the letting out of rivers of blood.

# THE EAGLE'S NEST.

Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his Eagles never flew,
Reign invincible as they.

NATIONS have always been fond of an eagle-emblem. Romans fought under it, Russians, Austrians and French carry it on their banners. But it is in America that the royal bird seems to have widest range and most undisturbed dominion. He is freely handled in speech by citizen orators, but they might safely let him alone; they cannot add to his greatness, the secret of which is liberty. I arrived at the head-quarters of the American eagle at sun-rise, and went first to look on a dazzling white eyrie in which he enthrones himself in the national Capitol. Such a sight on the Capitol-hill was to be remembered for a life-time. Up rose the day-star from his ocean-bed, smiling faintly on the land, as he chased away the gloom of night and the curtains of fog. Then he mounted higher on his throne, and at last looked down with eye undimmed and face unclouded upon the world below. Like a great "mountain of light," lay the mass of marble on the hill, so unique the material, so perfect the design, that the wanderer feels at once that this is the *chef d'œuvre* of American architecture. Surely there

cannot have been American hurry here; Its builders must have wrought in the spirit of old Cathedral-rearers. As Chaucer says,—

> There is na workman
> That can bothe worken wel and hastilie;
> This must be done at leasure parfaitly.

To-day the eagle folds his wings in peace,—from his eyrie he watches his emissaries throughout the world. Down Southward, his likeness is the soldier's star;—he mounts guard over the white tents of Camp Douglas, looking down upon Mormon life. He rules in revenue-boats and custom-houses in every sea-port, he emblazons the mariner's flag in the waters of China and far away Japan, and the banner which droops languidly in Naples Bay, bears also his sign. Those who study art in ruined temples at Rome, and those who seek dollars in foggy London, all look for his countenance and favour. They will find it close at hand,—over Consular posts presides the lordly bird, along with the flag of mystic stars and motto of strength, "E pluribus unum." A peaceful bird generally, he shows beak and claw when he is aroused. Once upon a time, aided by his cousins of lilied France, he chased a British Lion right valiantly, and more recently he has driven out single-handed, the legions of the Palmetto flag. The erne or white-headed eagle is the bird which furnishes a symbol for America's flag. Its instincts are cruel, and on this account Franklin regretted that it should have been chosen as the emblem of his country. Now and then it may be seen sailing through the rainbow-sprays of Niagara on its way from northern feeding-grounds.

As the sun rises higher and higher towards his zenith he seems to strike fire against these sparkling walls of marble. The sky overhead is of cerulean blue, so much

flash and gleam dazzles and wearies the eye. I remember a lady saying that her little daughter's eyes were blue from being born at Rome, and living under an Italian sky:—if so, the good folks at Washington should have blue eyes, but we look in vain for this characteristic of Saxon race in America. We have not only Italian skies but also tropical heat, heat so excessive and overpowering, that a son of foggy England is glad to seek refuge under the Capitol dome. Here is a circular picture-gallery. Some of the "dramatis personæ" on the walls are countrymen of mine, not seen in moments of victory, but generally in the plight of the "bruised reed." I was quite prepared for this, for more than one American friend had foretold the sight of my own folks on the frescoes;—a goodly show in the eyes of Republicans. Some of them are neutral scenes, as for instance, "The landing of Columbus," "The Pilgrims embarking at Delft-haven," and the "Baptism of Poccahontas." I have previously mentioned the pictures representing the "Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga," and the "Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia." There are two others, both of a military type, "General Washington resigning his commission to Congress," and the "Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown."

The finest picture, as a work of art, is one portraying the "Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, May 1541." The discoverer himself, clad as a cavalier of olden time, is mounted on a grey horse;—behind him are borne two curious banners of pink, purple and blue. His followers include a motley group of horsemen, Moorish and Portugese; and a small company of infantry who have managed to drag through forest and swamp a single brass cannon. In the back-ground rests an iron-bound chest for powder or treasure; perhaps the dis-

coverers hope to expend the powder and to fill their camp-chest with treasure from the new-found regions. Soldiers are planting in the ground a rude cross of pine trees, on the top of which is a figure or image of the Virgin; and two monks are busy at work consecrating it, one brother kneeling down and reading from a book, the other swinging near it a censer of incence. In the foreground appears the river, with canoes upon its waters and wigwams fringing its banks. Gazing upon the white men stand Indians—chiefs, women, and "medicine men,"—but upon their inscrutable faces you read no sign. Their acts, however, are friendly, for at De Soto's feet lies a peace-offering of the best gifts the red men have,—Indian corn and purple grapes, water-lilies and wild swans, bundles of arrows and a peace-pipe. The tableau has been the conception of a splendid genius, and even beyond its grandeur, there lies in it a deep field of suggestion for further thought. Far above, the Rotunda-dome is painted with allegorical figures, and round them runs a ribbon of strength and union, "E pluribus unum,"—"out of many, one."

Along corridors, where the foot steps over arabesques in Minton tiles, and diamond shapes in marble, we gain the Supreme Court. Over the chair of the Chief Justice rests a gilt eagle with outspread wings, and fronting him are marble statues of Jay, Ellesworth, Rutledge and Marshall, lights of the legal world who have passed away. They no longer expound the statutes of the realm, but are themselves monuments, statues to that law. The Senate-chamber is a noble room, everything about it massive and richly fashioned. The walls are painted in panels, relieved with buff and gold, and veined sienna marble. Bouquets of flowers and clusters of fruit pictured on an ornamental roof of glass, enrich a scene upon

which the softened light gleams down, not taking its cast from figures of evangelist and angel, but from blendings of fruit and flower. With the prompting of human nature which constrains us to sit for a moment upon a royal throne in England, we snatch, in passing, a similar tribute from the Chair of the Vice-president of the United States. In the House of Representatives, Mr. Speaker's chair is canopied by two Union flags. In both Houses one is surprised to detect a close, sickly smell of tobacco, the rich pile carpets being more or less impregnated with the juice of the favourite weed. An antidote is provided by the public treasury, as I hear a Senator of our party explaining to a lady-friend, that the floor of the House puts on new broadcloth every year.

I was often asked by Americans what I thought of their Parliament Halls at Washington? I thought them to be noble in conception and workmanship; perhaps a connoisseur would say that the roofs are so massive and gorgeous as to dwarf the interior, and produce an effect not intended, of heaviness and gloom. In the Rotunda is placed a full-sized statue, in white marble, of Lincoln, which perpetuates with great truthfulness, the mild yet firm countenance of the murdered President. Turning into the library of Congress, and looking from an open window, I saw as from an elevated balcony, below, like a map unrolled, "the city of magnificent distances." Beyond it, a widening plain, with a gleam of the Potomac, and far away the forest-lands of Maryland and Virginia. As a gentle breeze came sweeping inland from the Atlantic, I could not but think how emblematic it was of that wider breeze of power, which, from this Republican Metropolis, sweeps to the ends of American Empire.

Washington, as a city, pales before its commercial rivals, but as the centre of public buildings it is unequalled and unique. I wandered for hours about its Patent-office, looking at models of everything which it has entered man's brain to conceive. Skates, ships, sewing-machines, looms, bridges, harness, huts, railway carriages, steam-engines, and Mississippi steamboats of fifty years ago, are all represented here by models. The Blue Corridor is especially interesting and handsome; here in glass cases are shown all presents from Europe and the East, which the Chief Magistrater of the United States have in turn received. The Post Office is a fine building, and the Treasury still finer. It is large and spacious already, but portico and corridor are still rising in interminable rank to add to its size and beauty. It is one of America's "peculiar institutions" to provide employment for numbers of female clerks in the public offices at the Capitol. Entering the Treasury I was somewhat hurt by the incivility and surliness of the doorkeepers, but penetrating beyond them I found an old gentleman who by his kindness to me, more than redeemed the national character for courtesy. Business hours were over, but he gratified my whim by sending to the treasury-keepers for some new greenbacks for me to keep as curiosities. For one who cannot study American national history as depicted in the frescoes of the Rotunda, American Bank-notes will supply a faithful and fac-simile gallery of illustration. "The Pilgrim's Landing," "De Soto's Discovery," and many other scenes are engraved upon their National Bank scrip; as the note varies in amount, so the picture stamped upon it varies also. An Englishman, George Houseman Thomas, rendered able service to America by the drawings which he supplied for these highly-finished vignettes. I sat for

awhile in La Fayette Square, under the shade of leafy trees. It is really an enclosed garden in front of the White House, open to the public. Times have changed wonderfully since the French Marquis helped the Americans to gain their Independence. The Government offices close early in the afternoon and at half-past three, throngs of male and female *employés* pass through La Fayette Square on their way home.

Of course I looked in at the White House, obtaining a peep at its rooms of State, and best of all, an interview with the man who was its guest for the time. I paid my visit in the evening. No pomp or ceremony was there to delay an entrance. A single "boy in blue" stood leaning on his rifle at the outer door, and inside a comrade mounted guard before the President's room. Mr. Johnson was alone in his bureau when I was admitted, and remained standing by his desk during the interview. After a few minutes chat on America and England, and mutual expressions of good-will, the great man shook hands and bid me good bye. The simplicity of manners between the American people and their Chief Magistrate, and the readiness of access which they find to his presence, stand out in strong relief, as contrasted with the cumbersome etiquette to be observed at royal receptions in England. Mr. Johnson was known in Europe as a man of indomitable courage, courage almost verging on obstinacy. I found him grave and thoughtful, evidently possessed of immense physical power, and endowed with great calibre of mind. I left his presence with this couplet running in my head,—

> "It is excellent to have a giant's strength,
> But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."

History will record that Mr. Lincoln's successor used his powers in thwarting the wishes of the people,—that the

tenor of his administration was to incline backward the dial of reconciliation and progress. Those who now visit the White House will find the "obstructor" gone, and Grant, the soldier, reigning in his stead.

During the election times, Grant was the idol of the Republican party. A gentleman of Rhode Island told me that the favourite General was really looked upon as the hope of the nation. He had left all his United States' bonds in his banker's hands with the following instructions:—"If Mr. Seymour is elected President sell out at once every dollar's-worth of my scrip, if Grant is the candidate elect, double the value of my holdings." This incident bespeaks immense confidence in the wisdom of the present Chief Magistrate of the United States. I was on board a steamer when the result of the November elections was known. The news delighted my American fellow-passengers. Strong emotion was visible on the faces of the men, and the joy of the ladies knew no bounds,—"The Lord be praised" said they, "for giving us Grant as President." Many Americans lament the frequent change of President as a misfortune of republican government. The elections coming so often, keep the nation in constant excitement. Throughout the United States thousands of place-holders advance and retire with each incoming and outgoing President. With the Chief Magistrate also rests the appointment of all officers in the army and navy, subject only to the sanction of Congress. After all, an Englishman has reason to prefer in many respects, the constitution of his own country. Many a thoughtful citizen of the United States has said to me,—"Do you know, we say amongst ourselves, that, with all her anomalies and faults, England is the best governed country in the world."

It is probable that Washington city may have seen its palmiest days. The American Empire has wonderfully widened its boundaries since the days of early Independence. Whole territories which were then unknown and unexplored, are now accurately shown on the maps of the Government survey. The centre alters with the circumference geographically, and there is now a desire that the place of executive Federal power should be changed from Washington to St. Louis. This generation may witness the eagle leave its old haunts on the Potomac, and find itself ensconced on the banks of the Mississippi. From its new eyrie it will look out, east, west, north, and south upon the people of whose power it is symbolical. Its flight will be upward still, cheered by goodly achievement in the past, to greater deeds in the future.

While waiting in an ante-room at the White House, an old gentleman came up and entered into conversation with me. "Dont forget me in your journal," said he merrily, when we parted. His memories of England were those of fifty years ago. When he sailed away from the land of his birth, he left behind him riot and dissention among the people. Bands of angry men were in their ignorance breaking to pieces the machinery which was soon to become the source of England's wealth. Crime was rampant and suffering general throughout Great Britain at the close of the great wars. From danger and distress at home he turned manfully to brave the anger of the Atlantic, and after a voyage of forty-five days, landed in America. Many years of his life had been spent in mission work in California, when that State was a centre of wickedness and darkness. Now he pursues his quiet path of usefulness in the Capitol-city, like the good Samaritan doing good without heed to

creed, ıning respect from all, and kindly greetings even from Catholic sisters of mercy. "Always draw your sword for the Great Captain," said he, "in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—His unselfish and unsectarian Christianity seemed to spring from a similar spirit, as that sentence which on the page of the printed Bible, reminds us

"Multæ terricolis linguæ, Cœlestibus una."

# "HANGING GARDENS."

'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
* * * * * *
And what a wilderness of flowers!
* * * from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil was scattered there.

*Lalla Rookh.*

IN olden time, the "hanging-gardens" of Babylon ranked among the wonders of the world. In Southern Virginia, and in the sunny Carolinas, nature presents the same, on a scale of magnificence that man cannot imitate. Grim weather-beaten forest-trees are walls and standard-bearers, and the swamps are the hot-beds from which spring up nature's conservatories. The artizan of Cashmere never mingled a richer dye than the rose-blooms of North Carolina, never edged Sultana's shawl with aught so "fairy fine," so virgin white, as the racemes of Virginia's fringe-tree. Arras-weavers in the Netherlands could never fabricate the pattern which starts into life, when the southern sun throws a shuttle of tropic-growth across the exhalations of the swamps.

Tendrils of wild vine clasp the lichen-covered branches, and curtains of Spanish moss hang down in folds of grey. Wild cypress is growing here, its dark yew-green leaves spotted with scarlet berries; there lignumvitæ, with flat pine-like sprays merged into each other as the twigs

in a Roman fasces. Here grows the spiny cactus, the feathered Java palm, and the cockscomb with its gorgeous velvety flowers. From the wild orange you will look in vain for fruit, but there are peppers red and peppers green; with pomegranates fruit-bearing and flowerless, and flower bearing and fruitless; in the one case sight is gladdened by the twin-flowers of red, in the other, taste is pleased with golden fruit in shape like a poppy-head. The trumpet-flower climbs over mould-mounds, flecking them with scarlet, and the creeping ash, bright with clusters of lilac blooms, runs by its side. Coral honeysuckle and morning-glory hang as veils before the mysteries of the inner swamp, where flourishes the jessamine, flaunting its yellow poison-flowers. In Southern Carolina are japonicas, whose lustrous waxen discs of red and white gleam like scarlet and ermine of a marquis's robe. Thousands of pink and snowy roses cluster on the *scentless* sweet-briar, and the woods are spangled with running yellow roses, each one a tiny "field of cloth of gold."

Among leafy banks nestles the wild blue violet; in its wayside home it is decked with bonnie flowers, but try to cultivate it, and no flowers will grow! Underfoot in spring are crocuses, pansies, and primroses; but you search in vain in the New World for the daisy which gems our English pastures, and the heather-bells of Scottish song. A philosopher might infer that the daisy is given to England and the heath to Scotland to comfort us for the lack of brighter blooms. Pillar-roses festoon the verandahs of the planters, and tea-roses bloom in their gardens all the year round, when we in England are wrapped in fog and clothed in frieze, when such a thing as a rose-petal is to be seen only in a hot-house. Nature has granted compensation to us Islanders. In lieu of the

rose-blush, it has endowed English women in perpetuity with a rose-bloom on their cheeks.

Oleanders with single flowers grow here as luxuriantly as on Italian ruins, and rhododendrons scatter their blossoms round. All over the South grow fuchsias, sometimes climbing, sometimes erect, but always bending gracefully their heads of bell-shaped flowers; south of the Amazon, their berries are eaten by the people and esteemed a delicacy. Golden rod, the sun-flower, and sumach of the stag's horn and poison-vine varieties, (closely allied to the old shrub of Venetian commerce,) tint the glades with gold and brown from north to south, from east to west on this great continent.

Taking a brevet rank among shrubs, comes the palmetto tree with its cabbage-like head; split up its green leaves and bleach them, and you may make of them fans, or weave the fibre into palmetto hats; while from its centre tip you may draw an edible morsel. But the glory of it is that it ranks as the emblem of a State. Lily, rose, and maple are not more the emblems of France, England, and Canada, than is palmetto of South Carolina.

We have heard how the magnolia has been cultivated for 1,200 years in China; travellers have told us how it blooms on the Himalayas, "the mountains when it is in blossom appearing as if sprinkled with snow." Yet one thinks it can no where be found in greater perfection than in the groves of South Carolina, where it bears flowers larger than a queen's crown; so luscious in smell that their presence will scent a large room, and by their very richness become sickly and overpowering. In place of Highland heath and Cornish broom there is the kalmia. Dr. Hooker has told us of a sight on the Indian mountains, of slopes covered with rose-coloured flowers; yet we think the scene will be matched by "spurs of the Alleghanies,"

glowing each summer with the bell-shaped blooms of the kalmia. Azaleas abound from Canada to the South. In the New World the narcotic properties of the shrub prove how closely it keeps true to the traditions of the Old. When Xenophon's soldiers marched through southern Poland on their famous retreat in Asia, they became stupified from eating wild honey which the bees had gathered from azalea-blooms; so also, on the banks of the Savannah, its leaves and honied sweets are poisonous. In Louisiana Frenchmen called it *chevrefeuille droit*, or upright honeysuckle from its smell; what it loses in usefulness it gains in beauty, when seen "clothing the mountains with a robe of living scarlet."

The warrior of the gardens is the "Spanish bayonet," which perhaps learnt the art of self-defence in Mexico in beating back Cortes and his soldiers. The Spaniards are gone, but it still grows armed *cap à pie* and will boldly pierce with its lance any intruder, in spite of its peaceful front of creamy flowers.

Among Druid oaks and sempiternal cedars stands the primate of the woods. Once in three generations does the century-plant burst into flower. What curious changes would the advent of its pale cream-crowns record! A continent laid open to the Old World by a Genoese mariner,—a tide of *avant-coureurs* settling in its forests —a new republic springing into life,—and two hostile confederations fused into one. Watchman, what of the night! we might say. What will be the cry when another centenary comes round? To those of little faith the question would be as difficult as Hamlet's "to be or not to be," but to *every* American, and to Englishmen of strong faith, the future is plain as an open book. We read therein, the Saxon race will be ruling the world, or rather, will have taught the world's peoples to rule themselves.

## LIFE IN THE WOODS.

SIDE by side with "hanging-gardens" are aviary, menagerie, and aquarium. It was impossible for a traveller on the wing to take more than a glance at each scene, but in the far north and sunny south I found naturalist friends who told me, in conversation, tales of forest experience which they had spent years in gathering. The gentleman who became my instructor in Southern ornithology and fauna, was countryman and countyman of mine, and had long been settled in South Carolina. His home was in the city of Charleston, but he seemed to make a second home in the woods as lovingly as Wilson or Audubon. He was now a thorough son of Carolina. A year or two ago he came over with his wife on a visit to England; the very morning after landing in Liverpool, the good lady urged him to return home. "Oh, let us go back to the skies of Carolina" was the burden of her song. It is not possible to have two countries; the blue skies and bright sun of an adopted land had become more attractive than memories of home and childhood-days.

What a crowded orchestra do these southern forests contain within them! As we walk through arched cathedrals in the woods, or stand under the blooms of vine, orchid, and lotus, the air is vocal with song. Troops of birds of every hue are the singers. What gaudy little fellows are these red-birds wagging their heads,—is not yon blue-bird bright as an Italian sky; and does not this one's plumage seem to speak of amber and the pale primrose? Perched on a bough is the oriole,

called by Marylanders the Baltimore bird, because its black and yellow feathers resembled in colour the liveries in which the first Lord Baltimore clothed his servants. A gifted English writer has described the gay-plumed birds of America as the "opera-singers of creation; while our own little sober-suited minstrels are the village children singing their May songs and their Christmas carols." We miss the song of thrush, blackbird, linnet and lark, and most of all the sight of our darling robin-redbreast. The Indian opechee takes its place, only as a viceroy acts the part and rank of a king.

In a *cache* of safety a goldfinch has built its bonnie nest and is singing its pleasing song. From under kalmias and rice-grass comes the quail's soft whistle, and the cat-bird screams alarm and defiance as snake or winged intruder nears its nest. Here stalks the flamingo. In India and Jamaica, the natives have given him the title of "soldier-bird," from the resemblance which his plumage bears to the scarlet coats of British soldiers, but in America his colours are orange. At work in the river is the belted kingfisher. We remember how the Romans gave him the name of *halcyon*, because tradition still older than they, said that our belted friend built his nest during the days of calm which came before and after the summer solstice. In his new-world home it is calm for him all the days of his sojourn, and when winter comes upon the streams, he takes wing for the Indies.

Dipping into blooms for honey and floral sweets the fairy humming-bird holds his kingly progress, scattering largess around him in flashing wing and gentle hum. Now sipping from the petals of the wild lemon, now sunning its jewelled wings on a myrtle-flower, peeping into purple fuchsia-bells, or hiding in the pure white seal of the lily; gathering tribute from the sunflower, seeking nectar in

the chalice of the rhododendron, or hovering near the rose-beds, this little bird-sprite wings its way, ever humming Ariel's song,

Where the bee sucks, there suck I.

Like a geologist hammering the rocks for spoil, the wood-pecker is tapping tree-crusts all day long. So earnest his labours, so many the memorial chips he throws off, that Mexican peons have called him the *carpenter*.

Monarch of all in song is the mocking-bird. As if to make amends for his sober plumage and sparrow-like form, nature has given him a polyglot tongue. He cannot vie with blue-bird, yellow-bird, and red-bird in livery, but he excels them in song. He is quick to learn, adding to original song a song of imitation. When this forest "Reeves" is caged, and sent up into the drawing-rooms of the North, his value is almost beyond price, for in the presence of guests he will rattle off song after song; whether it be the "Old Hundredth" or "Yankee Doodle," is to him a matter of supreme unconcern.

At dusk, comes the whoop of the crane from a solitary post in the marsh, and the cry of the night-owl is mingled with the alligator's roar. Bull-frogs chirp, while fire-flies hum and spangle the darkness with coruscations of gold and flame. At noon-day over all, soars the golden eagle, emblematic of a nation's sovereignty.

It is a great sight to witness a night-hunt in the woods. How the darkies enjoy themselves!—how true to canine instincts are New World 'Peppers' and 'Mustards'!—how they hasten to pay their respects to Sir "Possum" and Miss "Coon," as zealously as their cousins at Charlieshope would unearth a fox, or bring to bay an otter or a badger! A curious animal is the opossum, allied in form and habits to the kangaroo family. In spite of its hog's face and monkey's body and tail you will find it good to

eat. Resembling a cat, but larger, is the racoon, a very sly animal, yet it is sometimes caught and tamed. "Sly as an opossum," and "cute as a coon," have come to be proverbs in America.

Young Ringold goes into the woods to hunt wild turkeys, and when he has bagged his prize, the gobbler, dressed and cooked, will weigh twenty pounds, and will serve as delicious eating for a whole company of hungry sportsmen. From the forest comes forth the turkey-buzzard: he is privileged to strut about the city and eat the offal of the markets; his life is as secure as that of the sacred bull at Benares, and should you be so unfortunate or ignorant as to kill one, you will have to appease the good citizens' wrath for the loss of their scavenger by a fine of five dollars.

Stalking about streams and lagoons which we are going to explore, is the pelican on fishing-spoil intent. What is there for his dinner and the dinner of men-hunters who also intend to join him in the sweep? Carp jump up at the sand-flies, and nibble the roots of "sweet water-grass" on the banks; the red-snapper will yield delicious rose-colored steaks, solid as beef; the sturgeon will take the place of veal or pork, and the sheepshead, a black-striped chubby little fish, may also aspire to occupy a dish on your camp-table. In the mud burrows the black-fish, and salt-water trout abound on the coast.

We have heard of eyeless fish and musical fish, and here is found another curiosity, the drum-fish, which really gives out a sound like a drum faintly beaten. Though you may have eaten young shark, you will utterly decline to have any similar acquaintance with devil-fish; a planter friend of Mr. Ringold's had fallen into the clutches of one of the fraternity, the fleshy flabs of the fish closed in upon his leg and held like anchors. With

much difficulty he broke loose from the vice-like grasp of this ocean-crab. Now and then we may catch sight of a dolphin, and in spite of its change of color when dying, we shall be glad to taste it on the table. Swimming in the waters we recognise by its yellow body and brown back the terrapin, or fresh-water turtle, the choicest condiment-morsel for epicurean palates.

Over all these scenes of air, earth, and flood, beautiful as they are, hangs a cloud of alloy. A pitying spirit would speak to us as to Peri at the gate of Paradise, lamenting that suffering and decay should mingle with the flowerets of this southern Eden. Stretched above the swamps as a pall of death, is fever; basking on willow-bank, in creek or fen, is the hideous alligator, and crawling across the path are rattlesnake and deadly moccasin. American energy will in time eradicate alligator and snake, as wolves and bears were exterminated in Britain, but whether the peculiarities of climate will ever be so far overcome as to banish fever, is a serious problem which we cannot solve. You remember how when Basil the rancheman had described to Evangeline and her party the glories and delights of the southern land, he concluded, "Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!" It is still a terror from Louisiana to South Carolina. A person seized with yellow-fever complains of pain in the head and spine, sickness begins, and if once the black vomit sets in all hope is over, death ensues in 18 to 30 hours. Sometimes mortification begins before death, and then the patient's suffering is excruciating. In a case of this kind a little girl complained that "rats were gnawing off her flesh," so terrible was her agony.

## GLOAMING IN THE WOODS.

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms.

I AM in a land in which grows no heather-bloom, and where twilight is so short as to render "gloaming" almost a misnomer. I speak not of eventide, but of the evening of the year. The Germans called America "abend-land," or evening-land. The name may be true in a poetical sense, but not in a practical, for the genius of the American people takes wing and soars with the rising sun, and tires not with the setting. Yet there is each year a brief season when this great continent might take the name of evening-land and wear it. I mean the "fall," the gloaming, or Indian summer. Woodland beauty is then in its prime, and the landscape is lovely, alike on the Assiniboine and in the southern zone. Yet it is loveliness of a different type, always enchanting, always varying; as "one star differeth from another in glory," so differeth Indian summer on the Ottawa and on the Rapidan. A Parisian counts it a great sight when the trees from Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe gleam with colored lamps, and he challenges you to match the scene. I have looked upon it during the gay revels of an Emperor's fête, yet in America, where nature has done so much, there is a grander tableau than any "festin" or carnival in the Champs Elyèses, when millions of golden and vermilion pennons hang in autumn forests.

I have read in ancient writers that at the burning of an Eastern city, the smoke which ascended from the conflagration, indicated the site of palace or temple; yet further, from curling wreaths of misty grey, of bluish haze, of lurid flare, you might prognosticate a court of cedar, oak, or ivory, lighting and tinting the flames below. Be this as it may, whether or not a burning palace, which is one in the grim earnest of flame, may in the varying tints of a destroying element be dissected as to local difference,—the idea is true of the forest. Like brethren have stood these noble trees, side by side, clad in a common robe of green; yet each one shaped and crowned with an individuality of its own. So now in death, like chambers of a burning palace, their separate life comes to the surface. The first frost-bite of autumn strikes a key-note of change, more sudden and wide spread than any that alchemy could effect. More had I yearned to live in the midst of Indian summer for awhile, than for the sight of prairie-butte or canyon, of water-fall or "Pictured Rocks."

The cornelian-cherry has put on flecks of amber, the locust-tree a gleam of golden brown. Like a hardy soldier stands the mulberry, scarcely deigning change, scarcely feeling the anger of the frost. The tupel-tree is crowned with crimson, the fire-tree glows in scarlet. The silvery larch-bark catches a tint from leaves above of Californian nugget hue; the maple hangs out the colors of red-cross knights of old; the cedar robes itself in Devon russet, tulip-trees and poplars attire themselves in primrose-brown. The beech stands girded with a crimson sash of wild-vine; sturdy oaks join in the masquerade, appearing in autumn ball-dress hung with golden coins of eagle, angel, or napoleon. The hickory imitates in paler tints the softened ruby of the elm, and the sycamore's

mantle of carmine. From north to south, from east to west, nature's fretted handiwork is round you; the silvery haze of amethyst and grey is unto you more fairy-like kaleidoscope, than ever craftsman planned or fashioned. The southern silvery mist is only to be equalled and surpassed by the "pink-mist" of a Canadian "fall." Over all hangs a curtain of clearest blue. Indian tradition loves to represent this season as the work of Kabibonokka, the fierce north-wind. For this we care not, but looking once more on the radiant scene, we feel that a voyage over the Atlantic is not too high a price of probation to pay for the sight of a glory so ethereal and sublime.

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In looking at the pine-trees, many of them have the appearance on one side of being burnt, while the other remains green and apparently full of life. This occurs oftenest in the pine-forests of Georgia. The trees in question have been operated upon by the resin-extractors, who, by applying an instrument to the trunk, can take the gum from one side to the middle, or from half the tree at once. The burnt look arises from heat having been used to bring out the gum. The green half is then left till the next year to gather all the sap it can, when its gummy treasure is also drawn, and finally the tree is felled for timber. From this gum resin is made, and turpentine is distilled.

It is not far from the forest to the cotton-lands, about which I learned one or two interesting facts. The seed is planted in March, and grows up into a strong green shrub like a currant-bush; then the bloom appears, in color a pale straw tint, with a brown centre; this beautiful flower soon falls, and in its place a green ball, the size of a man's hand, is developed. This opens, the

leaves turn back, and the white fleecy cotton is seen. In September this is picked off and carried in baskets to be ginned, which means shaking out the dust, mixing the fibre together, and breaking it up out of the hard knob or ball. It is then pressed in bales, which are bound with iron hoops fastened with a hole and button, and shipped off to England. The crop is often injured by caterpillars, which will spoil and eat up a field of 100 acres in 24 hours. Their march over a road sweeps the sand just as if it had been pressed and rolled. They breed amazingly fast. Usually they never came two years in succession, for hogs and cattle trampled out and broke their eggs on the ground, and poultry kept by the negroes and planters eat up ovæ and grubs in the fields. Of late it has not been so, for hogs and poultry are much diminished in numbers as a result of the war. There is no plant so independent of the rain as the cotton shrub, which is a real sun-plant, never so flourishing as when enjoying a succession of hot burning rays It ought to have been called the sun-flower.

Very different is the rice-plant. It is raised on wet flat land; there must be trenches round the field to flood the rice during growth. It springs up like wheat, and is brown in the grain; the outer husk is taken off at the mill, and the inner kernel furnishes the famous white rice of commerce. The water-ditches grow stagnant, and from the dark sluggish surface rises up malaria, which is so fatal to white men and can only be borne continuously by black men. It will be hard to get along on the rice-plantations without the freed-men.

Chinese are now penetrating to the South. They bear the climate well, and make diligent, useful labourers. They would arrive in greater numbers, but for restrictions placed upon emigrants by exclusive Mandarins and popular superstitions.

No woman can leave China, unless she is able to steal away, disguised as a man. The Chinese emigrants to America bring a supply of coffins with them. It is an "article of faith" that they should be buried in their own land. All stipulate for their remains to be sent home to China.

Maize is a great crop in the South, and when ground and made up into innumerable varieties of corn-cake by negro-cooks, is a favourite food by no means to be despised. The first sight I had of a maize-field took me quite by surprise. There stood the Anakim wheat-stalks, from the top of each floated narrow green pennons, which waved in the wind like the standard-tipped shafts of Mexican lancers. But where was the gem? Midway up the plant you will discover it, each ear of golden grain set in an emerald sheath more deftly than pearl in a jewelled crown. Dame Nature is an artificer too cunning and accomplished to stoop from her pedestal to imitate man's device, but she encourages those who love her to draw from her models their finest conceptions of the beautiful. Our truest and most faithful copy is at the best, as the "golden rose" of Italian Pontiffs by the side of our English gardens' queen.

# WAR TRAILS.

THE exigencies of war called forth one contingent of soldiers after another. Like a snowball the Northern armies gathered as they rolled, and at length reached colossal dimensions. When the first ray of peace lighted upon the mass, it dissolved and fell away as does a glacier under an April sun; each waif and stray of the mighty gathering being again and almost instantly absorbed into channels of peaceful labour. The sight of such a dispersion, effected so quietly, was a wonder to Europe; and added another bolt in the fabric of freedom. There are still however some memorials which remind us of the war trail. In Northern cities you find crippled men serving in a Soldier's Messenger Corps, their badge of S.M.C. indicating a position analagous to that of our commissionaries. In Northern homes you often see a picture which is a great favourite, viz: Admiral Farragut issuing his orders at the bombardment of Fort Fisher. The brave seaman stands in the shrouds of his ship, cool and unmoved amid the bursting shells of Confederate guns. This act was equalled by an incident at the siege of Charleston. Lieutenant Schaffer, of Georgia, would hoist the Confederate flag on Fort Sumpter, and then stand by its side. The Federals, moved by his bravery, dipped their flags to him, and then he retired. At the same siege, a gun which was in the charge of two Irishmen exploded; in the smoke they could not see this: so one of them went up to his officer and asked him if he

had seen a stray "columbiad?" People in Charleston became so familiar with the process of being "under fire," that they grew careless of danger. As soon as a puff of smoke indicated the approach of an iron messenger, the street boys would run out to pick up the exploded shell for old iron.

My friend Mr. Inglis lived for a year in New Orleans towards the end of the war. He kept his individuality as a British subject all the time; for this, he was hated by some as an Englishman, and supposed to favour the Southern cause. All males in the city were ordered to join the Federal army, or procure a pass of exemption from the commanding General. Inglis had his papers of nationality in his pocket, and relied upon them as a sufficient reason for not obtaining a pass. One morning, he was arrested by a negro patrol, for want of this permit. The guard detained him in prison, for four days, until the British Consul who was absent at Mobile, returned to New Orleans, and procured his liberation by proper explanations. The city swarmed with detectives in secret guise, and many regiments of negro troops were quartered there. On the day of Mr. Lincoln's assassination, men durst not speak to each other. The first thing that our British friend saw on going to his counting-house that morning, was a Southerner hanged from a lamp-post, by the black soldiers; and a little later, on the same day, they hanged another near his office. Then a negro came along, doubled up the body into a packing-case, and flung it into the lake.

A gentleman of New York described to me the state of feeling there. The people were almost frenzied about the war. At first they did not realise the magnitude of the struggle, but day by day it gained upon them that they were in for a "big thing" in fighting. The Americans

are very sensitive, and when the London "Times" was read by them as it came in mail after mail, it lashed them into fury, and their blood rose to fever heat. It became painful for British residents to meet Americans, even personal friends, so they kept together in compact circles of their own. It was distressing to notice delicate ladies become so familiar with bloodshed as to sneer at anything short of a holocaust of victims. Englishmen were pressed into the Southern army, and a system of espionage prevailed in New York. Ministers obtained appointments as chaplains in the army, in order to don uniform and sword. In their churches they gloried to preach up the war as a religious crusade, some of them even declaring that every soldier who fell in battle would at once receive his reward of life eternal in Paradise. In contrast to this I have heard a negro conduct a week-night service in Brooklyn, who had laboured on the defences at Wilmington; and I have listened to a young man preach, who was for 18 months a prisoner within the wretched Libby.

My friend William Graham was drafted three times; the last time he was marched down from his place of business in Wall-street under fixed bayonets to the depôt of Company B. The Captain, a burly Irishman, seemed determined to have the Englishman in the army *nolens, volens*, and at length Graham took his penknife and cut out his name from the roll, as an effective manner of vindicating his nationality. His American friends came forward to testify to the truth of his statements, and he was not again troubled. Early in the war times, the long bridge over the Potomac at Washington, was guarded at the Virginian end by Confederate sentries. A Yankee stageman, whose horses were on that side, wanted to recover them and he represented himself to the guard as a farmer from Tennessee. The sentinel let him pass,

but having suspicions called him back, and pointing to a herd of cows said, "what do you call these?" "kews" was the reply. "Back, you dog of a Yankee your speech betrays you," thundered the sentinel. The Southerners pronounce "cow" more as we English do; the Yankee had pronounced it after the fashion of his countrymen. I mention these details not in a spirit of censure, for that cannot be, when we remember our own national trials during the Indian mutiny. In the North they have built memorial-halls in honour of their slain, the names of their brave sons are perpetuated in marble as at the old Pine-street Church, in Philadelphia; the soldiers' cemeteries in North and South have become a national care, and the keeping of them a labour of love.

It seems but a little while ago since ten millions of people in the South were fighting for a separate Confederacy, since Sherman was marching through Georgia, and Lee campaigning in Virginia. For four years the struggle continued, the "mailed Mars" sat "on his altar," "up to the ears in blood" of kindred and countrymen. Now all is over. We have heard occasionally of Southern ladies refusing to pass under a Northern banner, of planters leaving home and country rather than take a new oath of allegiance, but these are exceptions. There are still a few wearing the Federal eagle to be found in the United States, in the proportion of one soldier to 2,000 people, but the most hopeful sign is that reconstruction and readmission to the Union are rapidly progressing. Now and then you meet with a man who still talks of secession, and a slave régime. One said to me "We never made a greater mistake than in 1776, and we wish the English flag was flying over us now. We ought to go to Old England and say, mother, we have done wrong, take us back again." "You forget," said I "that

England abolished slavery *a generation before* you began to fight for it, and therefore could not have tolerated it among you planters." But a more moderate sentiment now prevails among the younger men. A fine young fellow, actuated by a sense of duty and patriotism, had fought through the war in the Southern army, and to-day he says to me and his words are corroborated by a planter from New Orleans, "It is a good time for investment down South here, we want men of money from the North, and from the Old Country among us now. The South will rise again and in 20 or 25 years will have regained her lost supremacy, but it will be a peaceable supremacy, and there won't then be slavery for a bone of contention."

The freedmen are settling better to work than might be expected; one good sign is that they are eager and ready to receive education in schools where they are taught by Northern men. There is no longer need for Dred to study his Bible in the swamp, for Hannibal to secrete his lesson-book among the rafters of his log hut by the ferry; the fulness of time has come, when negro and white man may each "sit under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid." The courtly planter of the old régime would take off his hat to his slaves, not to be outdone by them in politeness, but now the slaves have something more than politeness to rejoice over, they have freedom—not given them by "de polite massa" but by the pouring out of blood—the life-blood of the earnest christian men of the North.

When the war began, there were little chance of slave-fetters being broken; the result under Providence came about in this manner:—For some time after the conflict commenced, all the slaves who came into the Northern lines, were regularly returned to their Southern owners, then the volunteer soldiers begun to ask themselves

"What are we fighting for? have we parted from our homes and kindred to become slave-catchers? have we left farm and mill, school and college, wife and children, are we shedding our blood to rivet still firmer the shackles of oppression?" Then went up from these noble freemen a cry, a demand that could not be denied. The answer was Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation. The slave empire was doomed. On the day of that memorable decree which redeemed the fair fame of the freedom-loving North, in the eyes of freedom-loving England, each Northerner, each Southerner, had to choose whom he would serve, Slavery or Liberty! As in the civil wars in England, kinsmen and friends met in strife, so in America, Freesoilers and Slavesoilers gathered themselves together in companies; one-time neighbours met face to face in battle; and no more desperate strife was registered than that when the 6th Missouri Federal and the 6th Missouri Confederate met on the fields of Corinth and Shiloh. Singularly enough, the Northern Generals gained from runaway slaves, the most reliable war information of the movements of the Southern armies.

By many signs the evidences of conflict are recognised, conflict, such as the world has never before seen. I went home with a young Southerner who had run the blockade to come to England to school, his friends said to him on his return "You will find Louisville sadly altered," meaning that the ravages of war had reached his former home. But it was not a welcome without hope, for with this young man and the like, rests the raising up of a new South, free from the cypress shadow of the old. Again and again we ask ourselves the question, is reconciliation likely to be permanent and sincere? We think that it will. Occasionally I heard a conflict of words on river-steamer or railroad-car, between a

Northerner and a Southerner, but it always ended in words. During the bitterest moments of strife, men were free to express slavery opinions in the North, without fear of their lives; the same could not be said in the South where it was almost death to advocate anti-slavery opinions.

Whatever the South was before the war, it is no longer a land of lotus-eaters. The energy and determination which came out during siege and battle, have now been turned into peaceful channels. Savannah has now its line of steamers running weekly to Liverpool, and the levées of the Mississippi are again piled with cotton bales, and sugar hogsheads. At the close of the war all the world was moved to admiration at the magnanimity of the victorious North. There was little bitterness, and much love in the hearts of the conquerors to their vanquished brothers. When fiery Irish volunteers remembering a St. Bartholomew, "thought on vengeance," and refused water to suffering prisoners, the Federal native soldiers, honest manly fellows, only remembered mercy, saying in the spirit of Henry of the white plume, "No American is our foe." The South must never forget the magnanimity and generosity of its conquerors.

We have strong hope that the two will again become fused into one, that in Texan ranche, in Oregon shanty, in coralled camps on the plains, amid the silver valleys of Idaho—the star state, in planter's home, and in northern city, the national pulse will again beat in unison. A common language, spans like a rainbow, this continent from Rio Grande to St. Lawrence, from Atlantic to Pacific. As the spangled bow was unto mighty men of old, a sign of promise and good hope, so may English speech and its hand-maidens law and justice, be again the strength and stability of a greater, still nobler

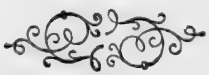
America. As I write these sentences the telegraph is flashing to England the news of a national monument at Gettysburg, dedicated with solemn ceremony; of the largest peace festival which the world ever saw, celebrated in the metropolis of New England. The battle-mound speaks to us of strife and faction, but it also commemorates the triumph of right. May it now add to its emblems of record a crown of peace; may the New England jubilee constitute for ever a memorial of the reconciliation of brothers, as does the Pennsylvanian battle-field the out-pouring of that brotherhood's blood.

Some predict that coming years will witness a peaceful division of American empire, into North, South, and West.

> Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun.

We however are firm believers in the "Unity of the Trinity." We pin our faith to the latter promise of Plantagenet's vision.—

> See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
> As if they vowed some league inviolable;
> *Now*, they are but *one* lamp, *one* light, *one* sun.



NOTE.—The work of reconstruction is well-nigh completed. The high *war-prices* are yielding to the return of a natural order of things. The mortality of battle-field and hospital, has been more than repaired by five years of emigration from Europe. Gold payments are likely to be resumed soon. In a word, the United States are again in the full tide of prosperity.—*June*, 1870.

# BROOKLYN.

The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes and secret motions of things, and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible.

*Bacon.*

FROM Canada I was recalled to the States. A young friend in Brooklyn urged me to come southward with such persuasive words as the following—

I trust that you have been enjoying the Canadas, but you know that we, in the United States, hardly consider that portion of America as worthy the attention of a foreigner. Our country, extending as it does to the yellow sands of the Mississippi, and then over the almost boundless plains to the snow mountains and the great ocean: still south again to a tropical region, and at length edging the blue Atlantic on our Eastern border, seems to us warmer and more cheerful than the cold blue rocks of the Canadian. I hope then, that you will hasten your steps in my direction, and try to make the city of New York in a short time.

Who could resist such pleading? I could not, and a little time after I found myself sojourning in a pleasant home on Brooklyn Heights.

Perched upon the western shores of Long Island stands New York's twin sister. The two cities are separated from each other by the East-river, but the watery barrier is bridged by steam ferry-boats. Each has distinct civic

administration, and a separate municipality, but they are to all foreigners as much one city as London and Westminster. A friend took me to have a glass of wine with the Mayor of Brooklyn. He was genial and fond of conversation, but utterly wanting in the pomp and ceremony which now and then you find in an English Lord Mayor, and which the *Maire* of a French Commune never casts aside in public.

From the law-courts of the City Hall we descended to another tribunal, and found that police-courts are much the same kind of institution all the world over. In Brooklyn, as in London, we here trace the consequences of intoxicating drinks,—poverty and wretchedness culminating in punishable crime. Not long ago there was a discussion in the English newspapers upon the questions of education and religion,—the United States *versus* Great Britain. In schools the New World metropolis ranged ahead of the Old, and if anyone doubts the same superiority in matters religious, let him visit Brooklyn. It is called with truth the City of Churches.

Brooklyn is a vast suburb of New York, yet unlike many suburbs, this one carries its workshops with it. I know no more suggestive sight than the one you may witness every morning from Brooklyn Heights. Down to Wall-street and Fulton Ferries rush a band of business-men, after an early breakfast at home, for morning hours are the order of the day in the New World. Mr. Beecher has facetiously called Brooklyn "the bedroom of New York," and with reason. There is a mighty exodus each morning to counting-house and store in Empire City. By ten o'clock Brooklyn remains in possession of the gentler sex—*ten women to one man*. But the wave rolls back again at night, and every household-king has then "his own again." All through the

night, lime-lights gleam out over the ferry-landings, and the lanterns of ships in harbour twinkle over the dark waters. The twin cities sink gradually into repose. Then is the time for concerts in the Academy of Music, for "sociables," and for croquet-parties to gather in the gardens on the Heights, or in aristocratic Clinton Avenue.

Climbing to the top of Trinity-spire I saw such a panorama as would go far to quieten any scoffer at American greatness. Westward, behind me stretched the farms and gardens of Long Island. Before me lay a triangle of cities. Brooklyn forming the base, New York and Jersey City the sides. Below me lay Gowanas Bay and the land-locked harbour, dotted with islands. Upon one of these small sea-kingdoms frown the the walls and embrasures of Fort Lafayette. Staten Island in the distance, is green with lawns, gay with flowers, and bright with charming villas.

Coming down from my lofty observatory, a friend informs me that he remembers the building of Trinity Church, and the time when Brooklyn Heights were green fields. The old church-keeper was an Englishman from near Carlisle, thirty years out from home. We spoke together of the "Luck of Edenhall,"—I found that he had heard of the romance, but had never seen the famous goblet. Dr. Littlejohn is the rector of this beautiful and flourishing church. Its architecture is in the style of our English cathedrals. The stone tracery of the vaulted roof is delicately chiseled, and the colored windows are finely conceived. There is nothing heavy or cumbrous in the arched aisles, but an appearance of lightness and elegance, after the fashion of French church-architecture.

The Academy of Music is one of the city-"lions." The exterior of Philadelphia-pressed brick, is neat but

not imposing. The red of the walls is relieved with stone facings on doors and windows. This concert-hall is decorated inside in the Persian or Turkish style. The seats are lined with crimson velvet, and the painting and ornament consist of a chocolate ground, bordered with bright red and gilt. The Mercantile Library is a valuable institution, accommodated in a large building, whose simple yet solid architecture might suggest to us a motto, "plain but good."

I visited the Packer Institute, a kind of female college. Troops of young girls were assembling for a morning campaign, each with an array of books under her arm. I called on some friends in the city, and found in their drawing-room, memorials of home which surprised me, viz:—a painting of Monmouth Castle, and a life-like portrait of Yorkshire's most honored baronet Sir Francis Crossley. Let all who tread the paths of the "People's Park" at Halifax, remember that its princely donor conceived the idea of its creation and gift in America.

The friends previously named took me to a fashionable wedding at one of the city churches, remarking, "Your experience of the States will not be complete until you have witnessed an American wedding." I could only assure them that I felt to be quite thrown in fortune's way to be so highly favoured. The wedding in question was said to be the gayest of the season. How shall I describe it? A long array of carriages was drawn up in front of the church. You enter the sacred edifice and find it full to overflowing. The ladies come in unbonneted and in gayest and richest evening-dress. When young gentlemen gallants have handed the fair bevy to their places, the centre of the church glows like a flower-bed with silk-tints of yellow and purple, pink and violet, blue and carmine. Some of these "belles," not content with

unadorned beauty, have adopted the frizzed and powdered hair, with black patches on the face *à la* Henrietta Maria. The bride was young and very pretty. I was told that 200 ladies and 200 gentlemen formed the circle of invited guests for the occasion. After the usual marriage service had been very heroically submitted to, "Mendelssohn's Wedding-March" was performed on the organ, and the ceremony was over. Americans decorate their churches a great deal at Easter and Christmas with flowers and evergreens. I am told that this taste is in the ascendant, especially among city congregations.

Many Americans who have not travelled, have strange and prejudiced notions of England and her people. I was one day introduced to a young lady, and in the conversation which followed she astonished me much by her remarks on this subject. I invited her to suspend opinion, and to come over and see dear old England, when the scales will fall from her eyes, I fancy. Nothing can be kinder than an American's hospitality to his friend. I dined one day with a young gentleman whom I had met in Europe, and he, thinking of an Englishman's reputed tastes, ordered up some pale ale which had certainly been brewed from the waters of the Trent. It tasted very good and refreshing when iced, and drunk on a summer's day in the New World. Then he showed me his study, his library, his European trophies, a letter from Scotland and did his best, in every way to entertain me. We had a long chat about English scenes and people which we had visited in company. Finally he confided to me a cherished plan which he entertained of visiting Great Britain in a couple of years, and asked me to accompany him then on a walking-tour. His father and all the

family are coming to Europe (D.V.) in four years, and he made me promise that I would then go with him to Norway, while his father, mother and sister were staying in Italy. In the evening we gathered in the drawing-room, and the young folks seemed never to be tired of hearing stories of Edinburgh and Oxford, of Stonehenge and Windsor. In return they sung for me the spirited songs of their own land. One of the young men would then take his violin, and end the séance with something merry. On Sunday evenings it was very pleasant when we could all join in singing hymns which we learn in common, in the old and new lands.

A notice of Brooklyn would be incomplete without the record of a visit to Mr. Beecher's chapel. I do not mention this in a spirit of lionising. Many of my countrymen have studied Mr. Beecher's "Life Thoughts," they have watched his long and uncompromising adherence to the Anti-Slavery cause; and they know, that he is not only a man of great originality, but also a true and faithful preacher of the gospel. Plymouth chapel, in which he preaches, is a large, plain building, having sitting accommodation for 2,500 to 3,000 people. The minister had just returned to his charge after the long vacation, and was in his freshest and most earnest mood. Those who saw him in England when he so eloquently pleaded the cause of the Union, would not think him much changed since then. It seems his way to introduce a little of the sensational into his sermons, and occasionally the drollery is so telling that the audience must smile. Beginning his discourse in a rather indistinct tone of voice, he warms into animation, and finally thunders out his words. Mr. Beecher discards gown and bands, and preaches in the ordinary dress of a private gentleman.

At Plymouth Church there is no pulpit. Upon a raised platform, is placed a chair for the preacher, and a reading-table flanked on each side by stands for vases of flowers. Congregational singing is encouraged, and the vocal service spiritedly sustained. Mr. Beecher's hair is turning an iron-grey, but his features retain all the vigour and fire of early manhood. At one of the Presbyterian Churches, I witnessed the preparations which the congregation were making for a "surprise party" to take their good pastor by storm on the morrow. This is a feature of arrangement between people and minister, specially American in idea and spirit, and its practice is now I believe rapidly on the wane.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Mr. Beecher does not always wear theological harness. Now and then he unbends and writes for magazines, and has been known to produce a work of fiction. When vacation-time comes he leaves Plymouth Church for a spell of respite and goes up to his farm and family home on the Hudson. Occasionally an American congregation give a call to an English preacher. For instance a church in 5th avenue invited Dr. Hall, of Dublin, to become their pastor. He accepted the charge, and the 6,000 dollars in gold which annually accompanies it.

It is cheering to observe that there is an absence of that *feeling*, which in England is still manifested between different sections of Protestants. Such ill-will is a hinderance to the truth that all have at heart; for, as Machiavelli says, "the jealousy of sects doth much extinguish the memory of things."

On a fine afternoon L. took me out for a drive. Observing the negro coachman to be in livery, I remarked that "it was my impression that members of a republic would on no account wear the badge or livery

of a master." "Only too glad to wear it when they have the chance," replied my friend. Driver and horses were on capital terms, and I said so—"I think that you and your horses are good friends Edward," upon which the intelligent negro grinned with pleasure.

## GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

Intermingled with columns of white marble are bright-hued climbing-plants, roses, and sweet-smelling flowers. On entering the cemetery you would suppose it a place for the living, rather than the dead. The portico of the church resembles a conservatory more than a temple. Campo Santo, at San Michele, Venice.

After a pleasant drive through the suburbs of Brooklyn we approach Greenwood Cemetery,—the most beautiful necropolis in the world. Every charm of nature is lavished here with prodigal hand, and man has followed in the wake with his fairest ideals of art. The cemetery is entered through noble gothic archways. There is a gate for *entrè* and another for *sortie*. A real portcullis set in each tower above the arch, rises and falls upon incoming and outgoing visitors. In the soft brown sandstone above are carved scripture-scenes in bass-relief. With life-like fidelity the artist has moulded and ranked the groups of sorrowing men and women. Over each scene is traced some holy text, glowing with words of comfort to all who visit this shrine of the dead. "Weep not"—"The dead shall be raised."—"Lazarus come forth,"—"I am the resurrection and the life,"—are written on tables of stone to remind us, that the silent groups enclosed within are not consigned to the perpetual sleep of death.

We enter the necropolis. Memorials of mortality stand on every hand. On Ocean Hill, fanned by the winds of the Atlantic,—in yonder dell, beneath willow and

cypress,—in the hard granite bosom of that slope,—in the plain trench-grave of the table-land, the dead are sleeping. Little children have been carried here by sorrowing parents, and their memory is kept green by simple epitaphs like these, "Our Willie,"—"Little Mary,"—"Darling Ellie." On other tombs, the memory of the sleeper is perpetuated by "storied urn and animated bust."—A tall shaft has been reared for a brave fireman, who, at the sacrifice of his life, saved a little child from the flames. The figure of the hero, clasping the little one in his arms, crowns the column. What nobler "in memoriam," than the fireman's monument?

A beautiful marble shrine marks the resting-place of Miss Charlotte Canda. This young lady was cut off in the heyday of youth and beauty. The design for the monument was sketched by herself during life, and constitutes a gem in stone. Within the portico of the shrine is placed a bust, the features of the living are graven on the mute and lifeless marble. Two winged cherubs are kneeling by the side, as if watching the calm and motionless form, waiting for the moment when the seal of the tomb shall be broken, and mortality shall be swallowed up of life.

The sea-captain's monument on Vista Hill stands out as a landmark, where landmarks are many. On a massive pedestal is firmly planted the life-size effigy of the redoubtable mariner. Upon his head there rests the similitude of a furred bearskin cap which has served him right well on many a whaling voyage, at his feet is the symbol of an anchor, and in his hands he holds the sextant for taking an observation from the sun. Strangest of all, men say that the orignal of this monument is still living. Mr. James Gordon Bennett has also followed the mariner's example, in raising a pre-mortuary monument to himself.

At the foot of a column crowned with an angel, is the figure of a woman kneeling with uplifted hands. An imaginary lace-shawl over the shoulders has been wrought out of marble with marvellous success. Form and face of the suppliant are said to be those of Mr. Bennett's mother.

We leave the place with mingled feelings—gratification to know that worth is recognised by posterity, and we trust not without a solemn conviction, a salutary reminding, that faith and not honor is the touchstone, the anchor of a life immortal.

Outside the cemetery-entrance, two open spaces are reserved. By and by they are to be occupied by statues of America's foremost Presidents. One of these wrought out an Independence for his nation, the other, freedom for the slave. Washington and Lincoln are the men.

On the way home, Edward drives us through Prospect Park, putting his "bays" on their mettle alongside the fast-trotting horses on the central avenue. The situation has been admirably chosen. Fine groves of trees are growing in primeval wildness, ready to hand as planted and fostered by nature. Six millions of dollars have already been spent upon their pleasure-gronnds by the citizens, and I leave the spot with the impression very strongly marked, that Prospect Park will by and by be one of the finest in the world. Like many other things in America "it is great yet to be."

And now, adieu to the land of Stars and Stripes. I have learned to love it well, but like second love it only comes after the first inborn love of native land. Oh, how my heart leaps for joy to stand again under the brave old flag of dear old England. Tears of gratitude come into my eyes, to think that I call such a noble land my own. Away from home a man is prouder of his country, and

feels at such moments that he would gladly die for her safety. America is a great country,—she owes her greatness to the kind gifts of Providence,—to the enterprise of her children,—and to her fathers from dear old England, the "nursing mother of us all."—At heart Americans are proud of the "mother country."

The Roman could receive no higher mark of distinction than the "toga virilis"—the robe of manhood. Nearly a century ago, America won among the nations a "toga" for herself. It was a good and lasting garment, well worth the winning. Woven in a Saxon loom brought from the old country,—with the warp of religious freedom, crossed with threads of civil liberty—it was at first a homely garment. Since then, statesmen, warriors, men of literature, ministers, and philanthropists have been weaving upon it deeds of goodness and signs of honor. Year by year the embroidering goes on. Already the young Republic carries high a crown of glory, which many a monarchy has failed to gain. Unalterable laws decree that there shall be no oppression, and no persecution within the land; and that the lamp of education shall be kindled and kept burning before each one of the nation's children.

# PART II.

# DOMINION OF CANADA.

## THE CITY OF ST. JOHN.

WE are steaming up the Bay of Fundy, bound for the commercial capital of New Brunswick. Away to the westward are seen some islands, standing as landmarks amid the furious tides of Fundy. There are shoals of mackerel in the waters, and hither come whales in pursuit of them. Some of these ocean-monsters, said to be forty feet long, are seen "blowing" ahead of our ship. The poor whales, monsters as they seem, have other enemies besides man. A gentleman described to me a fight which he had witnessed in crossing the Atlantic. Two thrashers made up to "leviathan," and one on each side of him belaboured the whale with blows from their huge fins, each the height of a paddle-wheel. The pitiless castigation would not in all probability cease until they had run him to death.

The coast of New Brunswick is wild, hilly and desolate, clothed with a small growth of pines. It is *an iron-bound coast*,—we should not like to go ashore upon it. Seen from the bay, St. John has a very picturesque appearance. It is built up from the water's edge on rising slopes. Numbers of houses are constructed of wood, and among

blocks of solid dwellings are interspersed many churches, with their tall spires shooting up like masts above the city. But there is no lack of the real thing in masts. The harbour is full of shipping; new vessels are rising on the stocks, and an English man-of-war is keeping guard at the entrance of the port. As our steamer comes near the land, a beautiful rainbow spans the bay. It is indeed a sign of promise. A whaling-captain at my elbow mutters the old adage,

A rainbow at night,
Is a sailor's delight.

But what of this phenomenon in the morning? The old salt is ready enough with his answer,—

A rainbow in the morning,
Jack must take warning.

Now there is a rush on shore, and a scramble for any and every kind of vehicle which presents itself. My modest luggage is hoisted into a farmer's light waggon, and I am soon safely housed in the Waverley Hotel. Mine host was parrying the angry complaints of an American visitor; with Colonial independence of speech informing the gentleman that if St. John hotel-arrangements were not good enough for him, he had better go back and bring the St. Nicholas with him. "That we would right smart, if we had our way and you fellows were annexed," replied the Yankee lawyer, for such he was. Mr. Guthrie then turned to me, "the house was so full," he said, "that I must be content with a shake-down on a sofa." I expressed my willingness, and by and by a clean, pleasant bed-room took the place of the visioned sofa. On the walls hung a picture that reminded me of home. Sir Walter Scott's fame and name are known here, for it was his likeness on the canvas. There he sits as in the library at Abbotsford, with his favourite dogs and trophies round him.

To an Englishman many of the city scenes have a stamp of freshness; there is an essence of originality about the life of the people. St. John has a population of 45,000. It is sometimes called an Irish city, from the prevalence in it of the Celtic element. The site of it was once an isolated rock; the ocean washed round it on all sides. Now the waters have been banked out, partly by nature and partly by artificial means. Lumber and fishing constitute the great trades of the place. Some of the streets by their up-hill and down-hill formation remind you of a little town among the Pyrenees. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is a fine building of stone. The Bishop's palace stands close by; very peaceful in spirit are crest and motto chiseled over the porch; a dove with bended wings, and the words, "pax vobis."

The railway-station is down in the valley, between the hills on which the city is built. This is the morning of a gala-day, for 500 citizens are going out on a pic-nic to Hampden, in the country. I saw the "start," as the train moved slowly out of the station, the good folks were enlivened with strains of music, and their banners waved joyously from engine and car. The railroad is government property and pays well, I am told. Locomotives and carriages are constructed on the plan of those used in the United States. I visited Fleming and Humberts' factory in the city, where the engines are made, and was much pleased with what I saw. Asking permission to go round the works, I was answered "Go where you like, it is not the custom of this country to hide anything in our factories from a stranger." Homely as are the streets of St. John in the matter of pavement, you see elegant carriages being driven through them. After all, St. John is not exclusively Irish. There is a "fair field and no favor" for every nationality. In the "New Brunswick

cotton-factory," I found an English manager of looms, an Irish foreman-carder, and a Scotch engineer, with workers also from each nation. This little factory was begun in 1859, and is answering so well that it will soon be extended. England must not calculate *for ever* upon manufacturing for the world.

In the barracks above the harbour are stationed a battalion of the English Rifle Brigade, and a detachment of Royal Artillery. I was told that the 15th regiment had been stationed for some years in St. John, and the men had become thoroughly acclimatised. They were sent away from a land where winter reigns for seven months in the year, to the hot, fever-plains of Bermuda! I felt this to be a sad instance of the British War-Office wisdom. When I came home to England I read in the newspapers, piteous accounts of the health of this ill-fated regiment, after it landed in the West Indies, when the soldiers were set to make roads under a tropical sun! At the time of the "Trent" affair, six or seven regiments were landed at St. John, and after being hospitably entertained by the citizens, were sent up the country by easy stages on sledges. Forty years ago a regiment *marched* that way to Rivière du Loup. Captain Parks of the Volunteer Engineers, with ten of his men, challenged Captain Grant and ten men of the 15th Line to a shooting-match. Captain Parks won by sixty-four marks. The regulars and their officer were much surprised at the result, they did not dream of being beaten by volunteers. Captain P. explained the reason of his success by saying that he had been trained as an engineer, while each of his men was a mechanic by trade, and consequently possessed some little scientific knowledge.

He was on duty five or six years ago, at the time of the Fenian troubles. These turbulent people gathered by

hundreds at Eastport on the frontiers of Maine, but the United States Government siezed their arms. No citizen can subscribe *openly* to the Fenian cause in the States.—It must be done in an underhand manner, and the funds are principally contributed in the names of Irish female servants! So far the United States Government is acting to us in good faith.

In company with Captain P. I attended the funeral of a volunteer-officer. Large numbers of comrades assembled to pay this last tribute of respect; after a solemn service three volleys were fired over the grave. The history of the deceased officer was very touching. He was a young Scotchman, and had been settled about four years in the colony. He was comfortably provided for, having property in the West Indies worth £400 a year. A little while before his death he had married a New Brunswick lady, and she is left to mourn his loss. The cemetery is a beautiful park-like enclosure two miles away from the city. It was bought and set aside for the purpose by some far-sighted citizens thirty years ago. The monuments in it are of Peterhead granite, which is of finer grain, and will take a polish, whereas that quarried in the province will not.

Queen's square was filled with the rank and fashion of St. John, indulging in an afternoon-concert and promenade. The young ladies of the city are famed for their beauty, remarks my friend, and looking round upon the galaxy of fair faces, I can quite indorse his opinion. The band of the 60th Rifles is providing musical entertainment for the lively promenades; as the afternoon comes to an end the concert is closed with the English National Anthem. As yet, soldiers and people hold themselves to be members of our old English family.

Many vessels of from 300 to 1,400 tons have been built in St. John. Nowhere in the world can wooden vessels be constru ted so cheaply. The fast clipper "Marco Polo" was built here. The "deal" ships of St. John have a six or seven years class as A. 1. at Lloyds, while En ish-built ships rank as A. 1. for ten or twelve years, being superior in workmanship and strength. The shipping-laws of the United States are very one-sided in favour of their own people. No foreign-built ship may have letters of ownership in a United States port,—nor hoist the United States flag,—nor carry goods from one port to another in the United States;—whereas, *all* vessels of *all* nations, are free to come into *all* British ports. The United States are by no means so liberal as the British. The resources of the province of New Brunswick are great. Soft coal is raised here, and can be bought for twelve shillings a ton; limestone is also plentiful. Good English coal is brought out as ballast by the timber-ships and can be purchased in St. John at eighteen shillings per ton, while in London it sells at twenty-five shillings per ton. Coal is also imported from Nova Scotia.

Emigrants from Europe do not as a rule stay in the province. There is no suitable provision made for them on landing, and they dread the long, long winters. They generally pass off to the States. The property qualification for voting in New Brunswick is £25 of real estate; or £100 a year income. All forms of religion are voluntary and free. It would be impossible to tax the people in this province *directly*, for in the woods the settlers could not probably raise £5 in coin in a year's time. The only way to raise a revenue is to impose a duty upon all imported goods. The people are very loyal, they do not wish England to cast them off, nor do they wish to be a burden upon her. During the

American war feeling was divided, some with the North, some with the South; the gallantry of the Confederates won respect, The United States allowed the Reciprocity Treaty to run out, though they still use colonial lumber and wheat in large quantities. The Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred have both visited St. John, and were very enthusiastically received. The present governor of the province is a New Brunswick gentleman. This is the *first* time that this honourable post has been conferred on one who is "to the manner born."

A skating-rink is one of the institutions of this North American city. Imagine a large circus-like building, with a raised orchestra in the centre for musicians. The floor is flooded artificially, upon the waters "king frost" soon does his appointed and natural office. A gay scene may be witnessed inside during the long evenings of the Northern winter. The rink is brilliantly lighted, and echoes with the strains of lively music. Gay companies of citizens, ladies and gentlemen, are gliding about on their runners, thoroughly enjoying the amusement, though perchance the storm is raging furiously without.

A part of the city, including light-house and forts, is situated over the bay. I noticed a street laid across a shallow part of the harbour, composed entirely of refuse lumber, so cheap and plentiful is wood in St. John! At the saw-mills, the outside slabs of timber are thrown out and gathered together in huge piles. I was told that any poor person was free to come and help himself to the pile for firewood. A result of years of prosperous ship-building at the port, has been the realisation of large fortunes by those who engaged in it. A range of handsome villas on the heights overlooking the harbour, was pointed out to me as "ship-builders' hill." While Captain P. was driving me about to see all these city "lions," a

thick fog came on. It was so dense as to completely shroud everything from sight, and so penetrating as to find its icy way through our broadcloth. We christened it, or rather it baptised itself with the name of a "real St. John fog." We were glad to seek refuge in my friend's pleasant home. Among his out-door treasures he showed me a flourishing thorn-hedge, the slips or cuttings for which were brought by his father from Ireland. Once in the comfortable rooms in the house I forgot all about the fog. The evening hours seemed to fly as I listened to stories of provincial life. In North America the young men take readily to a forest life, and see far more of sport than we in England. My friend has hunted in the woods for six weeks at a time, attended by an Indian, and camping out in the snow at night. He regularly goes out on a moose-hunting expedition in the season, and he finds capital fishing in the wild lakes and streams of Northern New Brunswick. He enjoys the free, homeless life immensely as a change from city routine. His snow-shoes were brought out for examination, and I was initiated into their use. Then I must see the newest thing in patent skates.

Mr. P. spoke of a yonng engineer friend of his who had taken service under the United States Government. For six years he had been engaged in Northern Asia upon the Russo-American telegraph survey. He reports well of Siberia. It contains many nice villages and the Russians have eighteen steamers on the river Amoor. He returned to Washington to deliver his report and to surrender the United States flag which he had been entrusted with. Mr. Seward, the foreign secretary, thanked him and exchanged his well-worn flag for another.* Mr. P. sen. is the chairman of the Inter-

*For information on this interesting subject see "Harper's Monthly" for August, 1868.

colonial Railroad, and was absent in England buying rails, at the time of my visit. I had met him in London some years previously and was then much attracted to him by his earnest loyalty. Every day when we met at breakfast my old New Brunswick friend was persecuted by an American fellow-guest who was burning for the annexation of the province to the United States. Taking me aside and pointing to him of the stars and stripes, Mr. P. said "he tries my temper almost beyond what I can bear, it is hard to hear my Queen sneered at by a Yankee." I missed very much his kind face, when it came to be my lot to visit his own home in the New World.

A little distance from the city, the river St. John is crossed by a suspension-bridge. The structure bears date 1854, and is the greatest engineering triumph in the province. Its stability was tested in the following manner:—A barge of stones was brought up at high tide, and suspended from the centre of the bridge, as the tide receded, the whole weight came upon the structure; there it hung in mid-air, until the returning tide took it off. It must have been good work to stand a trial so severe. A little above the bridge some black rocks render the navigation of the stream very dangerous. Owing to the tide, the harbour-waters are generally much higher than the river-waters. Vessels can enter or leave the river only during a short interval daily, when the tide-waters are on a level with it. When the tide runs out, the river is the higher level, so that the tide-waters and the river-waters alternately overtop each other. I know no more exciting scene than to stand and watch the timber-rafts coming down the river and enter the harbour at the turn of the tide. The hardy lumberers stand on the rafts with long poles in their hands to pilot them through the

rapids. As each *voyageur* dexterously shoots the falls, and brings his raft into quiet waters, you long to celebrate the deed with a cry of "Bravo, well done!" I returned again and again to gaze upon this wild and perilous scene. On the edge of the harbour many saw-mills are built.

A party of American friends joined me at the bridge and invited me to go with them on a visit to the Indian Camp. So I sent back my horse and jumped into their carriage. After passing the straggling cabins of Indian Town, we arrived at a swamp in the open country, This was the Indian "reservation." Some of the trees had been felled, yet the place remained a tangled labyrinth of wildness. Surrounded by gnarled roots and piles of brushwood stood the wigwams. Slices of birch-bark, long grass, and rags from the white man's city entered into the construction of the red man's summer-home. If the wigwam was a *mélange* of odd things outwardly, it was a den of dirt and squalor within. We looked into one through a rent in the side. A wretched old woman sat close to the embers of burning ash-brands. The smoke, finding very limited means of exit, filled every nook and cranny, and the smell was almost intolerable. "Why don't you have chairs my good woman? It would be much more comfortable." said Mr. Jenness to the old Indian,—but his philanthropic suggestions were thrown away. Not a word would the old woman speak until we handed her some small coins, and then she said "Ugh." In another part of the reservation we found wooden cabins, in which some of the Indians lived, and pursued their calling of basket-making. The squaws are very quick at this kind of work. Many specimens of baskets, fans, birch-bark boxes and beadwork are executed with creditable skill. Porcupine quills, dyed in bright colours, constitute an important item among the stores of raw

material in these primitive work-shops. Peeping about from hut to hut for samples of baskets we were taken to a copper-hued child of twelve, and told that she had recently been married, according to the custom of her tribe. "And how do you like your husband my poor child," was the interrogation of enthusiastic Mr. Jenness; but the lustrous eyes of the Indian maiden showed no sign either of pleasure or anger at the question. In another hut lay a poor man who had broken his leg at one of the saw-mills. We were wished to go in and see him, and give him a word of cheer. He bore the pain with great fortitude, and seemed pleased at the sympathy of his "pale-face" visitors. When we began to enter into negociations for the purchase of some of their fancy-work, the women were remarkably independent in their demeanour. It seemed as if barter was a thing not natural to them, but acquired from their white conquerors. They consulted together apart, and in addition to the broken English which they speak, I heard them using a *patois* of French,—from this I opined that some of them were Canada Indians of the Lorette tribe. A lady in Nova Scotia told me of a visit she had paid to an Indian camp at the time of the death of one of the tribe. All the Indians, male and female, wail and howl for a long time over the dead, and then set out the body in due Catholic form, with crucifix and image, and bury it with the rites of the same church. A migratory tribe will leave the place and move elsewhere, when a death occurs amongst them As we turned away, out came a whole regiment of dogs, and speeded our departure as they had greeted our arrival by a yelping chorus. When we rode again past the cabins of Indian Town, a rear-guard of little children, darkies, reds and half-breeds followed us for the expected largess of cents.

As we neared the city, range after range of pretty "bird's-eye" views opened before us. Green slopes of woodland, blue waters and villas set in screens of spruce and cedar. A leading citizen of St. John told me that he left the north of Ireland fifteen years ago; now he would not go back to Europe for anything in the world. He expressed an opinion that the provinces would ultimately be united to the States. But "let us have peace and good will" said he, "for a war with America would starve the world." We believe there will be peace.

# NOVA SCOTIA.—ICE & GOLD.

FROM St. John I went to Nova Scotia. The steamer left the harbour with the tide at 10 p.m. It was a lovely evening,—the sky appeared ablaze with stars, and the "northern lights" were seen shooting in graceful curves. A party of four of us gathered on deck to enjoy a pleasant chat. The trio were tourists from the United States; I, who completed the quartet, was believed to be a young traveller, whose early years had been passed in a Scotch manse. I was inwardly amused at this guess which they made, but did not undeceive them for awhile.

I have mentioned Mr. Jenness before. He was a fair specimen of the bold, fearless American. His delight at visiting the Indians in their huts and wigwams was much more enthusiastic than my own. He is rich, and he has given the reins to his desire for travel. All Europe has passed in review before him. He has wandered up and down in Norway and Sweden, comparing and contrasting the present of those countries with the description contained in the Sagas. He has diligently studied Bohn's edition of the Sagas, and says the perusal of these ancient records has afforded him much pleasure. Dipping still deeper into that species of lore which lies on the border-land of the unreal, he has read Sales' translation of the Koran, and portions of the Talmud. He has a curious turn for history. Now he is off on an expedition to Annapolis, ninety miles south-west of

Windsor, Nova Scotia, to inspect the forts and other remains of the early French-settlements there. He offers to pay all the expenses of our little party in posting down there, if we will accompany him; but we are obliged to decline his invitation.

In the middle of the night our steamer comes to a stand, and for some time our rest is disturbed by the clink of bolts and the clang of hammers. Then progress is resumed. I begin to find out that constant travelling by sea and land, with its attendant anxieties, and frequent loss of sound, regular sleep has a wearying effect upon mind and body. Still all this is necessary if you would see the world.

In the morning I am up and on deck at day-break. Sunshine gladdens every part of Minas Basin and surrounding shores. Here was laid the "embarkation scene" of Longfellow's "Evangeline." The place has an interest for me on this account. It is said that Moore wrote his beautiful poem of "Lalla Rookh" without ever visiting Cashmere; as a parallel instance of imaginative power—I am told that the author of "Evangeline" has not seen the land of Acadie. From the ocean rise two or three rugged islands. To-day they are green with pines, but there is about them an isolation, a loneliness, that seems to say that they have been bound in icy, flinty bands since the beginning of the world. Cape Blomidon guards the mainland. Under and round it are flat shores dotted with houses and barns. Hay-making is going on, and the corn is still green in the fields. Church-spires peep through the trees, and altogether there is much to remind us of an English scene. The tide in Windsor-haven rises fifty feet. Our steamer disembarks her passengers and immediately takes on board those for the return voyage, so that she may go out with the tide;

otherwise she would be left aground. The village of Grand Pré is twelve miles from Windsor. Memorials of its French founders still remain in the dikes which they raised to keep out the floods of Fundy. The orchards and meadows are fruitful and green as ever—the corn-lands yield golden harvests as of yore; but the "fruit of the vintage" is for others. Scotch shepherds and farmers have taken the place of Normandy peasants; now in the homes of the Acadians

Dwell another race, with other customs and language.

Our friend of the Sagas and Talmud leaves us at this point, he to the south, we to the east. At Windsor we take the cars for Halifax. The iron-way consists of a single-line, but it is well made, the rails being laid upon the durable English plan. Engine and cars are built "a l'Americaine." I am astonished at the choice woods used in the construction of railway-carriages. Beautiful white-oak, maple, beech, ash and mahogany are always used for the interna l fittings. *No imitation*, but the real, solid wood, finely polished. The interior of Nova Scotia through which the train passes, is stony, bare and desolate. Probably its treasures lie beneath in mineral. The first growth of timber has long been cut off. At Windsor-junction we look upon a scene of sterility not to be out-done,—

All is rocks at ra dom thrown.

The Fundy-side of the province is more fertile; nature has done more for it. Near Halifax is an inland-basin having an area of ten miles. It would hold without crowding, all the navies of the nations. It is hardly likely however that they will ever rendezvous in any port so far to the North.

The city of Halifax is very picturesquely situated. It is built on a hill-side, the houses and streets rising

terrace above terrace from the water's edge. The harbour is one of the largest and best in the world. George-Island below the city is strongly fortified, and the citadel works are mounted with Armstrong guns. Two regiments of British Infantry, the 30th and 47th; some engineers and a troop of artillerymen compose the garrison at present. Mr. Austin, an American gentleman was with me when I visited the navy store-yard. Pointing to the piles of shot and shell he said in his droll way, "these are intended for us, are they not"? "Not unless you come for them," was my reply.

The city contains 40,000 people, and there is an English tone and a style of manners in Halifax "society," which you do not find elsewhere in America. Mr. A. expresses himself much pleased with the appearances of prosperity and active life which pervade the place. Like many of his countrymen he had been a great traveller and was therefore able to form impartial opinions. He thinks that when the Intercolonial Railroad is opened, Halifax will become the greatest port in British North America. Without any prejudice he gave the palm to New York, which must in the natural order of events become the largest city in the world. From this gentleman's conversation I derived much pleasure and instruction. He was of Dutch descent, and sprung from Albany, a lawyer by profession, but now retired from active duties. He had a taste for literature, and I found that he regularly read our best English Reviews. We parted hoping to meet again in New York at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel.

On Sunday evening there was service at the garrison-chapel. In came the infantry-soldiers, the engineers, the artillerymen, the sailors of the navy, and the soldiers' and sailors' friends. The preacher takes for his text a passage about the great ivory-house of the King of

Israel; a real soldiers' sermon. The men and boys of the regimental bands sit in the centre, by the harmonium and lead the singing. The tunes and hymns used are "Ancient and Modern," and we have to-night two that are favourites in England, "Nearer to Thee" and "Sun of my Soul."

Halifax has one drawback—the rigour of its winters. For seven months in the year the snow-king is monarch here. Then carriages and roads alike disappear, and sledges take their place. I noticed a picture representing the harbour as frozen over, and the Cunard Mail Steamer working its way through with ice-saws and shields. An old custom is still in vogue, obliging every man on board a ship, which enters Halifax-harbour to sing something, if only a single stave.

The sixty miles between Halifax and Truro is now traversed by rail. I stood on the outer platform of the cars and scanned the country attentively as we passed through it. Truro is a pretty town, standing in a hill-enclosed plain, which is watered by two rivers. Mr. Smith took me up to the roof of his store, from which vantage ground I had an excellent view of the country. He smiled as I asked him questions which must have displayed ignorance on my part, saying, "some of you English have it in your minds that we are only half civilised out here." In Truro there is not only civilization but comfort. The people are very much like the English, and all seem well to do in the world. Labour is plentiful, a farmer-man receives 4s. or 4s. 2d. per day. (In New Brunswick similar labour will value at 5s. per day.) The horses and cattle are good, the latter pasture with bells on their necks. Land for farming, that has been cultivated, sells for £25 per acre, uncleared land for a very small sum. Oats and barley grow well, but wheat is

scarcely ever sown, for the weevil eats the grains in the ear.

The inn at which I dined had once the honor of receiving a Royal personage to luncheon. The Prince of Wales only stayed here an hour, yet it was sufficiently long to change the name of the Inn. The "Travellers' Rest" became the "Prince of Wales." In the afternoon Mr. S. took me out for a drive in the country. The tide from the Bay of Fundy comes up the rivers, and each time leaves a deposit of a ¼in. of red mud. Much land has been reclaimed from the rivers by banking out the tidal-waters. The flats which have been won from time to time by this means, make the best meadow-land. In this district they are called "marshes," and the yield of hay from them is very large. At Amherst, fifty miles away, the crop this season averaged three tons of hay per acre. The long native grass is used for young cattle in winter, and the shorter herbage, sown from seeds of English grasses, for the milk-cows. Large cargoes of it have been shipped to Great Britain. Ten years ago, in August, came a great flood which washed away to the sea much of the corn of this district.

We passed a large frame-house. It has been built by a *Southern planter* who has purchased a large farm, and settled here. In the principal store of the place everything from a needle to a bar of iron is sold. I was amused at being a spectator or listener to a skirmish of bartering which went on between the storekeeper and an old lady-farmer from the country. This primitive system is however going out of fashion year by year. Truro depends principally upon agriculture, yet it has now a small woollen manufactory, an iron-foundry, and a very large boot-manufactory. I was surprised to see the variety and excellence of the machinery in operation at

the latter establishment. The manager is a man who has lived long enough in the States to catch the Yankee spirit of energy and celerity. Following the example of the United States, the Schools are now free. I visited the new school-houses with great interest. Truro with a population of 2,000 pays annually £200, £150, and £75 each respectively to its head-master, second-master and female-teachers.

An evening spent at my kind friend's home called up memories of other scenes. A daughter of my host is married to Captain Frazer, the commander of the mission-ship "Dayspring." This vessel was fitted out from funds contributed by Sunday-school children of Scotland, England, and Nova Scotia, and it is sustained by the Sunday-school children of Australia. The ship is laid up in Sidney or Melbourne Harbour during winter, and in the summer months it sails out with supplies to the mission-stations on the islands of the Pacific. Captain F. is a good navigator, and also an amateur photographer. I saw pictures of groups of natives whom he had gathered together upon the deck of the "Dayspring," and then photographed. He has also sent home many specimens of native-work such as a table-cloth, robes, bags, head-dresses, made from grasses and bark. I looked into the engineers' cabin of a small steamer plying between Halifax and Newfoundland and there sure enough hung a picture of the little "Dayspring." The ladies told me that their sister took very well to the sea with her husband, in his new calling. Captain Furguson, the chief Harbour-master of Australia, (whom I much regret to say is since dead) took a lively interest in Captain and Mrs. Fraser, of the mission-ship, and knowing of my intended voyage to America, he desired me to visit their friends in Nova Scotia. I now look back upon it as one of the most pleasant episodes in my journey.

Mr. S. says "that the people do *not* desire union with the States." The present cry for the repeal of the Dominion-Confederation is "much-ado about nothing." In a little while all will come right, and Nova Scotia will be happy and content under the new régime. I was introduced to Captain Fawkes, the agent for Lloyds in the Province. He lives at Pictou, and invited me to visit him there. From this port it is an easy sail to Prince Edward Island. This is the garden of the Maritime Provinces. The farm-lands are rich: the soil free from stones, and house and barn must be built of wood or brick. The Island was visited by the Prince of Wales, to the great delight of the inhabitants. The Prince heartily reciprocated their welcome, and was seen by my informant dancing at Charlottetown, the capital. Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland complete the tale of the new Dominion's sea-kingdoms. In Newfoundland itself or in Nova Scotia, fine specimens of the famous water-dogs may be easily obtained.

One of the gold-mines of Nova Scotia is near Truro. Seven-hundred miners are now employed upon it. A ton of quartz obtained in the district may yield 15 oz. of gold, worth 18 dollars per oz., or 270 dollars (£55) per ton. The province is also rich in iron and coal. I visited the Londonderry mine, where the entire mountain is said to be a mass of iron-ore. Wagons of pig-iron are constantly met upon the road, and charcoal-burning is going on in the forest. Only hard wood like oak, maple or ash is used for this charcoal.

I crossed the Cobequid Mountains by coach, on my return journey into New Brunswick. The passage of these hills was grand and romantic in the extreme. After four hours of travel we left the plain, and got on to the mountain-range. High rocks towered up on one side,

overhanging the road or pass, which was built out into the river upon piles. This region is the Trossachs of New Scotland, quite as wild and more extensive than the "bristled territory" of the old. At a great elevation we pass over the "Mines" river, which flows deep down in a gulley below. The wooden bridge over the gorge seems very unsafe, and as usual there are holes in its roadway. It is the custom in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to roof over the bridges like a barn, in order to better protect the woodwork structure from the action of the weather. So that the act of crossing a river, is a similar experience to entering a tunnel. All drivers, are obliged by law, to bring their horses to a walking-pace when passing over a bridge. We have now emerged upon a plateau or table-land on the hills. The ground is covered with timber-trees and scrub, among which are growing dog-berries, pigeon-berries and wild raspberries. The latter are being gathered by a band of women who have come up from the mines, and very tempting looks the speckled rose-coloured fruit, in the wooden pails in which it is piled. The solitary inn at Westchester stands on the highest point of the mountain; from this spot we can see for miles and miles a plain of unbroken forest-land,—nothing else. On a clear day we see Prince Edward Island in the dim distance of sixty miles away. The river Philip is crossed, and the ride continued for twenty miles through solitary woods.

Primeval and Modern here nod to each other, and sometimes shake hands. The mail is regularly carried through the haunts of the brown-bear and moose. In winter the bears hibernate under logs. They will then suck their paws, until they are white, and reduced almost to skeletons; but they make up for lost-time in summer, with banquets of blackberries and the farmer's sheep.

Between bear and horse there is a mutual spirit of fear. The bear will not attack the horse, and the latter shows by trembling limbs, his terror when he scents Bruin afar off. Our driver Angus jumps off his waggon, and kills a snake with its seventeen young ones. A skunk creeps down the fence-side and crosses our path. Mr. Prowler is "after" the farmer's geese. It is black and white like a dog, with a small snout. Angus tells me that it is quite true about the bad smell it sends forth, when pursued. A bag or bladder contains the offensive matter, and the animal has the power of ejecting this at will.

Upon a tree-stump by the wayside, a passenger is quietly waiting for the stage. We take him up. He turns out to be Captain Birel the winner of the Governor's prize at the Dominion rifle-shooting contest. He showed us the trophy, a beautiful, gold-watch with the arms of the Dominion of Canada traced upon it. At one of the farm-settlements, a young county-girl joined us, and she insisted on relieving Angus, and driving the stage herself for some miles,—she seemed quite equal to the task. Again the northern lights cheer my nocturnal pilgrimage, I notice another peculiarity of the sky. A span of uncertain light, like a silver-mist forms in our quarter of the heavens, denoting the point from which the wind is to blow on the morrow. To night it is the herald of southern breezes.

At Amherst, on the confines of Nova Scotia, I halted for supper, and then turned to face the waters of Cumberland Bay. To-night sullen plash and mournful wail are their characteristics, as the furious tide comes rolling in, with an energy more headlong and insatiable than that which in the Lincoln-washes, devoured the army of King John.

# THE RIVER ST. JOHN.

THERE was no sleep for me on the night when I reëntered New Brunswick. As the sun rose we found ourselves on the outskirts of the French settlements, which are planted all along the west and north shores of the province. The shanties are poorer, and enterprise is far behind the sections peopled by Saxons. This district is watered by the Peticoudiac, pronounced here *Peticoujack*. The sea rushes up the river in a wave of 18ft. deep, at first, advancing rapidly, until it attains a speed of six miles an hour, and a maximum height of sixty feet, at spring-tides. Flats of red mud are the traces it leaves behind. The river bottom is full of quicksands, yet large ships are built upon the banks; when launched their navigation to the ocean is a difficult and dangerous work. A little further north there are extensive granite-quarries, which can only be worked at low-water; when the tide comes in the workmen must retire. An amateur geologist from Fall River, Massachusetts, showed me some curious specimens of fossils which he had picked up on the rocks at Miramichi. From Moncton to St. John the distance is 113 miles by rail, through a section of the province which is full of timber, but greatly needs developing.

I now embarked on a steamer going up the St. John. For a few miles after leaving Indian Town, the river is shut in by bold, well-wooded hills. These were succeeded

by flat sloping banks, and green pasture-fields. The land is good; a rich soil now yielding large crops of hay, where fifteen or twenty years ago flourished the forest. Our steamer is on the American plan, and excellent meals are served on board. As we pass the embouchure of Grand Lake, a fellow-craft that is coming down, signals us to lay to. Down comes a long raft of timber, towed by a steam-tug. It is an immense size, and in letting it pass our steamer almost runs aground on a shoal in shallow water. Every now-and-then little row-boats come out to meet us in mid-stream with passengers. Two Indian canoes on a race, paddled by white men, pass at great speed, each man managing his single paddle with great dexterity.

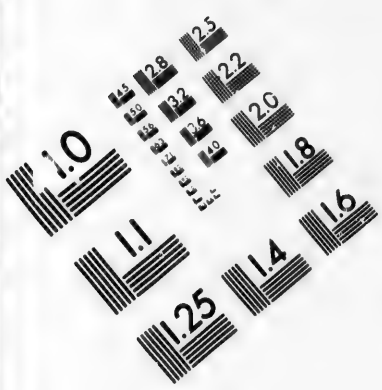
In the evening we reach Frederickton, the Government Capital of New Brunswick. In this little town is stationed a regiment of 800 British soldiers, the 28th Line. The officers have tamed and trained a bear. It is chained to a tree in front of the barracks, and the soldiers serve it with regular rations. On the steamer we had the company of the "Alleghanians," who in the evening gave an entertainment in the Temperance-Hall. The room was filled to overflowing with the good townspeople. Governor Wilmot was expected to be present, but sent a message of apology for non-attendance. Two of the performers are of Swiss-origin, and one of them is a Scotchman. Their expertness with the hand-bells is simply wonderful. "God save the Queen," played on the bells, closed one of the most pleasant and lively performances to which I have ever listened. As the whole assembly rose as one man, to join in the anthem, I felt that England is still a mighty nation.

Next morning I drove out with a young acquaintance to see the suburbs. We passed the College and the

Governor's house, both pleasantly situated on hills overlooking the town. We met Lieutenant-Governor Wilmot, a fine, distinguished-looking old gentlemen. He is the first native of New Brunswick who has received the appointment from the New Dominion, and he is much respected by the people.*

At Mr. Morrison's saw-mill we were kindly received by his Scotch manager and shown over the works. Steam is the motive power; the furnaces are fed with refuse wood, and all the saw-dust is burnt, being conducted on to the flames between long, narrow boilers through apertures from above. The logs are hauled up out of the river along an inclined plain, by steam power. Some 30,000 superficial feet of timber are sawn daily. Laths worth 4s. per thousand are made from the small refuse slabs, Mr. Morrison having two machines which will cut up 50,000 of these daily. 80 or 90 men and boys are employed here, and it seems to me that workers in lumber mills have to work terribly hard. We then ferried over the river and drove three miles to Mr. Gibson's mills, situate on the Nashwaak. His brother entertained us very courteously. Water is the motive power. An immense wooden dam has been placed across the river; from it the water is conducted on to the wheels, which are something like the "turbine," but requiring less fall.—three feet of "head" will suffice. The mills are worked night and day with three sets of hands: twenty-one gangs or 250 men being employed. Mr. G. has built a house for himself,—said to be the finest in the province; and he has not forgotten his men: for them he has erected comfortable cottages. His career has been one of prosperity. He purchased 5,000 acres of forest-land up the

*The Governor holds office for four years, and receives a salary of 7,000 dollars per annum.



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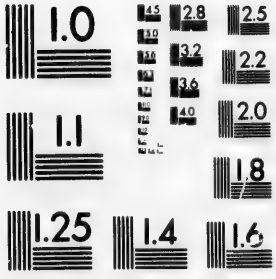


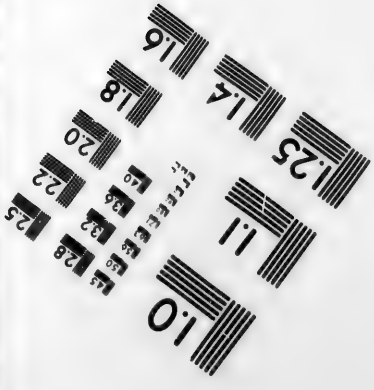


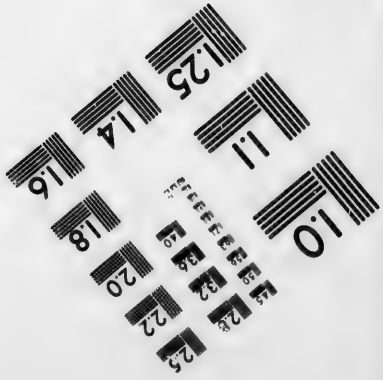

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river, for an "old song;" his lumberers yearly depart on crusades against the giants of the woods. He is said to purchase £20,000 worth of stores annually for his people, and with each lumber-season he grows richer. These mills are specimens of many smaller ones, which, all through the Province, are seen busy at work on the banks of the streams.

We then turned our faces *up* the river. Mounting a hill we obtained an excellent view of bright little Frederickton, with its streets laid out at right angles, and its white houses gleaming among green trees. My companion told me many "on dits" of the province. British officers are much thought of in New Brunswick; they have free *entré* to the first circles in society. Many of them marry New Brunswick ladies and settle here for life. All business must be done in the six summer-months, for in winter, river-navigation is closed by ice. I looked in at a booksellers' shop to supply one or two wants. The young man who kept it told me he had been two years with Tickuor and Fields, Boston, to learn his business. His stock of books was English in *origin* if not in publication. Many copies of Shakespeare are called for (the 1s. edition) and the Queen's Journal is to be had for 1s. 3d. A rough countryman in home-spun garments came in to purchase little illustrated cards for Sunday Schools, and as he turned them over in his large labour-embrowned hands, we awarded him Tennyson's palm of renown:—"Kind hearts are more than coronets." As an instance of routine, I was told that only the best writing-paper was enquired for, and that by the officers in garrison, and the Government officials, to the latter of whom it cost nothing. I found capital horses here, as you might expect to do in a region where there is no rail, where road and river are the only pathways of locomotion.

It was my plan to penetrate through the heart of New Brunswick, and to strike the St. Lawrence at Revière du Loup; in fact to follow the route taken by the British troops in 1862. The river is sometimes navigable in flat-bottomed boats as far as Grand Falls, but as the waters were low this summer, our steamer could go no higher than Woodstock, sixty-five miles above Fredericton. The "Gazelle" was a primitive vessel in construction, very different to the steamers running on the lower part of the river. At intervals her bow was turned to the shore to take on board a load of wood for her furnace. The burning logs of oak and maple kept the steam in her boilers at a pressure of 95lbs. per inch, and from this in turn there went forth life and power to her groaning engine. She had neither screw nor side-wheel, but was propelled by a curious paddle at the stern. We embarked in the cool of the morning. But soon the sun rose, and there followed one of the hottest days I ever remember. The banks of the river were high and covered with endless forests; most of the way from Tobique the St. John runs through a succession of gorges. In some lonely spot, where the banks relaxed their steepness, our captain would run his vessel close to the shingle, here embarking a passenger, there landing a cargo of stores. At mid-day we pass the rapids. The river falls here a great deal; you can see the slope of the waters with the naked eye. A bar of granite runs across beneath. Government have expended large sums of money in reducing the obstruction by blasting, but sufficient remains to tease the passing waters into constant anger. Flat-bottomed boats of light draft, now pass up regularly.

The scenery is constantly changing. Now the river is dotted with wooded islands; now immense rafts of timber come floating down the stream. Some are dropping down

gently with the current; others more intent on progress have hoisted a sail. Upon all the larger rafts are pitched the lumberers' tents, for the deck of lashed-timbers is for the time-being their home. Then we are on the watch for the mouth of the "Narrows," on the western side, where a large river is compressed, as it were "multum in parvo" at the outlet. Through a straightened passage of rocks, it tumbles its waters, all foam and fury, into the St. John. Then the scene changed again. In a region which resembles the Scottish Highlands, I was shown the grave of General Armstrong and his wife, who have won a "nom celèbre" as pioneer-settlers. Forests extend as far as the eye can reach, but their reign is no longer undisputed. The hand of man is against them; farmsteads and "clearings" attest his growing victories year by year. At Woodstock I leave the water for a while, with a feeling, that taken all in all, there is no where in the world finer river-scenery than the St. John.

My stopping-point is a quiet little town, only a few miles from the Maine-frontier. The people are like the Yankees in talk, sharpness and manners. Running back from the river, on both sides, there is excellent farming-land to be won from the wilderness. What has been already achieved in the struggle, points to what may yet be accomplished. In the lower parts of the province fair cleared-land may be bought for £1 per acre. I spent some time with a kind farmer above Woodstock. His grandfather was one of the *Loyalists* who came from the United States to New Brunswick in the American Revolution. Rather than desert the old flag, he left his home, and faced the difficulties of a settler's life in the then forest-covered province. The good patriarch bequeathed his loyalty as an heirloom; for when my host saw the Prince of Wales, though the Prince was but a

boy, he felt that to die for him would be easy and light.

The good people of New Brunswick are complaining about what I believe to be a real grievance. They desired that the projected Intercolonial Railroad should run through their province from St. John to Revière du Loup, so as to open up their lands to emigration and to men of enterprise. But the Canadian Catholics voted to a man for its going round through the scattered French hamlets along the north shore, and the British Home-Government would not sanction a plan for the rail to pass so near the United States boundary. If carried through the south-east of New Brunswick it would be within thirty miles of the Maine-frontier. The railway is estimated to cost 15,000,000 dollars or £3,000,000. The money has already been wholely or in part raised under an Imperial guarantee. It will never pay more than working-expenses. Its mission, commercially, will be almost nil, and its principal use will be the conveyance of troops in winter from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Montreal. Along the North Shore, the engineers will find serious difficulties to be overcome in bridging the river and estuaries. The rail will pass through a district where the little commerce that there is (fishing) will from its nature, always be better and more economically discharged by ships. Putting this argument aside however, it seems to me the highest wisdom to throw over any petty jealousy against the United States, and so open up to emigration and trade a section of New Brunswick which is far more valuable and habitable than the cold, dreary North Shore.

To return to the question of farming in New Brunswick. It would pay well if the settlers would *only farm*, and not meddle with lumbering. The native-farmers have yet to learn to be persevering and economi-

ca' ; and to be careful to keep their cattle *warm* in winter. They should store up the manure, so that the melting-snow cannot carry it off. For this purpose they ought to construct tanks and manure-sheds for keeping it till spring. Scotch farmers who have settled here and there in the province, have by their attention to these points achieved success. In clearing forest-land for cultivation, the trees must be cut down, *not in winter*, for then the sap is in such a state that the stumps will sprout again ; whereas in cutting for lumber only, *winter*, the season of deep, hard snow is the time. Honey is plentiful in this province, and in the adjoining State of Maine. You often notice near the barns, a little wooden box placed at the top of a long pole. This dove-coat residence is the "home of the martins," which birds are strictly preserved in New Brunswick, the farmers considering them as their friends. Salmon-spearing by torch-light is one of the river-sports here, I saw it frequently on the higher waters of the St. John. The game is no less exciting from being noiseless. A pan of lighted pine-knots is placed in the bow of the canoe to attract the fish. If the salmon runs *from* the boat, you have a good chance to spear it ; if *toward* the boat, it is often too sharp for the harpooner to catch it. The season for salmon-catching is now restricted by law to certain months in the year.

I missed the stage at Woodstock and was obliged to continue my journey in the best way I could. I left the supper-table at the Cable House to step into a very non-descript vehicle. The night was cold, the roads bad, and our course lay through gloomy woods. Some of my fellow-travellers began recounting deeds of robbery and crime, and telling ghost-stories :—themes *so very appropriate*. A nervous old party appealed to me with a hope that my revolver was kept at the "ready." By and

by the prattle ceased; a kind-hearted woodsman gave up one of his rugs to me, and I made myself more comfortable; but in our jolting and constrained position, sleep was out of the question. At Florenceville we stayed for a short time to feed the horses. A party of rough men came in to liquor. I was afraid of our driver becoming "half-seas over," but he seemed to know to a thimble-full how much was good for him, and then he laid down on the floor and went to sleep. I roused him after awhile, and we continued our journey. At day-break, dense mists rested like showers of smoke on the hill-tops. It was a fine sight to watch them gradually scattered by the sun's rays.

My night-ride terminated at Tobique. This secluded hamlet takes its name from a river which here enters the St. John. It has a dual name; those who prefer English to Indian nomenclature, call it Andover. There could not well be a greater contrast than this little town among the mountains, and its namesake in Buckinghamshire. I bore a letter of introduction to a gentleman who resides here. His duties as Senator necessitate a frequent sojourn near the Parliament-Palace at Ottawa, but when official cares permit, he hastens home to his lake-land villa. Memory unrolls a page of never-dying history; carrying us back to the English parent-town. I see its representative stepping forth as the champion of liberty, fearless of prison or fine. His pleading fails to move an ill-starred king. Then he dons a helm and girds on a sword; and on the battle-field gains a martyr's crown. John Hampden has long been dead, but "he still speaketh" to the Anglo-Saxon nations. The spirit of the grand old Puritan is enshrined in every wave of freedom, waves which with varying intensity have rolled, *first* over every shire of Britain, and *from thence* with the

English tongue to the "uttermost parts of the earth." Andover is the "sesame," which opened to me r iberty-"vision" in the wilds of New Brunswick. If I mistake not, Americans and Provincials spend their lives in adding to the strength of Hampden's motto, "nulla vestigia retrorsum."

At breakfast, in a very humble room of the rough tavern, I met a frank young Englishman and his wife. The conversation turned upon India, in which country he had resided for twelve years. He enquired after Governor Wilmot and the British troops in Halifax and St. John. We went out for a stroll by the river-side; then I found that my pleasant companions were Sir Henry and Lady Havelock. They had come in from Canada viâ Revière du Loup, bound on a little tour through the Province. Our roads were divergent, they going South, I North. After a pleasant chat we shook hands, and they entered a small birch-bark canoe. Seated on rugs, they seemed admirable exemplars of the roving habits of our country-men and country-women; he dressed in a suit of tweed, she in a gipsey straw-hat and linsey-dress for river and forest travel. "If I can be of service to you in Montreal when you visit it, I shall be glad," were Sir Henry's parting words. A couple of native boat-men would take them down the river to Woodstock, and land them there in the evening. The Tobique Indians are honest, intelligent fellows; I am told that they are to be trusted anywhere.

After seeing the canoe off down the river, our driver, a good-hearted Canadian, drove Kirkpatrick, the woodsman and myself in an open-waggon through the forests, over the hills to Grand Falls. A little distance from the glen of Tobique we come in sight of the Aroostook, a tributary of the St. John. Solitude reigned upon its

banks, enlivened only by the flight of river-fowl, and the defiant croak of the wild-goose. Across the stream, at intervals, are placed piers of wood. They are secured in their places by the pressure of cradles loaded with stones. To these piers a boom is anchored. This arrests the downward progress of logs of timber which are thrown into the stream higher-up by the lumberers. In the dam thus formed, the logs are lashed together and gathered into rafts. When the spring-freshets occur, the boom is cut, and the rafts set free to float down the broad river. At noon we stayed for a short time at a rough cabin on the hills. It was inhabited by a French-woman who had married an Indian husband. Poor exile from La Belle France! She could attempt but little of the display of her nation, beyond covering the plank-walls of the shanty with rough woodcuts from the old country.

Passing through a defile in the mountains, we entered a glen as secluded as fabled "Sleepy Hollow." No one would suspect the vicinity of a Spirit which never sleeps; yet when we look upon Grand Falls, we feel that in them dwells the Genius of Unrest. Down comes the roaring torrent, partly hidden in veils of mist which curl upward from the boiling maelstrom below. Onward still is the water-god's cry, as he leaps with Titan-force through a tortuous gorge of rocks, which are piled on edge as sharply as if man's hand had set them side by side. A little further and you see the whirlpool-eddies; where, in deep holes which have been scooped by centuries of flood, the treacherous waters are spinning webs of snare and pitfall. To them at least seems given the secret of perpetual motion. In Spring, the river flushed with innumerable runnels of melting snow rises twenty feet; then the scene is one of the wildest kind. The lumberers come down in hundreds to pilot their treasures

of timber over the Falls into quiet waters again. It is a dangerous time. The banks and rocks swarm with active men, all innured to feats of daring. Armed with long poles to guide the passage of the logs, they emulate each other in acts of hardihood and skill. To touch only with the tip of their poles, a floating trunk as it circles under the Falls, or near the whirlpools, is the seal of instant death to the holder, so great is the force and power of the torrent. If a stick of timber but grazes the rock ever so slightly, the collision dashes the hard oak or walnut into a thousand splinters. Kirkpatrick told me of a thrilling scene which he witnessed here last year. A man fell into the torrent, but was saved by a fellow-lumberer. His rescuer was a French Canadian, who with marvellous courage jumped in after his comrade. Seizing him, both were providentially floated into a quiet cove, whence the strong arms of their fellows completed their deliverance. It was a noble deed, upon which few men would have ventured. The drama occupied but a few seconds of time, yet those moments were charged with the life or death of the brave actors.

Dividing the St. John, and splitting in twain the waters of the Falls, is a sharp, jagged rock, weather-beaten and black with storms. Tradition invests it with a melancholy history. In early-times a party of Indians going up the country, came to the west-bank of the St. John, some miles below the Falls. They sent the squaws over the stream, telling them to light fires at night to mark their camp. They did so. The returning hunters, floating down the river in their canoes, took the camp-lights as beacons. Before either squaws or hunters found out the terrible mistake, the canoes had been sucked into the vortex, and drifted to destruction, with their freight of seventy or eighty men. It is said that a dog once came over the

Falls alive, but it was found to have become quite deaf. The stream is spanned by a graceful suspension-bridge. The structure is elastic and springs under the foot. It is built almost entirely of timber, and contains as few particles of iron as may be. This triumph of engineering in wood was tested by a heavily-loaded waggon drawn over it with ropes. It seems as sound and firm as ever after its eight years of existence, having been completed in 1860. A suspension-bridge with iron beams under the roadway, preceded the present work, but they who planned it miscalculated the resisting-power of metal in this region of extreme temperatures. One frosty morning a team was sharply driven upon it, the beams cracked, and the whole mass, animate and inanimate, was buried in the chaldron below. You return again and again to look on the Falls, sight and sound preaching to you a grand natural-sermon, ever speaking of the great Creator.

I was delivered into Mr. Thompson's care with strict injunctions to treat me well as an Englishman. No where in British North America was I more comfortably and hospitably entertained than at the little out-of-the-world village of Grand Falls. I found that my pleasant Tobique acquaintances had visited it on their way down. Here, at Little Falls, and in Canada, he who bore Havelock's name seemed to have won golden opinions; and to be invested with an inheritance of that tender respect which the British public accords to the hero of Lucknow. In the evening the master of the Grammar-school came into my parlour for a chat about the "old country" he so longed to visit. He receives about £80 per ann. from Government and a similar amount from the fees of his scholars.

The St. John now becomes the boundary-line between the United States and New Brunswick. At Little Falls

it sweeps away to the westward towards its secret-springs; for its birth-place lies amid the forests of Maine. Under its Indian name of Waloostook it gathers feeders from the lakes and tributaries from the hills, until it bursts into British territory, a full-grown river.

I leave this beautiful stream with the feelings of a Switzer when he leads his cattle from summer-pastures to valleys below; with the regret of a Norwegian herdsman, as in autumn he turns away from the bright "seater" among the mountains. Swiss and Norseman hope to see again with returning summer, Alpine-peak and Sulitelma-slope. They will lead forth their flocks once more to green oases amid the hills. Their song is,

wir kommen wieder,
Wenn der Kuckuk ruft, wenn erwachen die Lieder
Wenn mit Blumen die Erde sich kleidet neu,
Wenn die Brünnlein fliesen im lieblichen Mai.

Ours is a long farewell. I can never dream of seeing the St. John again. Its glory and beauty are stamped upon my memory well nigh as indelibly as the name of the French fortress upon the English monarch's heart. I say with Schiller's herdsman, "der Sommer ist hin," but it has left behind an autumn of golden reflections:—

Images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

# CAMPED WITH THE LUMBERERS.

I WAS now to see something of "life in the woods." Englishmen who have wandered through the New Forest in Hampshire, find themselves closed in with serried ranks of beech and ash, sycamore and elm, with the oak for king of trees. Taking your stand by Rufus's stone, or treading the glades of Richmond Park or Sherwood Chase you will witness a scene of woodland-glory, which *sui generis*, cannot be equalled in the world. I have seen in my own country, trees so old, so huge, so grand, that I had thought to find the compass-point from the stained lichens and mosses on their gnarled trunks. The American forest differs from the English; it is cast in a mould peculiarly its own. In the New World the pine is king. You may call him white or red, yellow or grey, spruce or hemlock; you may even dignify him by the names of cedar, silver fir or balm of Gilead, but he is *abies* or *pinus* still. He has a numerous train of followers. Oak and ash, walnut and basswood, tamarac and cherry, bird's-eye maple and beech, elms of rock and swamp, butternut and birch, whitewood and hickory, poplar and gum, alder and moose-missa flourish around him. They yield precedence however to the ubiquitous tree which lays the line of forest architecture, and turns the arches of leafy cathedrals. He always keeps his dignity. When his proudest followers grow faint by the way side, and change color before the nipping

breath of winter, he holds on his way rejoicing. He wears his colors summer and winter, as tenaciously as the Sultan guards the sacred standard of the prophet; as proudly as Vich Alpine cherished his ever-green emblem.

With Kirkpatrick for guide and companion, I passed into the forest. Looking upon the hemlocks, I understood the poet's description, "bearded with moss," and his likening them to Druids and harpers of olden time. In the woods I learned to bind round my head the leaves of wild pennyroyal, for its smell keeps off the vile mosquitoes in glade and swamp. I dived into wood-craft secrets and saw how the sable is trapped. It is a gregarious animal, moving about in troops, and shifting its feeding-grounds very often, still if it comes near the snare which cunning old hunters have baited with squirrel, it is pretty sure to fall a prey. Many of us have seen a beaver at the Zoological Gardens, as much out of its element on land, as a "fish out of water." A beaver-dam is as interesting a study as a bee-hive, teaching us a lesson of industry, order and social government. But the little furriers are allowed no peace or protection by man. Their numbers are constantly diminishing, as the trapper wages subtle warfare against them. They are allured to prison and death with decoys of alder and poplar branches, so successfully, that you will hardly find a real beaver-colony nearer than the wild lakes of the Gatineau or the meres of Minnesota.

It is now forbidden by law in New Brunswick to track moose in winter on snow-shoes, but they are hunted in summer by means of a call-cry. You roll a piece of birch-bark into a horn or trumpet and blow through it—at the sound the male moose will come from any distance, crushing through the woods, thinking it is the female. The hunter must be on the alert, for his quarry is terribly

angry and dangerous when he finds himself deceived. We sat on the grass one sunny autumn evening watching a fish-hawk. Now on the wing, uttering a shrill cry, now swooping down like a cannon-ball for his prey in the stream, now rising with a fine salmon-trout in his beak and making off into the woods. Many a time we speculated on the result of his ventures, saying, "he has it" or "he has missed it." Then we turned to observe the success of an enthusiastic owl-hunter; we need not have doubted his skill, for when he fired it was certain death to a round-eyed bird of night.

We found a lumberers' camp upon the margin of the stream. The men were engaged in their autumn work of hauling stores up the river to the place of winter-encampment. They have a hard time of it, for the boats are heavily loaded, and the journey is all "up stream;" the current is *against* them, not *for them*, as in the downward voyage. Their life is a very hard one. They live in tents or rough shanties in the woods from September to May, and spend six days out of the seven in chopping down trees, and dragging them with horses or oxen to the river.

When the snow melts, they leave the forest to bring their timber down the rivers. They have often to stand in the ice-chilled waters in spring to get the logs off some rock or projecting bank, and, as we have seen at Grand Falls, they are liable to be lost in the rapids. Fifteen or twenty lives are yearly sacrificed in this manner on the Ottawa, and no doubt on other rivers also. Yet this wild life acquires a fascination for them, and they seldom change their vocation. They are generous and reckless like sailors, seldom married, but having a strong "esprit de corps" among themselves. The chills of spring, winter's biting fangs and summer heats tell upon

the strongest constitution. At forty to forty-five, when they ought to be in the prime of life, they begin to break up with rheumatism, and to suffer from the "black scurvy." The mournful remark "how rarely we see an old sailor," is equally applicable to the class of men who are lumberers.

Kirkpatrick himself, after nineteen years of life in the woods, had been seized with scurvy in the head and failing eye-sight, but more fortunate than many of his companions, he had obtained a cure. He placed himself under an old female Æsculapius of the backwoods, who treated her patient in the following singular manner. For seven weeks he lived on *raw potatoes sliced*, and as much white rum, (or rum and water mixed in equal proportions) as he could take. Then she covered his head and neck with a strong mustard plaster; it took all the skin off; but she renewed the application with a fresh one for ten minutes, and the blood came streaming down his neck. Finally she placed on the raw flesh green cabbage leaves, and in a very short time her patient felt the dimness going off, and soon he could see as well as ever. On his neck *grey hairs* then grew. There was an originality about the old woman's treatment, which struck me forcibly. In New England, a cure of quite a different kind came under my notice. It was as follows. At Yale picture-gallery the old man in attendance showed me his hand. A cancer half an inch high and the size of a silver dollar had formed upon his palm. He had it burnt off by means of the sun's rays acting through a lens ten inches in diameter. The flesh blazed and he suffered acute pain, but endured two-thirds of the operation (in all one hour) without chloroform. The doctor who treated him had been studying the question for forty years. Best of all, the injured hand seemed getting well rapidly.

Kirkpatrick was the foreman or captain of a gang of seventy men, and he was on his way up country to form the winter camp. We have heard of the large consumption of tea among Australian shepherds and stockmen; and coming nearer home it is reported that the women of Shetland are equally fond of it. The latter are so prodigal in its use, as to pay as much in duty upon tea, as the rent received by the proprietors of the Islands. Lumberers in British North America are equally great at "tea-drinking," for a very good reason, they cannot obtain spirits in the woods. Unfortunately many of them forget their temperance habits when they come into the towns in autumn; like Jack ashore, they must have a "bit spree," when they have opportunity. I was told by the captain of a gang of 170 lumberers, that his employers had begun to send out tea from England in preference to buying it in the United States. "No market in the world," says he "can be depended upon for tea but London." The British merchants were earliest in the field in the China trade, and they then organized a system of having *tasting officers*. This gave them a superiority which they have kept, in the face of much competition from the merchants of the United States. In the camp of my informant, 80 lbs. English tea were found equal to 180 lbs. of United States importing, and the smaller quantity made the best beverage.

With Mr. C. the manager for a large British firm in the lumber trade, I had a long chat. He told me that his father had been agent for the Marquis of Braedalbane in far away Scotland. It seemed strange to find ourselves talking about old country scenes in the backwoods of New Brunswick. Mr. C. remarked that at the time Sir Walter Scott wrote his beautiful description of Melrose, he had never seen the abbey by *moonlight*. The great complaint among woodsmen now, is the difficulty of

obtaining timber of *first growth*. The British firm alluded to, paid 20,000 dollars last year to the United States for lumber dues in Maine, and their manager left us in the morning in a canoe, bound for the head waters of the St. John to prospect for more spoil. Trees of second growth are of course inferior in size, and the wood when cut up is found full of knots. The planks have a "glassy" surface, into which white paint will not sink, but shells off. Speaking of paint reminds me that it is a very important article of commerce, seeing that every frame-house in the land aspires to receive an annual coat. Zinc is now largely used for this purpose. It is a beautiful color at first, almost white as snow, and has no smell, but it is not so durable as white lead.

Kirkpatrick took me to a farm house in a distant clearing, to look at "the finest rug in the country." Its possessor had been seventeen years in accumulating materials for it, and had himself tanned the skins with an infusion of wild sumach leaves. His daughter Lucelle brought out the treasure for my inspection. It was a piece of mosaic-work in skins—black and white, red and grey, brown and tortoise-shell all mingled together like squares on a chess-board. I was desired to guess what animals had contributed their winter coats to the sampler, and after many unsuccessful attempts, I was enlightened by the word "chat." It was true enough—the rug was entirely composed of the skins of wild cats, which had been shot in the woods.

During the long winter months there are few visitors at a lumberers' camp. Now and then a trapper will pass by, taking a meal and sharing a blanket for one night with the exiles. If a minister, like the enthusiast of the American backwoods, ever penetrates into the forest, his preaching will be literally "as the voice of one crying

in the wilderness." Occasionally a priest finds his way into camp, to receive the confessions of such rough men as have any to make, and also to levy subscriptions upon his Catholic flock for the new church of St. Denis, or for the restoration of the Convent of "Our Lady of the Holy Heart."

A brotherhood of ascetic men had come out into the woods near Little Falls, and established a monastery. Their rudely fashioned house of logs is a burlesque upon the strong-boxes of stone and mortar, in which their co-religionists had established themselves in England and Scotland when Henry the Eighth and John Knox began to disturb them. The blasts of winter enter the dwelling in full force through open chinks in the walls, and the poor monks shiver and turn blue with cold. You would think this punishment to be penance in full; surely they might strike a balance sheet thus, Dr., vows of humiliation.—Cr., the patient endurance of an Arctic winter. But no, they must eat no meat, they must drink no milk, they must live only upon vegetables. The nine devotees who compose the order of brotherhood, have bound themselves, jointly and severally, as the lawyers say, to speak only one at once. During the hour given up to brother A, B and his seven comrades may not reply orally to questions. Signs are their only refuge, until the sun-dial shall have marked the death of one cycle and the commencement of another, when B, and in turn C, shall become the Demosthenes of the camp. One of them was felling a tree in the woods, with his head hooded in linen on a bitterly cold day, but to Kirkpatrick's humane suggestions he could only reply by signs. Poor men, they believe they are in the path of duty, as sincerely as the suttee on the funeral pyre, or the victim of Jaggernaut's car.

# ACROSS THE BORDERS.

AT Grand Falls we leave behind us the Saxon settlements. We pass into the country of Madawaska. Joined to it are the districts of Restigouche, Bonaventure, Rimouski, Temiscouata and Gaspé, which with that portion of Canada extending from Rivière du Loup to Quebec and Montreal, were all originally settled by French emigrants. Qualify the Gallic title with "Canadian," and you have a description of the people of to-day.

"Can you speak French" said my driver, as we stopped at the open door of a shanty ten miles from Grand Falls? I stepped inside, and used the "sesame" of native language with success. The good dame quickly produced a bowl of milk for myself, and a mug of brown cream for John Hart, whom I had noticed turning his eyes lovingly to a corner of the hut, where stood a demi-john of rum. I petted *le petit enfant* in its cradle, and quietly mastered the details of the homely scene. The house was a rough, barn-like structure, made of trunks of trees notched into each other at the corners. Constructers of shanties become well versed in the art of building "four-square." There were few partitions within; the routine of domestic economy is performed in one general room: eating, washing, cooking and sleeping all take place near a common centre. On a fine day the housewife carries kits and pans into the more roomy and sweeter kitchen of the

open air. She bakes the family store of bread in a mud oven, in the same *al fresco* style. In close proximity to the shanty are old-fashioned barns and cow-houses. Amongst the scanty furniture of the house, a spinning wheel holds rank. By means of it, the women work up flax and wool into yarn. This in turn is woven into rough fabrics, from which the shirts and dresses worn by the family are manufactured. At my special request a distaff and wheel were brought out from their hiding-place. They had been part of the household goods of some ancestral emigrant from France. The sight of such antiquities carried us back a long while in the stream of time. We were minded of the Roman matron,—who,

* * as she plied the distaff,
In a sweet voice and low,
* * sang of great old houses,
And fights fought long ago.

Some of the young women still wear the Cotentin lace caps, and kirtles such as were common in Brittany in the reign of Henri Quatre. The people are very careless, yet merry and light-hearted, They will have more mirth and real enjoyment over a single bottle of rum, served out in homœopathic quantities at a feast, than a Scotchman would derive from the acquisition of 20 dollars. The "habitants" as a race are small. They lack the physical development of the English Canadians. They have a pale, worn look, as if suffering from ill-health, yet they are cheerful, and rarely found wanting in hospitality to a stranger. They will give him food and the best accommodation their house affords, often putting themselves to discomfort the while. The people of the Maine-frontier, in the United States, are of the same stock and habits. They and the Madawaska people are all related by blood or marriage.

My driver told me that during the American War, a party of Confederate prisoners, (who had escaped from their guards,) came down from Canada through Madawaska, to St. John, *en route* for Halifax. As they passed along the road, on British ground, they could see United States' territory, (for Maine lay over the river); they wished to make a raid over, and burn some of the Yankee villages as they called them, but they were restrained by fear of British law.

As we pass way-side clearings, I notice fields of oats, barley, potatoes and flax, with large patches of buckwheat, and a great number of hogs about the homesteads. The women toil in the fields and acquire a wan, withered look, but they are very kind and polite. I dined at a French house on soup and barley bread, and after a short siesta pushed on again. In the afternoon we passed over Green River, so called from the tint of its waters, which are said to take their color from the strata of bed and banks through which they flow. The road winds through densely wooded valleys, some point of vantage now and then affording us a glimpse of Blue Belle Hill, and far away Green River Mountain. We met his "reverence" the priest driving out in his gig. Seeing John returning his salute in a very respectful manner, I made the remark, "If the priest does his duty and visits his flock who are scattered over a large parish, he must lead a hard and self-denying life." "Hard life, indeed," said John in strong language, "how is it that priests always grow so fat? I tell you they take precious good care to live well and do little." We are accustomed to lay the charge of frog-eating at the doors of our French neighbours, but it is a *procès* with which Canadians would also stand indicted. You may enjoy a dish of *grenouille verte* at Quebec as well as in Paris. The hind legs only are eaten, and are esteemed a delicacy. Persons who

fatten the little jumpers for market, are said to do well out of the occupation in a commercial point of view.

We drove past the rapids where the Madawaska after flowing down from its birth-place near Eagle Lake, tumbles its waters into the St. John. In the hamlet of Little Falls I came in for an excellent supper of buckwheat pancakes served with molasses, Indian corn cakes, strawberries sweetened with maple sugar, and a dish of cream. I called upon Mr. H. the owner of the only store in the village, to ask a question about the mails. He gave me the desired information, and then observing that I was an Englishman, offered to show me the points of interest round Little Falls. Meanwhile "would I walk in his garden and help myself to some fruit, or would I rest in his house until he could leave the store to accompany me." I gladly availed myself of his kindness. His store seemed to supply all the miscellaneous wants of the people; his stock ranged from a button or a pin, to a cart wheel or a pair of sledge runners. Small as is the hamlet, it is a great centre for trade. The predecessor and brother-in-law of Mr. H. realised a handsome fortune here.

In 1839-40 the British Government built a strong stockade on a hill overlooking the Falls. Danger was brewing between the United States and England, about the question of boundaries, and war seemed imminent. The dispute was amicably settled in 1842 by the Ashburton treaty; America ceding certain lands on the Maine frontier to New Brunswick, and England surrendering some territory south of Lake Champlain and also certain fishing rights. Then the British troops were removed from Little Falls, and the stockade has been untenanted since. It was an easy thing to climb up on to the ruined walls, to look from their elevation upon the country

round, and then the question, how to descend, became serious. However, with a little timely help and a plank, the retreat was safely accomplished. The people of western Maine and eastern New Brunswick are so assimilated in manners and relationships, that small coins of the United States' mint are freely taken here at par, whereas, in other parts of the Dominion they are only accepted at a discount.

I wished to catch the St. Lawrence steamer, and was therefore obliged to continue the journey by night. My honest driver John Hart spread some buffalo rugs for me in his wagon, yoked his French horses, and drove off into the darkness. We soon crossed the New Brunswick Boundary and entered Canada. From the point where the two provinces intersect each other, a capital road has been formed to Rivière du Loup. It was constructed by Government, and 400 or 500 men were employed upon it for several years. In one part an extensive bog is crossed. The difficulties of this uncertain ground were overcome by laying across the swamp a substratum of cedar boughs, upon which the road is formed. On each side, shaking plants and trembling grasses indicate the treacherous nature of the adjoining ground. We halted for an hour at a farm-house on the margin of Lake Temiscouata, (pronounced *Tomisquati*,) close by an old wooden block-house which once served the settlers well against Indian raids. This species of rude fortress, once so common in the Province, is now seldom seen.

After our night-dour we came up to breakfast at Le Bells—a French house thirty-six miles from the St. Lawrence. The host comes in smiling, to report that his name and mine are the same except the "Le." The last stage of this memorable overland journey is now entered upon. For many miles we ride almost continuously

through forest-lands; occasionally sighting the tin covered spire of a Catholic church, or a small cluster of cabins. The houses of the "habitants" are small and rude, the implements of husbandry clumsy and heavy. Worst of all, the education of the people is at a low ebb. A few convents offer means of instruction to a limited circle, but as a rule the children grow up "very dark" in matters of learning. Parents seem careless on the subject, and though there are good Protestant schools in the Province of Quebec, they as Catholics, very naturally forbid their children attending them.

There is no hiding the truth that the French settlements are far behind the British sections in enterprise. Observing men tell us that the renown of La France itself is only upheld in these days, by a fusion of Teuton with Gallic blood. Schneider, the President of the Corps Legislatif; and the great champagne merchants are men of mixed race. If the Empire can only be saved from abroad, how much more the Dominion of New France? We are accustomed to regard the land laws in England with disfavour because of their restrictive tendency. Among the "habitants" of Canada, the law is allowed to run to the other extreme in laxity. The young folks marry early; the girls at fifteen, the men at nineteen. The father divides and sub-divides his land, until the holding of each is reduced to a cottier's portion. The Anglo-Saxon or the Scotchman pushes into new fields of labour, to win an inheritance that shall not be a subdivision, but an equal one with his father. We are very tolerant of all religions, but we are bound to say that in our opinion, the priest must go out and the free Bible be brought in, before Canada East will take its place abreast of the Canada of the Saxons.

A bright little town smiles upon us at our journey's end. On the banks of Rivière du Loup stands a settlement of the same name. A glance shows you the trim houses girded by verandahs, the dainty ways and the French parlance of the people. The oldest dwellers' great, great grandfathers in the second degree, called the stream Wolf's River, but now you will find no wolf nearer than Anticosti, or the wilds of Labrador. I part with kind-hearted Hart at the pier on the Bay. His horses had carried us 81 miles in 19 hours, with four hours only allowed for food and rest. I never expect to hear of such a feat of equine endurance on this side of the Atlantic. I remember that Stuart's cavalry once made a raid into Maryland, riding their ponies 80 miles in 24 hours. I could not credit it then—now I believe it.

A hamlet of wooden houses has sprung up on the bank of the St. Lawrence near Rivière du Loup. It is called Cacouna, and already it has won a celebrity of its own as a place of summer resort. Cool nights are the secret of its attraction. It is fronted across the river by the gorge of the Saguenay, down which, as through a huge air-pipe are transmitted reviving winds spiced with froideur in the regions of the Pole. When Quebec and Ottawa are glowing day and night with the heat of an oven, Cacouna offers a lower temperature by 15° or 20°, and guarantees cool nights. What wonder, that well to do Canadian families flock to a place where sleep is possible, where they can rejuvenate a worn constitution. They adopt a very sensible plan. Instead of being great at display and extravagance, each villa marina is famed for simplicity and comfort. Floors are carpetless; bedrooms are curtainless; a more kindly genius takes the place of luxury, health and sound sleep are blessings far more precious.

# CORUISK GLOOM.

AFLOAT on the St. Lawrence! Its patron saint, (if ever he existed,) would have joyed for such a river to bear his name. Eighty leagues from its mouth, the stream is twenty-six miles wide as the crow flies. From bank to bank is a greater distance across, than the strait which separates Dover from Calais. The steamer "Union" makes the passage in an hour and a half, and casts anchor at Tadoussac.

This little watering-place on the North shore, is almost as high in favor as Cacouna on the South. The arrival of the "Union" is an event in the daily routine of its summer life. You would think so, did you see the bevy of blooming ladies assembled on the landing-stage. Each one is on the watch to welcome father, husband or friend from the city. Beauty of Anglo-Saxon type is fairly strewn with darker brunettes of the lower province. Auburn hair and bright blue eyes mingle with raven tresses and black eyes. Not even the ladies of St. John can surpass in loveliness Tadoussac's summer visitors.

We step on shore for a ramble. The rocky region round seems the remnant of an unshaped world; a fossilised leaf of chaos. Huge mountains of granite, thrust out broad, white breasts amid green firs and purple stained rifts. You would think the Deluge traced those runes upon the rock. Perchance some Titan hurled those boulders from the mountain tops. Golden

samphire and pale tormentil are growing in yon crevice. Grey lichens, tinged with silver and violet, cling on the topmost crags. The scene wears a giant's angry frown, dimpled with an elfin smile. Were moss and leaf consumed, the gorge would be a Sinai. We may linger on the spot till sun-down. Peering for the Labrador stone in coves of shingle, which tiny though they are, the great sea never fails to visit morning and evening with its tides; or scrambling up the rocks for a coveted flower, the time goes by until the steamer's bell summons us on board. The sailors lighten their labours by singing songs of France, while inside, music and ballad join to enliven evening hours.

At midnight the "Union" enters the jaw of the pass. We liken the Saguenay's noon-day smile to Coruisk gloom;—its midnight leer is as Styx amid the "ever during dark" of Hades. Morning opens the ball with storms of thunder and lightening. The Spirit of solitude seems to hurl defiance at those who would penetrate her hidden places. Thunderbolt and fire-flash only add to the grandeur of a scene we have come so far to look upon. The artist at my side is delighted at such elemental conflict. Mr. Ince would hazard still more, to look upon his great Mistress Nature in all her moods. With Church, he would mount the Andes, and peer under the prismatic mist-bows of Niagara; with Kane, he would glide upon the ice-floes; with Herbert, climb the steeps of Sinai; with Agassiz, float by the water-lilies of the Amazon. His desire shall be partially granted. Within the coming thirty days he will gaze on many a glorious scene. He will watch grand sunsets, tipping the Laurentian Mountains; he will look upon crystal lakes and scenes of forest glory; he will

stand by the world's mightiest cataract. Then he will go home, with a heart brim-full of Nature; with photographs of the *real*, displacing the false in his "chambers of imagery."

The storm has expended its force. A rim of sun-light settles upon the waters of Ha Ha Bay. Now for a run on shore! We will peep into the domains of the Hudson's Bay Company. We have time for a hasty inspection of the trading-post. A long low building serves as store and reception-room. In spring, its stands are piled with peltries of sable and ermine, beaver and martens, which we would venture a good round sum to possess. Our visit was paid during the "latter days" of the Company's existence. It is now settled that the vast territory which they ruled, shall pass over to Canada. The old Charter of Stuart Kings must give way to the interests of the Dominion. In cabins round the Bay, dwell settlers, Scottish Highlanders and French Canadians, who accord to each other the rights and hospitalities of neighbourship. The steamer's bow is turned down the stream, the shelving shores recede, and there gradually opens before us a scene akin to the wildness of Skye—

> Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
> Nor aught of vegetative power the weary eye
> May ken, but all is rocks at random thrown,
> Black waves, bare crag, and banks of stone.

Perpendicular rocks rise on either side. You search their rugged slopes in vain for flower or bloom. Not even a blue fringed gentian can be seen. At a little distance the hills seem clad in black and purple, but as you draw nearer, they become green with moss, dwarf maples, and stunted firs. Cape Trinity towers 1,500 feet aloft, bare of vegetation; answering with a hundred echoes the

shriek of our whistle, and the roar of our carronade. Cape Eternity is not so high, and it is wooded to some extent. Our ship passes close in, near its granite face, almost touching the rock, yet safe from harm, the water is so deep. Going out at its mouth, feels like emerging from a pass in the mountains, or from a gloomy cavern.

How shall we rank this phenomenon of nature? It cannot be a river, for its bed is far deeper than the St. Lawrence into which it flows. Its waters struggle moodily at the entrance, before they will cast in their lot with floods that smell of brine. No eagle sails above its crags; no deer drinks from its stream. The seal goes down with sullen plunge, but no bottom will it find within the gloomy gorge. No frolicking rapids break its sombre way; no carolling current tells of gladsome life. The silvery sunshine never wins reflection from its inky waters. Its grandeur springs from death, not life. It is a fiord set within its bounds of mica-schist; an inland cavern meet for storm-carnival; a water-desert where heaven's artillery may expend its fury, and leave no sign. The Saguenay is Nature's Torso—having no murmur of life, no ripple of progress. The scenery is awfully grand, but as yet photographers have not found it worth while to picture for us every spot—the verdure-less slopes—the beetling cliffs of Eternity and Trinity. I often regretted that the wildest glens of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have not been copied by the artist. There is hope, however, for Mr. Henderson, of Montreal told me that he intended to start on a photographic mission to the provinces, as soon as he found a convenient season. Mr. Creemer, of Philadelphia remarked to me that few photographs of American scenery are so good as those of Paris and Scotland. He accounted for this by saying, that the light in America is drier and harder, not

so subdued as in England and on the Continent.

Sunsets in North Eastern America are unrivalled in splendour. Not even the Mediterranean can wrest this palm of honor from the St. Lawrence. We gazed upon such an one to-night. The sun had shone brightly, but in yon gloomy pass, his light was fitful, his rays were feeble. We have been exiles from his noon-tide radiance, he offers the *amende honorable* in an evening glory. He bends a bow of silver and fringes it with green; he trims a fire-lamp and feeds the flame with brands of orange, gold and saffron: he dapples the sky with myriad roses, pink and crimson blending; he folds a cloud of grey and sets it as a curtain, then rolls aside the veil and paints the heavens with blue. You see no bar of difference stretched from arch to arch; the dimpled union of the prism reigns from dome to dome. Upon the dead green hills he lays a mantle of maroon, while in the gleaming ocean mirror at our feet, serrated mountains are reflected. We see a twin Laurentian range,—sierras tipped with golden brown upon the mainland—tinged with silver in the river. Night falls upon the scene; winds from a polar circle moan among the hills; and our anchor is cast in Murray Bay.

At Tadoussac there was a frantic rush of passengers on board. Every corner of the ship was full. Scores of ladies, unable to obtain berths, were compelled to form a night encampment in the saloon. With all its discomforts of over-crowding, however, our up-stream journey came to an end. Morning dawns with eastern splendour. Sensations of unrest vanish as we hasten on deck to revel in visions of the rising monarch's handiwork. His advent has roused the habitant villages into life. Each convent's vane is tipped with a pencil of light; each church

spire with a culm of silver. Light and shadow play at hide and seek among the Isle of Orleans' glades. Montmorency's waters seem a flashing thread in the distance. Along the Southern Shore are strewn house and barn and church of many a French hamlet. Whither are we bound upon this stream of streams? The goal is in front of us, a bright and shining mass. But we will first tell of others who have sailed upon these waters.

In 1534 Jacques Cartier reached Gaspé Bay, where he landed, and erecting a rude cross bearing a shield with the *fleurs de lys* of France, took possession of the country in the name of his king. The following year he sailed up the river, with his three small ships, and anchored under the shadow of Cape Diamond. Leaving two of the vessels there, in the other he ascended the stream as far as the island on which Montreal now stands. Here and there he found an Indian village, but the Iroquois and Huron warriors who dwelt in them, had never before seen a pale-face. He attempted to go further to the Westward, but the rapids barred his advance. Cartier went home, and the regions of New France, were left to primeval solitude for three quarters of a century.

Then dawned an era of enterprise. A decade before British emigrants began felling the Virginian forest at Jamestown, or the Mayflower landed its pilgrims on Plymouth Sands, a French expedition had sailed for the St. Lawrence. Its object was colonization, its leader Samuel de Champlain. In the summer of 1608 the adventurers sighted a rocky rampart above the Isle of Orleans, and are said to have exclaimed *Que bec*, what a beak! It was the place where their predecessor the Bréton navigator had halted—the hill on which now stands Quebec. The Governor hoisted his standard on

shore, and his companions set about founding a new city for the Bourbon Kings. For one hundred and thirty years, with a slight intermission the national oriflamme of its founders floated peacefully over the colony. Champlain passed down the Richlieu River into the wilderness of New York, and discovered the beautiful lake that bears his name. Troops of *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* paddled up the rivers, and ranged the forests for the precious spoils to be found there. Bands of Jesuits followed, and sometimes heralded, these hardy hunters, setting up their mission-tents by the roar of Niagara, and in the wilds of Mississippi and Minnesota. They struggled with the zeal of enthusiasts against the dangers of the wilderness. They braved the fangs of wild beasts; the perils of rapids; the pangs of hunger, and the *auto-da-fé* of burning prairies, to implant their faith in the hearts of the red men—to gather another Province into the fold of the Church.

Emigrants came in thousands, bringing with them the manners of old France. The pioneers of Massachusetts were not more true to Puritan belief, than the transplanted men of Brittany and Normandy to their service of mass and candle. Along the river rose their settlements; in every hamlet a church spire and an abbé—in every town a convent. A cluster of villages scattered along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and nestling round Quebec, became Canada; no longer *Aca-nada,* (the natives' term for "nothing here,") or *Kanata,* (signifying in Iroquois language, "a collection of huts,") but the dear Conodo of the settlers—a gem of price in the French Crown. From thence Montcalm marched to the massacre of William Henry; from the neighbouring province of Acadie, men of French blood carried relief to their countrymen at Beau Séjeur.

Well drilled into the observance of saints' days and festivals, in the old land of their childhood, they would record these great things of their Church for all time. St. Anne and St. Marie found elegy in sparkling waterfalls, Peter and John in lovely lakes; Lawrence and Maurice in noble rivers; Hilaire, Hyacinthe, Augustine and a hundred others, in "habitant" villages. Where Saints' days are many, workers are few. French Canada was an example of this. The British Transatlantic colonies had increased to 1,300,000 inhabitants, while New France lingered behind with 60,000. A few pioneers had gone up the Ottawa, rough cabins clustered round Fort Fontenae, Detroit bosted a trading post; but Canada West was scarcely explored, wild fowl had undisturbed possession of Toronto Bay. At Montreal and at Trois Rivières, small towns had been founded, but Quebec was the foremost city. It was the Paris of New France.

Another race appeared upon the scene. In the summer of 1759 a British fleet sailed up the St. Lawrence. For two months it failed to accomplish any results. The flag of France still floated from the ramparts of Quebec. A subordinate soldier suggested to General Wolfe a plan for taking the fortress by surprise. It was approved. On a star-light night at the commencement of Indian summer, the English troops in flat-bottomed boats were conveyed past the jutting promontory of Cape Diamond. All was still. The sailors rowed with muffled oars. None spoke but Wolfe, who repeated to his officers some verses of "Gray's Elegy," observing, "Now gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

I have stood on the shingle of the cove where they landed. You would think there was no pass from below,

the crags are so steep and sharp! Such rocks are climbed by Chamois hunters in the Alps. The sailors dragged up a small cannon with ropes. The Highlanders led the way. They grasped hold of the roots of willow and alder, swung themselves up on to the plateau, and surprised the French sentinels before they could give an alarm. Quebec fell that day. The table-land of Abraham's plains became the anvil on which was struck the military fame of two commanders. It became also the place of death. Wolfe and Montcalm perished, stricken down on the field of battle. The dying Englishman heard the cry "they run," and knew even in the moment of death, that victory remained with his troops. St. George's banner displaced the Eagle of France, and it hangs there now. No people were ever better treated by their conquerors than the Canadians. Private property was respected, and religious toleration became the law of the land. The fruit of this lenience, has been the ripening of a harvest of loyalty to the Crown of Great Britain. As in all free States, there are some unsettled spirits longing for change; there have been in Canada, *émeutes* and dissatisfaction, but the people as a body, have never swerved from their loyalty.

We must roll history of the past, round a flag-staff of the past and lay it by, for our ship is coming near to Quebec. The city seems to wear a tinsel crown under the morning sun. Taking a lesson from those who built the palace at Milan, the people of Quebec have roofed their houses and spires with tin. This species of roofing is said to be far superior to shingles, for while the snow remains upon and would weigh down a wood roof, it glides off the tin and is no inconvenience.

The appearance of the city as seen from the river is singularly striking and picturesque. Out juts Cape

Diamond with its frowning fortifications. This famous promontory derives its name from quartz crystals which are found in its slopes. After a shower of rain they are easily seen, appearing like gems in a setting of dark brown rock. Anchored in the river is H. M. ship "Constance." Under the rock is a long, low craft whose early days were spent in "blocade running," I am told. It is now employed in the more honorable service of "Postal Steamer" to Gaspé Bay. Riding in the magnificent roadstead are fleets of merchant vessels. Their presence shows that Quebec is not only a fortress, but also a port of commerce. As a proof of the latter, I am told, (that in addition to the "grain fleet") 1,000 timber ships leave every year. We may land and explore the city.

# MEDIŒVAL AND MODERN.

THERE are few traces of antiquity in America. Yet standing on the wharf, by the old market-house in Quebec, I thought that I had stumbled upon something akin to mediœvalism. The first building in stone and mortar, erected on the Continent, was at Tadoussac; but more substantial remains are found at Quebec. On land won from the river, and on terraces rising from the water, stands the old or lower town. It is composed of houses and stores, à la Français of 250 years ago. The streets are narrow and tortuous, often with footways of planks. The French quarters are dirty, with gloomy houses, in which a variety of small trades are carried on. In 1866 a great fire swept away much of this part of the city. It was then built chiefly of wood, but now the structures are of stone. A pale-coloured brick is also much used for outside walls; it has an ornamental and clean appearance.

The ascent to the Upper Town is made by a steep, winding street through Prescott Gate. The citadel is no doubt the strongest military post on the American continent. It is sometimes called the Gibraltar of the New World. I was conducted over the fortress and through the trenches by a soldier of the 53rd Line, a young man from Kent. A square of granite was laid upon the parapet wall, by the Prince of Wales in 1860. Upon it is carved the Prince's crest of the "three ostrich feathers"

During summer, 1,000 soldiers compose the garrison, which is increased to 2,000 in winter. "Armstrong" guns and "Schneider" rifles are the arms in use here.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral is a large building, with a show of venerable pictures. You might imagine yourself standing within the aisles of that ancient structure at Rheims, in which Clovis was crowned. In the chapel adjoining are also many paintings of sacred scenes, well worthy of examination. My artist companion was delighted with them. In the stained glass windows we searched in vain for the primal tints of deep blue, intense ruby and vivid green which were known in the middle ages, but have since been lost. They are imitated very closely in France, but the manner of combining the exact tints has not been re-discovered. I was pleased with the architecture of the English Cathedral. Tradition marks its site, as the spot on which Champlain's tent was reared. In the Governor's garden stands the monument which Lord Dalhousie raised to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. Upon it is the following inscription :

WAR GAVE THEM A COMMON MANLY COURAGE,
DEATH GAVE THEM A COMMON GRAVE,
POSTERITY GIVES THEM A COMMON FAME.

I drove through the St. Louis Gate to the Plains of Abraham. A small obelisk marks the place where the English General was stricken down in battle. It tells its own story :—

HERE WOLFE DIED VICTORIOUS.

There are two other memorials of war-times to be visited. By the side of the Foye Road is a bronze monument erected in honour of the English and French soldiers who fell in 1759. At the foot of the Citadel stands a small tower marking the spot where the American army of

invasion in 1814 received its *coup de grace*. General Montgomery and many of his officers were killed by grape-shot from a single gun, fired from a masked battery by a Canadian artilleryman. The United States troops had crossed the St. Lawrence on the ice, to attack Quebec; but when the leaders fell, the rank and file were obliged to retreat.

This old French city can show as pleasant suburbs as any in England. There is a look of repose about many of the mansions, an indescribable something which reminds you of manor-houses in the old country. Spencer-Wood is approached by an avenue of majestic trees, the mansion itself is surrounded by ornamental flower-gardens. When the Governor-General can lay aside Dominion-cares for a little while, and retire to this pleasant home, he is one of the happiest of men. I paid a visit to Mount Hermon Cemetery, about three miles from the city. Its grounds slope precipitously to the noble river St. Lawrence. Their varied surface has been laid out in true landscape-garden style, by Major Douglas, an officer of engineers in the United States army. His skill had been previously shown in the planning of the famous Greenwood Cemetery, on Long Island. One of the Mount Hermon Monuments perpetuates a deed of heroism. "Lieutenant Henry Edward Baines, of Shrewsbury, England, lost his life at Quebec, in 1866, whilst helping to subdue the great fire."

Que fas et gloria dugunt.

I came away with a bouquet of blooming flowers, presented to me by the Scotch gardener-in-chief. Their beauty gladdened my room for two or three days; then they faded—fit emblems of the quiet necropolis whence they came.

Perhaps the greatest curiosity of Quebec remains to be noticed. It is the Canadian *calèche*. This antiquated carriage resembles a rocking-chair with arms, hung on leathern springs. Having *once* been jolted in this horse-cradle, you do not desire a repetition. In the evening Mr. Ince accompanied me on to the Battery Walk for a moonlight promenade. It was a singular scene. Citizens came forth by hundreds to catch a cool breeze from the river; the moon-beams seemed to enkindle rival beams as they glanced upon the roofs of tin. My companion likens this quaint Canadian city to Lisbon. Quebec is not making headway. It is said to be receding in population. It has no trade but its lumber, and the supplying of stores to the small hamlets along the river. French and English names are mixed,—to wit, French lawyers or *avocats*, and English booksellers. The language of the early settlers is more generally spoken than might be expected.

Winter came early upon the first colonists. They arrived in summer. They had barely time to uproot a tangle of wild-vines, to cut down trees and build their log-houses before snow began to fall. To this day the same extremes of temperature prevail. In June, July and August the dwellers on this rock have to endure life with the thermometer marking 90° to 103° in the shade, while from November to April the river is frozen over and the city smarts under Siberian cold. One of the most piteous complaints of the poorer people is, that wood for burning grows scarcer and dearer every year. As yet, coal from Nova Scotia is not freely imported; in fact it is almost unknown among the humbler classes.

There are not wanting the usual signs of a garrison-town. Scarlet uniforms are seen all over the city. At sunrise and at sunset a signal-gun is fired from the

citadel. At noon the rappel is beaten, and our red-coats, with white caps and neck-shades of linen, are marching on a green plateau without the fortress. Twice a week, on fine evenings, the military-band plays for the people on the grassy esplanade. The last night of my stay I had the pleasure of listening to them. The performers were men of the Royal Artillery Band. The main Band of the Corps is stationed at Woolwich, and never leaves England. It numbers one hundred and forty men and is considered the best in the world. But this sectional Band sustained the fame of the parent-band. By half-past seven it was quite dark. The men took their places on a raised wooden platform, close under the shadow of the earthworks. The music-stands were ranged in a circle; each man had a small lamp at his side, to give him light to read the notes. Throngs of lively Canadians were promenading, apparently enjoying the music. I talked with an old soldier and his daughter who were on the ground. He told me that he had been thirty years in our army; he has now three sons in the ranks, and two daughters married to British soldiers. He says, "I deserve well of the service, yet if I was a young man again, I would be a soldier in preference to any trade in Canada." By this time the moon had risen. It lighted up the face of the noble river; you could trace the sheeny dapples of silver beyond the Isle of Orleans. The St. Lawrence at this point is said to resemble the Bosphorus, and this city, at once mediœval and modern, Edinburgh and Innsbrück. The wind is blowing from the west; the strains of martial music will be wafted from this lofty orchestra towards the Atlantic. Again the National Anthem closes the concert. I shall be pardoned for feeling a glow of pride that the British name is owned and honoured so far away from England.

I left the ground, and returned to the chief caravansary of the city to hear a party of Americans, a consul, a major, and two other citizens discussing the desirability of annexing Canada to the United States. I must never boast again.

On the land-side, Quebec is surrounded by a green plain, dotted with white houses. It reminds me of similar plains in Northern France. We drove through it *en route* for Lorette Falls. These latter are more a cascade than a waterfall. The river St. Charles rushes over a curved breast of rock, not in one unbroken bound, but languidly and fitfully. Now there is a glimpse caught of white foam, and then a ledge of brown stone. Below its leaping place it has worn many channels. Through these it glides, hiding itself under grottoes of green banks, then again gathering itself into linns of quiet foam. Oft-times it assumes a mantle of softer beauty, almost more enchanting than the dashing display it makes on entering the glen. Above the bridge we come to the Indian village of Lorette. In wooden houses, meanly furnished, dwell the tamed red-men, descendants of cruel savages whose war-cry rung during border raids, amid the wreck of flaming villages. When the Quebec "father" sheathed his sword and lapsed into ways of peace, then the Lorette must also bury his hatchet and leave the war-path. The Indians at Lorette have been civilised to some extent. They have a little church in which Catholic worship is performed. But the poor Indian languishes under restraint, his race is pining away and will soon be extinct.

On coming up the river we noticed a gleam of white waters on the right-hand bank. It was like a riband of silver. That thread of light was Montmorenci. A drive of eight miles from Quebec, brings us within sound of its

roar, within touch of its spray. The falls are higher than Niagara, but cannot be compared with the Eternal Cataract in volume of water. You may pull round in a boat to a cove at the foot of the Falls and look up. Down comes the torrent, shrouded in a veil of mist of its own netting. The chaldron into which the waters of Montmorenci leap seems to have no outlet above ground. Probably the floods escape into the lower St. Lawrence by a subterranean passage. You may vary your standpoint. You may gaze from a wooden gallery in mid-air, upon the wondrous sight. On banks above you notice buttress and tower, and a broken cable. These are the *débris* of a suspension-bridge, which once spanned the river at this point. Some years ago, the bands snapped asunder and the whole structure fell into the Scylla below. Two miles above the Falls, the limestone-rock bordering the river is formed into a succession of Natural Steps. Not circular stepping-stones such as are found hewn in basalt on Giants' Causeway, but ledges shaped in the solid rock, with as much regularity as if man's hand had cut them. Montmorenci is *lonely* in its melting moods; in its frozen humours it is gay with life. Old armourer, "Bind their kings in chains," coming down from the pole, grasps hold of its flowing beard of spray and fashions it into a cone of ice. Then the game of "toboggining" commences. Active sledge-men, muffled in furs, carry their runner-bound chairs to the apex of the cone; then setting the ice-boat afloat, they rush down through the frost-laden air, enjoying the while a "dolce far niente" of winter's pleasures.

In the Undercliff, 300 feet below are built a range of saw-mills, perhaps the largest in the world. Water is the motive-power. Whether or not Niagara will ever be reined and bitted so successfully as to be compelled to

turn a Province of mills, as has been suggested, the mastery has been gained by man at Montmorenci. We descended to the mills. On the way we passed a slide, through which the torrent is conducted on to the "wheels" below. With fearful velocity the water rushes down. In foam and noise, sight and sound are second only to the main cataract. From this *off-shoot* alone, there is running to waste, a power sufficient to turn mills three-times the size of Mr. Hall's. The saws are kept running day and night. There is no waste here as on the St. John. Every fragment of wood is turned to good account. Laths and pails are prepared from them on the spot; smaller pieces of pine are split up by special machinery into spells for matches. The enterprise evinced here, was commenced by Mr. Patterson many years ago. Its success is increasing. The present owner inherited the mills from his father-in-law. Mr. Hall is a wealthy man. He had the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales on his visit to Montmorenci in 1860. His house is pleasantly situated in grounds laid-out in the English style. On our way home to the city, we passed through the pleasant suburb of Beauport.

I made an excursion to Point Levis. Not many years ago, this bluff was surrounded with forest-land. Now a steam ferry-boat crosses the river, and a thriving town has climbed terrace-like up the rocky slopes. Immense fortifications are being constructed on a hill commanding the St. Lawrence, some distance below the town. They consist of mounds of earth-work, faced with limestone. Within are enclosed trenches and bomb-proof subways; the walls of the inner "strong-boxes" being four to four and a half feet thick of solid masonry. Three-hundred and fifty Highland soldiers were working upon the fortifications. They were induced to perform the work of navvies

by a trifle of extra pay. At dinner we had the unexpected pleasure of a young English lady's society, and afterwards we drove to the encampment of the Rifle Brigade, on a knoll overlooking the river. Then we penetrated into a grove of maple-trees where rose a second array of white tents. The 78th Highlanders were camped here. All seemed going merrily in canvas-town. We were permitted to enter that "sanctum sanctorum," an officer's tent. Then we adjourned to the maple-grove. There the "kilts" off duty were engaged in Highland-games. Donalds and Campbells entered as heartily into the sports, as their fellow-clansmen at Taymouth Castle, or under the eye of Royalty at Braemar.

The "Allan" line of steamers, running between Quebec and Liverpool, viâ Londonderry, is owned in Montreal. During the summer-months the ships come up to the rock-city, and their passengers are sent on by river-steamers to Montreal and the West. Many emigrants for the United States come by this route. In winter the St. Lawrence is closed by ice; then the "Allan" steamers run to Portland in Maine, passengers going forward by the Grand Trunk Railroad.

At Quebec I parted from several pleasant acquaintances. One of them left on the British steamer to face the gales of the "roaring forties"; another took ship for Sybarite Havana. I soon followed their example, taking passage on the steamer "Quebec" for Montreal. I can never forget the old town on the rock. It stands as a relic of antiquity amid the streams of time-present. Huge waves of emigration which have rolled hither from Britain, make no halt at this mediœval city. They rush on, to find in Canada West and in the Great Republic communities of kindred customs and kindred tongue.

So Quebec is left to its loneliness. It is marked with an individuality of its own, which stands out amid the level sameness of American cities with the boldness of a lone "Pharos" among the waves.

# ROYAL MOUNTAIN.

WHEN Cartier sailed up the river from Quebec, he came to an island; washed on one side by the Ottawa, and on the other by the double streams Ottawa and St. Lawrence. It sloped gently to the water's edge on the south side; on the north, rose a backbone of rock; under its shadow he found an encampment of Indians, who welcomed him to their village of Hochelaga. He called this hill Mont Royal! Montreal stands on the site of Huron lodges, and its name is a corruption of Cartier's nomenclature. I made the "up-stream" journey on the "Quebec," which is as fine a river-boat as any in the United States, not excepting the famous Bristol steamers at New York. Canadians take as kindly to carpeted saloons, and triple tiers of state rooms, as their neighbours over the border. The charge of three dollars for a voyage of 180 miles, with a free supper on board, appeared unusually moderate.

Sunday was my first day in Montreal. As an Englishman I was much pleased with the quiet observance of the sacred day. I attended an early service at Nôtre Dame. This immense cathedral was crowded with Irish and Canadian worshippers. French was the language used during service. As many of the congregation would be unable to understand it, they would have to accept the sermon "in faith;" meanwhile, they could feast their eyes upon the ritual.

As I left the church a man stepped up and served upon me a paper with the following notice.

Assemblées Publiques pour l'independance du Canada.

—

Dimanche, à trois heures de l'après midi, à la Montagne, sur le plateau du côté Sud du chemin du Cimetière Anglais, près de l'hôtel Delmonico.

Lundi, à 8 heures du soir, au coin des rues La Montagne et St. Joseph.—Par Ordre

MEDERIC LANCTOT, Président.

Montréal, Jeudi, 27 Aout 1868.

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Public Meetings for the Independence of Canada.

—

Sunday at 3 p.m. on the heights near the mountain, on the South side of the English Cemetery Road, near Delmonico's Hotel.

Monday, at 8 o'clock, p.m., at the corner of Mountain and St. Joseph streets.—By Order

MEDERIC LANCTOT, President.

Montreal, Thursday, 27 Aug. 1868.

Fortunately Canada is so nearly Independent, that the further leap, to which discontented spirits would urge her, would scarcely produce any material change.

The English Cathedral is a beautiful structure. It is the purest specimen of Gothic architecture in America. It stands within a green enclosure, on a plateau between city and mountain. You will find many a Parish Church in England far more imposing, but none more attractive and ornate than this little minster of Montreal. Above the chancel arch is traced an illuminated text,

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

Aisles and nave are separated by columns of pure white

stone, crowned with carved capitals; which are alternately circled with sharp-edged acanthus, and clusters of vine leaf and grape.

Those who rail at the *inertia* of England's National Church, will find no ground for their plaint in Canada. In the Dominion, its ministers are "of the people," and work with their loins girded manfully to duty. Their ministrations are acceptable; their devotion to pure religion has its reward: for the lamp of service which young Edward's Bishops lighted and trimmed, burns steadily in the New World, amid wide-spread Unitarianism in New England, and Catholicism of Habitants and Irish.

I repeated my visit to the Cathedral in the evening, and again on returning to Montreal from the Great Lakes. Its service pleased me more and more. The singing at night was beautiful. The choir chanted the Psalms, and all the congregation joined in singing the beautiful hymns—"Nearer to Thee" and "Abide with me." It seems to be my destiny to hear these favorite hymns wherever I go. I have heard the latter sung in English country-churches in fast-falling darkness, this night it was so on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The preacher had stirred up our hearts with his sermon from the noble words, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Then came the closing hymn, appealing to us to remember whose presence alone can give strength and fortitude to live the righteous man's life. Green leaves waved against the diamond panes, as if telling a requiem for the dying evening—swelling a chorus of approval to sermon and song. When we came out of church, the moon was at full; we caught sight of shifting gleams of Aurora Borealis. All was silent to-night, but sometimes these grand lights

are accompanied by crackling sounds, caused by the clashing of electrical flames around them. On my return to Montreal, the citizens thronged the Cathedral to listen to a funeral sermon preached on the occasion of their Bishop's death. They had laid him to rest in hope, and now the preacher sought to improve the occasion, taking for his text the sublime and comforting words—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth;" Rev. xiv, 13. On the next Sunday the Bishop of Rupert's Land occupied the Cathedral pulpit.

I attended evening service at St. Andrew's. This church is the largest and richest Scotch Presbyterian place of worship in the city. Its architecture is a close imitation of Salisbury Cathedral, though of course on a greatly reduced scale. As interior plan and order of service are somewhat unique, I will venture to describe them. Organ and pulpit face each other on the ground floor. Each pew is constructed of polished ash or elm, and comfortably cushioned. The following is the order of service:

1.—A metrical Psalm (sung to the tune "Sun of my soul," choir standing, congregation sitting.)

2.—An extempore prayer by minister, (all males of congregation standing.)

3.—A paraphrase.

4.—Reading a chapter from Old and New Testaments.

5.—A hymn (to tune "Dismission.")

6.—The Sermon.

7.—A Hymn.

8.—A short benediction.

9.—Collection.

The church was very sparsely attended. I saw there a sea-captain acquaintance whom I had met on the steamer.

I heard him say that he had been at sea for twenty years, and captain on many voyages, before he knew the taste of whiskey. He was decidedly a temperance man.

I heard a lively story in connection with St. Andrew's. Where there is no endowment, a church to be rich, must have some rich parishioners. St. A. was fortunate in possessing this desirable thing. A. and D., two of the richest men in the city, turned their steps on Sundays to the Kirk at the foot of Beaver Hall Hill. It chanced that a new organ was wanted. Our two elders were both applied to, but neither of them would head a subscription list. Says D., "go to A. first;" says A., "Go to D., and what he gives I will likewise subscribe." D. was grieved when the collectors went to him a second time without being able to quote his rich rival's example: and he said, "Did A. really say that he would give as much as myself?" "Yes." "How much do you require for the organ?" "Four thousand dollars." "Then put me down for 2,000 dollars, and let A. pay the rest." When informed of this *coup d'état*, A. was taken in and no mistake! but he was bound in honor to pay his 2,000 dollars.

I heard the following tale of an old Scotch Presbyterian settler in Vermont from his son's lips. I repeat it not as a *bon mot*, but merely to show the strong hold which early training has upon us all. The village elders were raising subscriptions for a new organ to grace their meeting-house, and during their canvass they called upon old Cameron. He listened patiently to their observations, "What is the usual thing in siller lifts," said he. "One to five dollars," replied the Deacons. "I will give you five dollars to keep the organ away," was the old man's answer.

The Parliament buildings at Ottawa are one of the marvels of Canada, the Victoria Bridge is another. The good folks of Montreal have reason to be proud of the iron tube which now spans old father Lawrence. Under its central girders, steam-ships pass on their way to and from the lakes; between its piers rush the waters of five inland seas. Greatest triumph of all, is that which it wins against ice-floes. When the frost-bands relax in spring, huge fields of ice are sent careering down the stream, with the mighty strength of ocean-lakes. Then comes the tug of war. Flinty masses are *packed, piled* and *frozen* mountains high. It is granite against flint, man against nature, when a strain of 70,000 tons comes upon each buttress of the bridge. Art conquers, the work of Stephenson and Ross stands firm.

Walking up to the sally-port of the Grand Trunk, I was told by the guard, "no pass, no entrance." Said I to the canny Scott, "I have no pass but my own face, and I have brought it from very near your ain country." Opposition vanished, and he kindly took me in. Half a mile of rubble embankment, leads from *terra-firma* on the north shore, to the mouth of the tube. A fortress was never more carefully protected against assaults of man, than is this railway mole, (by huge granite walls) against the onset of the polar king's forces. Each segment of the iron cavern rests upon solid towers of stone. The material was quarried fifteen miles up the river. It is a kind of blue limestone, flinty and difficult to work, yet *once* squared and set, it will run a race of endurance with Old Father Time himself. There is a gradual rise in the gradient, until in the central section, 25ft. is gained; when the iron way slants again to the southern side. The huge tunnel of 1¼ miles, expands and contracts six feet, as indicated by a sextant gauge at each entrance.

In this particular, nature is stronger than man, so the mightier power must perforce have its way, as is testified by the engineer's provision for freaks of temperature. Looking in at the mouth, a faint speck of light is discerned afar off. This glimmer marks the centre of the bridge.

The great work was accomplished by a celebrated English firm of contractors, Peto and Company. A small army of masons and mechanics was sent from a completed railway in Scotland, to the trans-Atlantic contract. Irish and French Canadians supplied the unskilled labour. My guide was an old man who had left Perthshire fourteen years before to enter the service of the Grand Trunk Railway Co. He showed me the crowning stone of the edifice, and the riveting rivet. Stone and rivet were set in their appointed places by the hands of Royalty. The Prince of Wales became for the nonce, Prince of Artificers. Never bridge more honored or more useful. It is the eighth wonder of the world, as story books would say. By its means Montreal is joined on one hand to the Atlantic, and on the other to Chicago and the West. Trajan's Column still records an Emperor's deeds, after the lapse of seventeen centuries; the men who have given shape and strength to Victoria Bridge, have also reared for themselves a monument, which we trust may be preserved to celebrate for all time the measures of brain and mites of labor, consumed upon its building.

Montreal is the most "go-a-head" city of British North America. Jersey City people say of New Yorkers, that "each one of them was born into the world half-an-hour too late," and that the race to make up for lost time never ceases during life." Perhaps Montrealers are scarcely so swift-sailing as this, but they at any rate know how to "make hay while the sun shines"—"to work while it is

called to-day." Certainly they have succeeded in accomplishing a marvellous tale of results. You mingle with their merchants and feel that they are princes; you visit their stores and liken them to palaces; prince and palace alike owning no kings but conscience and commerce, no court but the public weal.

A tingle of electrical energy seems to have been flashed through the Great Lakes from far away Chicago; or perhaps it is Anglo-Scotch enterprise which has grappled with, and overcome Seignorism, and slow-going Habitant ways. Signs of their success are everywhere around you. Engineers have crowned the mountain with a grand system of waterworks. The supply is gained from the St. Lawrence at Lachine, before its purity has been stained with the brown floods of Ottawa. After being filtered, it is dispensed from a reservoir on the hill-side, to the city below. I was told that the water is not so wholesome for drinking purposes as that obtained from springs; yet it must be a great boon to the citizens for the thousand other needs of daily life. M^cGill's College is placed on the slope of the hill. It is the princely gift of a merchant citizen. The country round is dotted with pleasant villas.

Noble quays extend for three miles along the river-bank in front of the city. These are washed by the dark ochreous torrents of River Grand, while the pale green waters of the St. Lawrence flow past the opposite shore. Hundreds of large ocean-going ships come up into the spacious harbour, discharging and loading merchandise and corn. Engineering skill has opened a way for vessels to ascend above the raging rapids of Lachine, by a chain of locks of wonderful completeness. The city possesses the largest and most convenient covered market on the Continent. Over it is a large ball-room capable of accommodating 4,000 people.

The public buildings are a credit to British North America. I looked into St. Patrick's Hall one evening when it was lighted for a concert. Irish Catholics subscribed to erect this noble pile, and have done their work well. It is said that three-fourths of the people of Montreal are Catholics. At their beautiful church of St. Patrick, were celebrated the funeral obsequies of D'Arcy M$^{c}$Gee, of honoured memory. The Canadian people mourned this patriot's death as sincerely as Americans and Englishmen sorrowed for the noble martyr of Slave emancipation. The Cathedral of Nôtre Dame is the largest ecclesiastical building in America. It furnishes accommodation for 10,000 worshippers within its walls. In one of its towers hangs Gros Bourdon, whose solemn chimes are occasionally heard tolling a fire-alarm, or a passing-bell knell on the death of some leading citizen.

Protestants are also great in churches. Within a radius of half-a-mile, on Beaver Hall Hill I counted a round dozen, altogether there *are in* the city more than thirty places of worship of the reformed faith. The citizens have a Club House, as spacious and ornate as our "Carlton" or "Reform." Their St. James's Street is more substantial than its London namesake, their squares of Victoria and Place D'Armes, with shade trees, fountains and flowers, form pretty oases amid the roar of business life.

Montreal has already gathered around it the accessories of a manufacturing metropolis. I saw sugar manufactories as large as those of Glasgow or Bristol. In other establishments elegant articles of furniture are made from the beautiful woods of the country, and the native marble receives like manipulation at the hands of

skilful artificers. Canadian marble is prettily streaked, but very flinty, and requires care in working. I saw round shafts or pillars of it, perfect in shape, which had been extracted from the rock with a bore-cutter. For a season or two during the American Civil War, the immense grain traffic of the Western States, flowed, viâ Welland Canal, into the St. Lawrence. During a year or so of interregnum, Montreal usurped the export trade of Empire City. But with the restoration of peace, cargoes were again consigned to New York.

I called at the Savings' Bank and had a chat with the manager. I looked in upon the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association; and went through the Mechanics' Institution at the invitation of the secretary. The "Times," with a large selection of our English magazines lay upon the tables. St. Lawrence Hall is quite a celebrated hotel; it is the rendezvous of British Officers and Members of the Legislature. Before the war it was also a great resort of Southern tourists. In the streets you notice soldiers of the Royal Artillery, also of Highland infantry, in their national costumes. Between Montreal and the mainland is the small island of St. Helen's. It is used by th nilitary authorities for practice ground, and a place of summer encampment. The British flag waves over its fortifications. We also find there tent-homes for the troops of the 100th regiment—the men living the same *al-fresco* life as the Highlanders at Point Levi.

It was a gala-time among the red-coated volunteers of Canada. Every hotel was full of these gentry, who had assembled from city and settlement, to strive for the prize at the Dominion shooting-match. Sixteen hundred

men flocked to La Prairie, the place of contest, a few miles down the river. Never did Greeks on the plains of Elis contend more eagerly for the "crown of wild olive," than did these Canadians for the Governor's prize. The tournament over, no embers of rivalry remained; the *esprit* of the tilt-yard was succeeded by the *entente cordiale* of the mess-room and bivouac.

I ascended the mountain for a last look at Montreal. Its northern slopes were green with apple trees, whose fruit is famous even in England. Below lay harbour and shipping; the grey limestone city with maple-shaded boulevards and noble public buildings. A gleam of white tents on St. Helen's Island caught the eye; the blue hills of Vermont in the far away distance "fringing the southern sky." Turning away from such a pleasure-giving sight, I bid good-bye to this prospering Queen City—this Venice of the North.

# RIVER GRAND.

DOWN from its birthplace in the wilderness comes the noble Ottawa. For nearly 1,000 miles it flows among woods and lakes. Its navigation is impeded by rapids and falls, but these freaks of nature lend to the river marvellous beauty. Its cradle is on the confines of Rupert's Land, on the western slope of the Laurentian watershed; on the other side of which the Saguenay is born. It does not long remain an infant river. Through the horn-works of Grand Lake, and the zig-zags of Lac des Quinzes, it rushes into island-studded Temiscaming. It begins early to absorb tributary streams. Before it widens into Seven League Lake, Blanche and Montreal have become co-partners in the stream. From the point where it is joined by the Mattawa, the rushing flood is known as the Ottawa, or Grand River.

Between its young life in the North, and its old age on the St. Lawrence, there runs a current of 800 miles; its crystal waters gradually losing their bright sparkle, until they have become sun-burnt and rock-stained into the well-known brown floods of the lumberers' stream. Main stream and tributaries, drain a district eight-ninths the size of Great Britain. From source to mouth, is a greater distance than from Caithness to Cornwall; and its banks are as varied in the peculiarities of river-scenery, as Fair Isle and Kent in land-garb. The Ottawa is con-

nected with the St. Lawrence at Kingston by the Rideau canal. A still greater mission has been planned for the noble river, viz: to become a link in a great highway from the north-western settlements to the ocean. It would then be connected by cuttings with Lake Huron; vessels passing west up the Mattawa, thence by canal into Lake Nipissing, and thence by French River, into the waters of Georgian Bay.

This engineering achievement would shorten the distance by water, from Liverpool to the Lake Ports, 760 miles; save a week in time; and probably reduce charges for insurance and freight. We hope that the plan will be carried out. We anticipate that this will be the route *some* day, from England to British Columbia; viz; from Liverpool by steam viâ the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, on through Lakes Huron and Superior to Fort William; thence by a *Northern* Pacific Railroad, through the "fertile belt" to New Westminster. This however is all in the future.

The Ottawa with its feeders forms the means of transit for the largest lumber trade in the world. On the South bank, such streams as the Mattawa, Madawaska, South Nation and Rideau; on the North side, the Gatineau, the Rivières du Lièvre and du Moine, North Nation, Rouge and Assumption, contribute annually their cargoes of logs. The navigation has been greatly improved—especially for timber—by the construction of dams and slides, to facilitate its passage over rapids and falls.

I always think upon unkempt, frolicsome River Grand with delight. I am never weary of calling to mind its foaming cascades and forest-hemmed shores. Many a tale of adventure in their dangerous calling will the voyageurs and lumberers tell you: of woodland life—of

winter storm—of spring floods—of hauling their boats over the "carrying places," or (as the French Canadians call them) "Les Portages".

I had a great desire to ascend the Gatineau for about 100 miles. An open-hearted Canadian volunteered to accompany me for a few days spent on river and lake, with raids into the forest. We passed up to a village some miles to the north of Ottawa city. Will. Chamberlin had here his little lumber-mill. He owns land with a river-frontage of half a mile; and yet because his possessions do not take a money shape, he calls himself a poor man! Poor or not in material wealth, he was rich in hospitality and goodness to the stranger. His own friends were the *second* household of settlers who came out into the forest wilderness of the Ottawa. (The Wrights were the *first*. Both families came from the States about the same time.) A short time before I came to know him, a party of English officers had been camping-out and hunting near his place. He had spent some time with them, and thoroughly enjoyed their company. He had lived and travelled in the United States for a few years; and he told me the story of his being followed for three days by an Irish thief in Missouri. Having his suspicions excited, he took into counsel a detective. They set a watch for the Arab, and succeeded in catching him in Chamberlin's bed-room, in *flagrante delicto*.

Next day my guide was ready. His rifle would supply wild duck for our camp table; we should be sure to find a bed of skins or a shake-down of rice-straw, at some settler's shanty. Two little steamers ply on the river, but their cruising-ground is limited by rapids. When we left the stream, a tramp through the forest or a row upon the lake awaited us. In this way the time passed quickly and pleasantly. All inconvenience was more than counter-

balanced by the experience gained of forest-life. Here the forest-kings have fallen before the lumberer's axe. The settler has followed in his train; making the land yield increase to him—not once in a generation by its spoils of timber—but each year with cereals and fruit.

Reports reached England of alarming conflagrations in the forests of the Ottawa, and the lands bordering on the Gatineau. I came up in time to witness the last minuet of the flame-dance. The heat of the ball was over. The "greenwood" was gone. Kings and queens of woodland glory were stripped of their grandeur and lay stricken by the way-side. Flames still played languidly about blackened stumps, or sullenly smouldered among charcoal embers. We naturally ask how it is that forests full of living sap will burn? It is accounted for by the preponderance of trees of the pine species, each one loaded to tips of leaf and twig, with pitch and resin. Then again the dry heats of summer scorch the underwood into the condition of tinder. A spark from hunter's pipe or lumberers' camp-fire may kindle a mighty conflagration when all is so ready for the flames. Much mischief follows in some cases, as for instance, when farm boundary-fences are obliterated. Then comes angry wrangling and trials in the law-courts. In 1825 a terrible fire occurred in New Brunswick. On the Miramichi river 200 square miles of woods were destroyed; by this awful burning 500 people lost their lives, and 2,000 more were ruined.

"It is an ill-wind that blows no good," says an old proverb. The burnt forest is loss to the lumberer, but it is gain to the farmer. He will dibble his maize and wheat grains between the black stumps; vermin and brushwood are cleared away without his labours. In a

little while these spots of black desolation, will, as in a hundred clearings, smile gladly with harvest. Scotch settlers push up the country, winning such triumphs over swamp and tangle, that the saying of old comes true literally, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, the desert shall blossom as the rose."

I have described the "hanging gardens" of the South, and "Indian summer" in Maryland. The North has also great glories of leaf and fern, of vine and flower. The Ottawa has also its own autumn crown. A loving interpreter of nature has portrayed in glowing language, the aspects of life in a northern and southern zone. In that inimitable picture of word-painting, Ruskin carries us at once from a burning to a frozen land. Let us travel in fancy, with his swallow and stork, from the flowered pavements which are forecourts of the cypress-morass in Carolina, to the humbler jardinet, embossed amidst a northern cedar-swamp. We call this a wintry region, yet we are in the latitude of the Garonne. The green pines are festooned with wild vines. It has been said that the blistering grape-vines of the dismal swamp are poisonous. Not so those of Canada. Their leaves form garlands for the pillars of forest-aisles, and in autnmn, clusters of black and purple fruit are set as symbols of teeming plenty. Nature's bountiful vineyard can never be gathered by man, so birds and wild animals luxuriate therein. Cartier's companions found them growing about Cape Diamond, and round the gloomy Saguenay. Coming to an island rock laden with them, they called it "Isle of Bacchus." Wild vine is worthy of a royal place in the Dominion cornucopia.

In lake-shallows, grows the *folle avoine* of the Jesuits—the wild rice of the English. Taller than a man, spring feathered stalks, laden with graceful drooping

ears of grain, black on the outside and pearly white within. When shaken by wind, much of the cereal treasure falls into the silt below. These rice-grounds are favorite feeding-haunts of wild-fowl :—ducks, turkeys and geese. They are sometimes charged with other billets. Flocks of migrating pigeons pause on their flight to enjoy the tempting dinner of ripe and ready food. From the stalks of *folle avoine* the ingenious people of Maine are now manufacturing paper.

Wild plums bending over lake-coves, may be gathered in bushels. Black bilberries or huckleberries, rasps, strawberries and white speckled dewberries, real blueberries, and rosy whortleberries (often miscalled cranberries,) are found in like abundance. Indians eat the latter raw and boil them with their meats; the settlers' wives boil them with maple sugar, into a delicious preserve for winter use. What Indian and white-men spare, squirrels and brown bears devour, sometimes even forestalling them at the banquet.

I often think of the heaven-given law of compensation. In Canada you find no "rosiers des Alps," you never sight a rhododendron in the wilds, but in their place the bilberry ranges northward even to "Greenland's icy mountains." High bush or low bush, always hardy and fruitful; the berry delicately hidden under green leaves. The humble bilberry is the free gift, the "gather and come again," of Canada. I prefer its simple wholesome fruit to the banana. It is a fairy sight when the orchards of Hereford are pink with blossom, yet it is perhaps a still more goodly vision, when in Canada, Indian summer brings round the season of fruits.

The turn of the leaf comes early in the north. After a frosty night the maples appear next morning in scarlet. The climbing creepers also change their colors, and

gleam with crimson and vermilion, among the spiny leaves of evergreen pines and cedars. The pyrola, or winter-green glows like a rose-bed round the roots of alder and poplar, and the ferns are dyed in cinnamon tints. After a very dry summer, the coloring of the foliage is not so brilliant as when the season has been wet. During Indian summer all nature seems folded into repose. On a day of the famous "pink mist," the heavens glow from morn to night with a rosy sunset's glory. Earth and sky are twin pictures for once—a crimson-tinted forest—a crimson-tinted firmament. No one knows why this season is called Indian summer, except it has some reference to the tradition, that the haze in which the earth is shrouded, arose from the burning of the grass prairies in the West by the Indians. The change of color in the foliage is caused by sudden frost striking the sap; on the canvas thus prepared, the sun-beams have power to paint in wondrous tints.

There is also a summer glory of the swamps, which may be seen to perfection about the middle of July. Thirty miles from Quebec there is a spot seldom looked upon by English people, where nature dons her brightest livery. Round St. Anne's there are scenes of exquisite beauty. An erudite naturalist was my companion on an excursion that I made to them. We saw the silvery stems of birches flashing through vistas of green, like the spangles on Indian dancing girls. We found pipe-plants couched by gnarled roots, and blue anthers of wild iris or "fleur-de-luce" set-off with green relief of maiden-hair ferns. Raspberries are ripening amid garlands of crimson rose-like flowers. Swamp-strawberries are more acid than cultivated varieties, but make nevertheless delicious *confiture*. Evening-primroses take as kindly to the northern swamps as to their native banks in Virginia, yet all the time florists were buying seeds in

England! The Canadian hawthorn has no smell; its, leaves are larger than ours, and resemble an acanthus in shape. Chicory roots are indiginous here, as in England; and are discovered by the beautiful blue flowers of the plant. You come upon labyrinths of wild-roses, which yield a richer smell than our choicest varieties. If cultivated, the scent distilled from them would make the best otto of roses. The long, creeping stems of the twin-flower have their tiny leaves flecked with dots of cherry bloom. The young ladies of Canada are pleased to have it bound round their hats in wreaths, if the office is undertaken by *certain* hands. I have noticed a similar plant growing in Via Gellia valley, Derbyshire; but do not know its scientific name. The young gentlemen of England were not a whit behind their Canadian cousins in its use. A tiny flower of the speedwell order has been known to flourish on the south bank of the St. Lawrence for twenty-seven years; but in all that time it has not by natural means, been floated to the other side. This is singular, for one would have thought that birds would have carried the seed, or that particles would have been drifted over on logs! Anemone grows here; and on wet land, deep blue edgings of gentians.

What the skunk is among animals, the carrion-flower is among plants. On one occasion my companion cut down a bush of it in the swamps, and at nightfall carried it on his shoulder through a "habitant" village. The Canadians grumbled and cried *sacré*, but did not find out the reason of the smell. The same gentleman, being a scientific man, conducted a conversazione to which flocked the Governor-General and the élite of Quebec. He had small pieces of "blood-root" among his specimens; when he described its properties to the audience, his words seemed to act as magnets instead of deterrents, for officers crowded round him to obtain particles of the root so that

they might stain their gloves with it. Prompted by a more mischievous spirit, they also carried off his store of skunk-cabbages, to make fun by popping them into each others pockets.

We must return to River Grand at Ottawa city, to take ship for Montreal. Moored to the wharf is a small steamer. Upon the wheelhouse is the symbol of a royal crown, and the boat is honored with the name of Queen Victoria. The journey down the river for fifty-eight miles is pleasantly made. Low banks and shallow-waters, endless forests, with now and then an open clearing and a settler's shanty, are characteristics of this section of the stream. Then a few islands appear, increasing its beauty. The woods have begun to assume autumn tints; yellow poplars and crimson maples stand out amidst a framework of green pines. Occasionally we approach a rude pier of logs—the point of communication for some small hamlet of French Canadians. As a rule this region of the Ottawa is the wildest, and yet a most beautiful feature of Canada,

Then come a series of rapids for twelve miles, which are avoided by means of canals. We traverse this region by means of an old-fashioned line of rail; again reaching quiet waters, we embark on the steamer in waiting. This vessel made its first trip with the Prince of Wales to Ottawa, in 1860. It now bears upon its paddle-box the three ostrich feathers, and the motto "Ich dien." We had a party of Southerners with their families and servants on board. In speech and dress they were rather more like the English than the Yankees. Two little boys were dressed in Highland costume—Scotch bonnets and tartans. Charley and Harry were the most noisy youngsters I have met. Some gentlemen on board, to tease them, asked them if they were Yankees, and received in reply an answer couched in withering sarcasm. The

bitterness of North and South has not yet passed away, even with the young.

We have a clear run down the river to Lake St. Louis. A slight chain of rapids occur. To avoid them, the steamer passes down a lock, built alongside for that purpose. At the same place the stream is crossed by a narrow but handsome bridge, with iron tubular-way, resting on tall piers of blue limestone. This is the spot which has been made classic ground by the Canadian boat song. The scenery is described in the well known lines:—

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Lower down the river there is the same expanse of woodland scenery, but it is of softer tone and more pastoral. Islands are numerous. They appear like leafy gems showered here and there. Now Ottawa and St. Lawrence have become one. The floods of the former are brown and muddy, those of the latter, light green. Both rivers flow side by side, with distinct color, for many miles after their junction, until at Bout de l'Ile, River Grand is finally merged into the noble St. Lawrence.

# PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

MEMBERS of Parliament coming from Canada West to Ottawa, must stay the night at Prescott Junction; it became my rendezvous also. I left Toronto early in the morning, and spent the whole day upon the Grand Trunk Railway. The line is single; the trains run slowly, but not surely enough to prevent accident; for near Kingston we came upon the scene of a disaster which had happened the previous day. Both sides of the permanent way were strewn with *débris* of broken carriages. Peat is burnt in some of the locomotive furnaces. The architect who planned the pretty railway stations between Toronto and Montreal has made them models of neatness; with trim flower-gardens such as you see on the English "Little North Western Line." This section of the Grand Trunk runs through some of the best settled lands of Canada West. They are peopled almost wholely by English and Scotch, who are more thrifty than the "Habitants," and make headway better than the Irish. Still, Irishmen who have settled in Canada, and are possessed of land, or other property, are *no Fenians*, and have no sympathy with the cause.

I alighted at Prescott Junction and was casting dissatisfied glances at a dingy tavern hard by, (the probable place for a night's entertainment) when a gentleman seeing my dilemma, told me of a better plan. "You can sup on the station and sleep at the *chalet* over the way,"

said he. I took the hint gladly and was soon in comfortable quarters. A wooden building, containing a sitting-room and 16 or 18 bed-rooms has been erected for the use of Members of Parliament. Everything about it was simple, yet kept scrupulously clean, under the charge of an intelligent young matron. Winter is the busiest and gayest time at the little "sleeping-house." Legislators are then coming and going every day, and this is the *only* way. After supping on corn-cake, Gruère cheese, and strawberries, I armed myself with a stout pole; sallied out into the swamps and remained in the pine-groves until sun-down. All was still as in the northern forest; the solitude being relieved only by tinkling cow-bells. I found beautiful ferns growing round decaying stumps of hemlock-trees. At the *chalet* I had a pleasant sitting-room until time to go to rest.

In the morning I strolled out, and had a chat with a gang of Canadian plate-layers; then, after an early breakfast, took train for Ottawa. For most of the journey, the rail runs through rough, half-cleared farms; stumps, among fields of wheat and grass, are a common sight. I had a chatty companion all the way. He was a young Scotchman from Perthshire; by trade a tanner. He left home alone ten years ago. Having saved 1000 dollars, he bought a farm in Vermont; and sent over money to bring out his father and mother with their eight children. These he settled upon the farm. The transactions of Tapscott and Co. will prove that thousands of families have been assisted in this manner, (by remittances from friends,) to leave the Old land for the New.

The young man himself had been obliged by ill-health to give up his own trade; then he came to Montreal, and is now doing well in the confidential employ of a large "shipping and forwarding Company." He likes his

duties, and now, in the way of business, knows and mingles with the merchants and leading men of the city. He pointed out to me the Chairman of the Richlieu Co., a wealthy corporation that own the magnificent river-steamers which ply on the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal. Thus men of integrity and industry rise rapidly in America, so true is the old saying,—"the tools come to the hands of those that can use them."

This Pertho-Canadian says,—"at the sound of the bag-pipes, (if Scotland should be invaded,) I and thousands of my fellow-countrymen would go home to defend Her Majesty the Queen, if needs be with the sacrifice of our lives." More than this he could not say. These words called to my mind a memorial of loyalty, seen in an ancient church among the dales of Northern England. Above the chancel hung a screen, emblazoned with a coat of arms, and by its side a silken banner bearing the motto

AYMEZ LAUOYTÉ.

Written in Norman-French, (a proof of their antiquity) these words had for generations reminded the Baron of the day, of his traditional allegiance. Feudalism has passed away. Royalty no longer leans upon the Peers as the mainstay of the Throne. Queen Victoria grasps a stronger staff; she is beloved by her people at home, and also, (as we have been so touchingly reminded,) by those who have cast their fortunes in a far-off land.

Looking out from the windows of the railway car, I saw in the distance a long bank of earth. As we approach nearer it assumes more defined proportions. It takes the shape of a huge mound, such as an army would throw up on the plain to resist an enemy. But this is not the work of engineer or sapper. It is a natural plateau, round which clusters Ottawa city. Upon the highest

bluff, (which is as it were, a "Quiraing," cast in the colossal mould of America,) are reared the Parliament Halls, and the Departmental Buildings of the Dominion. The central structure is the "Palace Beautiful" which I have journeyed so far to visit. After running outside the earthwork barrier for a mile a two, an entrance is found; the river is crossed by a suspension bridge, and the train passes into the Backwoods' stronghold.

Fifty years ago Ottawa City was not born. Upon the river-banks stood log-huts used by the Royal Engineers, who, with labourers and artificers were engaged in constructing the Rideau canal. This channel was intended by the Government of England to be a highway between the lower St. Lawrence and the Lakes, through which gun-boats could pass, in case communications on the frontier should be interrupted. The workmen's shanties became the nucleus for a settlement,—the settlement the germ of a city.

It was originally called Bytown, in honor of Colonel By, of the Royal Engineers, under whose command it was laid out in 1823. It was ridiculed and nicknamed "the hole in the woods"; but in the face of derision it has grown up into a prosperous city, which counts its inhabitants by tens of thousands. It has won the distinction of accommodating the Dominion Legislature. Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Toronto, each entered the lists of competition for this mark of honor, but they were overruled—Queen Victoria deciding upon Ottawa.

The thermometer was marking an East Indian temperature as I ascended the hill. Plain and forest seemed to quiver in the intense heat. Since 1828 such a summer has not been known on the bluffs of River Grand. We had seen the glisten of the tin-tipped spires of Palace Beautiful on the train, some distance from Ottawa, and

now that we are close to it, the Tuillery-like roof of slate glows in the sunshine, and the wind-vanes flash like molten silver. At length I stood before those magnificent Houses of Parliament, the possession of which, alone, would make Canada famous. I was amazed at the grandeur and extent of the pile. It felt as if I was dreaming a dream, or beholding a vision of our own Westminster amid forest solitudes. But the real presence was indisputable.

I remember visiting a church which Lord and Lady Herbert of Lea erected at Wilton—the ancient seat of the Pembrokes. It was a magnificent temple; yet even more remarkable than magnificence was the infinite variety noticeable in architecture and material. It had evidently been the design of its builders to rear a cosmopolitan shrine. They had travelled in every country of Europe, gathering here an idea, there a fragment of material. In architecture their church was modelled after the Russo-Greek and the Turkish Mosque, with a gallery and campanile added.

You enter by a Gothic gateway, and the panorama of variety opens. From Italy came material for the tesselated pavement. The pulpit was a gem of Caen stone, resting upon inlaid twining pillars of black marble, fashioned and starred with mosaics by Roman artificers of seven centuries ago. Tuscan ilex formed the communion rail, and black walnut from New Brunswick the reading-desk. The chancel sides were embossed with Spanish marble and the doors with oak-pannels carved by skillful Flemings. Glass windows were supplied by Munich and balls by Palestine; the organ was brought from Wilton House. The gallery front was garnished with arabesques in the style of the Lion's Court at the Alhambra, and an old iron chest from Venice

contained the records. Wiltshire found representation in the stone work of the outer walls, otherwise the temple was foreign in block and in detail.

Palace Beautiful is just the reverse. It is native in detail and in block. Granite, found within 10 or 15 miles of the bluff, forms the *pièce de resistance* of the pile. In color it is creamy white, varied with red tinted stone for the arches. The architecture seems composite Italio-Gothic. The halls themselves rival those of the Imperial Parliament. Polished marble for interior columns is the product of Canadian quarries; the painted windows also are the work of Ottawa craftsmen. Each pillar is surmounted by a capital of free-stone, rich with carvings. No two are the same in design. Beaver and maple are inwreathed together as the emblems of Canada, while Nova Scotia retains its own sign of bonnie may-flower. On other columns are traced harvest tokens of maize, and the fernery of the swamps; water-lilies of the rivers, and deer of the forest; bison of the plains and wild game of the prairie; garden-grape and peach, with nest and egg of woodland birds. No characteristic of the country is forgotten. Not only will man, the law giver and lord of all, be represented here; but also each minor thing of bird, beast and flower. Everything is of Canada, Canadian.

I passed into the noble Chamber of the Upper House, and sat for a minute upon the throne of the Dominion. It is furnished *en suite* with crimson carpets and hangings, and in this respect differs from the House of Representatives which assumes a garniture of green. In both Houses, members are accommodated with desks,—handsome pieces of furniture of black walnut, lined with blue cloth. Like the Sardinian farmer who craved to resume his old craft of mason, and wall up the grave of

Count Cavour, I asked to occupy for a moment the desk of D'Arcy McGee, from which he made his last speech in the House, an hour before falling under the bullet of an assassin. 76 senators and 272 members throng the Houses during Session. In a passage or lobby entered from the main corridor, is provided a closet for each member, where with French exactness he may deposit and lock up hat, coat or papers. The original estimate for the Buildings was 900,000 dollars; but already 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 dollars have been expended, and the Library is yet unfinished. It will be a noble room when complete—capable of holding 300,000 volumes. The shape will resemble the chapter-house of Salisbury Cathedral. Old country faces turned up wherever I went, and Ottawa was no exception. The keepers of the Halls were respectively men from Ireland and Devon.

From the edge of the bluff the view was magnificent. As far as the eye could reach it fell upon forests of Ottawa valley. Below, lay the bustling town; guarded on one side by foaming Chaudière, on the other by silvery Rideau; like lions keeping watch before Palace Beautiful of the allegory. Quebec excepted, I know no more romantic or remarkable city in America than this one in the backwoods. The eye wanders to the saw-mills; it rests upon the twin spires of the Catholic Cathedral. It glances from Queen's printing-house to a lumber-laden river. Then it returns to dwell upon never-ending forest; you look upon a similar scene from Richmond Hill, save that here furrowed woodlands anticipate Berkshire's fertile vales, and no towers of Windsor gleam on the far away horizon.

Being intimately acquainted with the gifted author of Post Office Savings' Banks in England, I felt deeply interested to gauge the success of the scheme in Canada.

The British *modus operandi* has been grafted into the Dominion Post Office and is succeeding well. With Mr. Stewart the *chef* of the bureau at Ottawa, I had a long and instructive chat. He had read "Good Times" and also other letters and pamphlets in which Mr. Charles W. Sikes of Huddersfield, introduced his plan of Post Office Savings' Banks to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and through him to the authorities at St. Martins le Grand. At the time of my visit to Canada (1868) there were 200 Money Order Offices open to receive deposits on Savings' Bank account. Business transactions had commenced at 130 of them, the remaining 70 had as yet received no deposits. It was only a few months since the plan had been adopted in the Dominion, and 350,000 dollars had been already received. My readers will be aware that in our colonies a higher rate of interest generally prevails than at home. Instead of the 2½ per cent. allowed in Great Britain, 4 per cent. is allowed in Canada by the Post Office, (and when a depositor is willing to capitalise his savings into bonds of 100 dollars each, at 3 months date from sight,) 5 per cent. interest is then paid to him. Many difficulties beset the scheme, for while farmers can often realise 10 or 12 per cent. for their money on land mortgages, they will naturally be careless of using the Post Office Savings' Banks. But the security of the latter is so great, that it must in time win much support. Mr. Sikes will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has given the order to a new *régime* of Savings' Banks for the people, not only in Great Britain, but also in the colonies. May the good work of a philanthropic mind go on and prosper.

As I emerged from under the noble portal-arch, I looked up and saw a royal standard floating over the tower. It was our own

St. George's banner broad and gay.

Then I heard a bugle-call, and descending into the town found a detachment of riflemen, along with volunteers and police, gathered to guard against any *émeute* of Fenian sympathisers during the trial of D'Arcy McGee's murderer. There seemed no need however for an armed force; the Canadians know too well the value of just laws to allow their administration to be interfered with. I am convinced that they have no sympathy with the unholy cause of Fenianism. Some may call it love of country, misguided it is true, but still patriotism, yet it is a foul excresence of ignorance and cruel passion. A brotherhood which works its purposes by assassination and midnight murder, can claim no sympathy from honest men. D'Arcy McGee was a remarkable character. He was concerned in the Irish rebellion of 1848 and fled to the United States. Thence he passed into Canada, and became one of her leading statesmen. In the old country his indignation had been roused by unjust land laws, which empowered a landlord to evict his tenant without notice, at any time, although the rent was fully paid. The land of his adoption in the West tolerated no such unfairness; the stumbling block being removed, the refugee became (under new auspices,) a loyal citizen of the Dominion. He must have been a man of great intellectual power, for his brain equalled in size and weight that of many literateurs. Pope's brain weighed 61oz., and and Dryden's 60oz. including the blood, while McGee's was 59oz. without blood. The Fenian motto is "Ireland shall be free," but the Canadians say "Our country shall be free from Fenianism." For telling the truth to his misguided countrymen in the United States, D'Arcy McGee died a cruel death, but "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church." A memoir of his life has been printed, and circulated freely in the Dominion; and where

before one man denounced the Fenian plot, now ten are ready to follow in the steps of the fearless Irish-Canadian patriot.

I had heard of spruce beer, but never tasted it before coming to Ottawa. An old woman was selling it in the street, like the London salopians in early morning. For a copper or two the dame gave me a mug full, but it was too strongly impregnated with turpentine for me to drink.

Chaudière Falls are some distance above Parliament Bluff. This name was given to them by French pioneers; but by boat-men and lumberers on the river, they are called by the more familiar name of "Big Kettle." For many miles above the Falls the stream is broken by many *chutes* or rapids, and the incline in the bed of the river is very marked. When the waters approach Chaudière, they fall over a limestone rock 20ft. deep, careering on three sides into the whirlpool below. The dashing torrent produces a dense cloud of foam and spray like steam—hence the name Chaudière, meaning a copper or boiler, in the French language. The scenery around is still wild and grand, forests of waving pines covering the undulating banks and overhanging the river. I am obliged however to confess that the presence of lumber mills below the Falls, destroys the romance, though it adds to the usefulness of the place.

Rideau Falls are a great contrast to "Big Kettle." Over a limestone precipice glides a veil of water, dropping down an even face of rock. Seen from the river beneath it has the appearance of a curtain of silver gauze. In order to obtain a good view of the Rideau from land, I had to pass over a waste plot overgrown with nettle-burs, It was as bad in its way as the stink-weed of Missouri, or the mosquitoes, for its clusters of spiny heads have a

special affinity for garments and boots, and are as difficult to shake off as leeches. Even the Rideau is made useful. It cannot be navigated, but it is trained to turn the wheels of a little mill. I was invited to go through this factory, where long Canadian wool is manufactured into tweeds, and grey blankets for lumberers. Motive power is communicated by a pair of turbine wheels, having a a head of 32ft. of water acting upon them during the driest weather.

At dinner I met a pleasant circle of American tourists, who had come up North to see what the "blue noses," (as they called the Canadians) were doing in the backwoods. In the evening Mr. Chaute of Boston, accompanied me for a last look from Parliament Bluff. River, forest and city lay bathed in moonlight. In my companion I recognised a patriarch-pioneer. His uncle and aunt Wright had come from Massachusetts to be the first settlers of Ottawa. Their child (born in 1801) was the first native of the city. Voyageurs and hunters coming up the river found navigation barred by the Chaudière, so they tramped out a *portage* 8 miles long on the northern bank, over which they hauled their *bateaux* laden with stores, until they could launch into quiet waters again. Near this "carrying place" Mr. Wright 'located' himself, and as land was cheap in those days, he obtained large grants for a small outlay. Being richer in land than in hard cash, he effected a settlement of outstanding claims with one of his Irish team-drivers, by giving him a large slice of forest-land on the southern side of the river. In process of time the land was wanted for building plots, for the new city, and then the one-time ox-teamer became a rich man, and died well advanced on the highroad to being a millionaire. Mr. Chaute had visited Ottawa in 1831 and again in 1856. Even at the

latter date not a sod had been turned for Palace Beautiful. It was only in 1861 that the foundation-stone was laid, and then it was right royally done by the hand of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Chamberlin on the Gatineau River had alluded to the Wrights as being the first settlers at Ottawa; it was a pleasant episode to meet (quite accidentally) one so intimately related to them as their nephew. Mr. Chaute spoke feelingly of England, saying that he venerated the old country, although he had never visited it. Two of our laws displeased him, viz: Primogeniture and the connection of Church and State, still he feels as acutely as we do the danger of having a Government not openly Protestant. He says that he has always pleasure in meeting Englishmen; and he gave me a very cordial invitation to visit him at his own home in the United States. From individual Americans I have received kindnesses so many and often, that my countrymen will I trust give them credit for the affectionate memories which they as a nation cherish of the old home, even though some of their turbulent spirits talk of driving our red-coats from Quebec, and hoisting the Stars and Stripes on the towers of Palace Beautiful.

# THE GOLDEN BELT.

"BE sure and sail down the 'Lake of the thousand islands' and if possible make the journey in May, so as to arrive in Quebec on the Queen's birthday." The advice came from an Englishman who had visited Canada some years before. It was however later in the season than May, when I reached this classic region. From Lake Ontario, the steamer passes into the St. Lawrence; then is gradually unfolded to view this wonderful panorama of islands. It is the largest collection of the kind in the world. Dots of land, small and great, are set in the river in greater number than the tales of the Arabian magician; although matter-of-fact geographers have limited the rôle to a thousand. Smith, in his "Past, Present, and Future of Canada," thus describes these islands:

> Islands of all sizes and shapes are scattered in profusion throughout the waters; some covered with vegetation, others bare and rugged rocks; some many acres in extent, others measuring but a few feet; some showing a bare bald head, a little above the level of the water, while, a short distance off, a large island or rock, crowned with a considerable growth of pine or cedar, will rise abruptly out of the water, to the height, probably, of 100 feet or more. These islands are mostly of granite or sandstone.

An acquaintance from Ohio, told me he had been spending a week on this fairy lake. With a couple of Indian boatmen, he had sailed from isle to isle of the river

archipelago, now taking a royalty of fish from the stream, now having a shot at the foxes and minks ashore. When the steamer has threaded her way through the islands, she draws near the rapids of Long Sault. The broken waters extend for 9 miles, and the passage of them is very exciting.

A few miles above Montreal, occur the celebrated *chutes* of Lachine; It is said that when white men first saw the falls, they exclaimed La Chine! thinking they had discovered a new route to China. Usually the flat bottomed steamers shoot these rapids. Anything more thrilling in peaceful experience, can scarcely be imagined. Mr. Stair of Ohio, thus described it to me. An Indian pilot comes on board; six men are placed at the wheel, ready to obey his steering orders to the gradation of a single point; the engines are reversed; then comes the rush. With eye unswervingly fixed on his secret landmarks along the channel, the old Indian guides the vessel into quiet waters again. This year (1868) the stream was lower than had been known for years, and in August, the steamer "Grecian" in coming down, struck on a rock; fortunately she swung round into a sheltered cove, and the lives of her passengers were saved. After this accident, "shooting the rapids" was discontinued until "high water" again returned to cover over the jagged rocks of the cataract.

I have previously mentioned the fertile belt of land which stretches between Toronto and Kingston. An equally valuable tract, called the "Garden-land" of Canada extends to Windsor on the Detroit River. Like many places in America, the city of Toronto has adopted a name from the language of the Indians. Less than 100 years ago, settlers had not disturbed the solitude of the red man's "meeting place." Now the tribes are gone,

and it has become a centre of rendezvous for Saxon energy and progress. In evidence of advanced civilization, it follows well in the footsteps of thrifty Montreal. I had a letter of introduction to a dweller in Yonge-street. It was a matter of difficulty to find him, seeing that the said street (or rather a tract of land bearing the name of street) stretched through an agricultural country for 36 miles. This "garden-land" is still in the rough. Italian terraces and landscape effects are all in the future as yet; in the meantime a rich soil is yielding plentiful harvests as a crown to the farmers' labours.

On the train I came upon signs of that emigrant life which flows so surely to the "Golden West." Two humble Germans were travelling to Detroit *en route* for Iowa. As yet, America was to them a strange land, they scarcely understood a word of the Saxon's tongue. I was able to be of some little service to both of them, in their dialogues with the United States' officer of Customs; they seemed wishful to return the kindness, one by giving me some peaches, his fellow by inviting me at the journey's end to share his coffee and cake. How potent, thought I, is the spell which American freedom holds over the minds of Europeans. Men come to the Great Republic from all nations. Germans and Swedes, Swiss and Norwegians are drawn as by magnetic power, to cast in their lot under the star-spangled banner. Thus colonies or cliques of distinct nationalities abound in America. For instance Louisville in Kentucky swarms with German and Bohemian Jews, and Milwaukie on Lake Michigan is a miniature *Norway and Sweden*.

Passing and repassing with each train, through this tongue of Canadian territory, rides an Inspector of Uncle Sam's customs. He has many charges to watch over, as this route is a favourite one for Western settlers. The

attendant of our train was a model of courtesy combined with executive administration. Canada West is pushing ahead in prosperity; every town from Kingston to Hamilton bears evidence of an old saying, that "nothing succeeds like success." Never was there more material and moral progress in the Province than now; and never a less desire to migrate into the domains of their great neighbour over the borders.

Far to the West however lies the Golden Belt. To reach it, the Great Lakes must be passed. Fast steamers run from Collingwood on the shores of Georgian Bay. One or two of them have that long low build, which would fit them for blocade-running; for racing against the land engines, or breasting the surges of Huron and Superior. Conspicuous among thousands of islands; (barring out Lake Huron, save where the waters find entrance through a channel north of Cabot's Head,) is anchored Grand Manitoulin Island. Into this wilderness-lodge, Sir Francis Head gathered the Indians in a settlement or reservation. Some of them spend their time upon the fishing-grounds of lake or river; others become faithful forest-guides to officers or sportsmen; many adopt the civilization of the white men in part, and also equal him in his vices.

Lake Superior is considered the most beautiful of the chain. It is entered by the famous Falls of St. Mary, or Sault St. Marie, as they where called by Jesuit pioneers, who came here and founded a village two centuries ago. The rapids decline with a steady flow; canoes and steamers may "run" them without danger. The St. Mary's Ship Canal has been constructed on the American side, for the transit of goods; its massive locks are perhaps the largest and finest in the world. Lake Huron is very deep; it is said that soundings have been

made off Saginaw to a depth of 1800 feet, yet no bottom found. Superior is more shallow, and its water is in many places very transparent. More than 200 rivers flow into it, pouring in the drainage of 100,000 square miles of land, thus feeding the largest body of fresh water in the world. A young engineer engaged upon the Government survey, told me that he had coasted it 220 miles in an open boat. Through the clear waters he could see veins of lead, copper and silver, run from shore into the Lake. The wild cliffs surrounding, have been exposed for ages to winds and waves; mineral matter exuding from above, has colored the bluffs with strange shapes—made still stranger and more weird by the play of storm-current, the grip of winter cold, and the growth of lichens. To all who journey on the Lake they are known as the "Pictured Rocks."

All along the northern shores of Lake Superior, extends the hunting grounds which have been recently surrendered to the Dominion by the Hudson's Bay Company. The most valuable lands of Canada are as yet almost undeveloped. They are situated in the North West, extending from the head of Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. Millions of acres of prairie-lands, are as yet roamed only by herds of buffalo and elk. They may not show signs of auriferous deposit, but they possess those treasures which are infinitely more permanent in giving stability to a colony; viz: rich virgin soil, and coal measures. The possession of such prizes entitle this belt of territory to the rank of "golden." Unfortunately it has too long remained isolated from the older provinces. From Toronto to Fort Garry settlement is about 1,100 miles, and as yet there is no direct means of communication. Government are now taking the matter in hand and are going to spend £1,000,000 *(i.e.)* half a million in opening up a road and half a million in helping emigrants to settle there.

The Americans have been the best friends of Red River settlement. Some years ago the Governor of Minnesota paid it a visit, and soon after a steamer was plying on the river, bringing the colonists into communication with other centres of civilization, and also giving them means of reaching a market with their produce. The great drawback of the settlement has been want of markets for their agriculture. Of what use are 360,000 square miles of prairie so long as they are unpeopled? Of what service to humanity are the 8,000 or 10,000 miles of internal navigation of river and lake so long as they are used only by the *voyageurs* of a Fur Company?

Lake of the Woods, Winnipeg and Rainy Lake, the Red River of the North, the Assiniboine and the Saskatchewan furnish abundant fish. It is said that Ross and McDonald found salmon so plentiful, that they could buy tons of it from the Esquimaux for a few articles of cutlery. Of course the streams are frozen in winter, and such trout as are then speared through holes in the ice, are thin and lean, as might be expected from the scanty allowance of the season.

Seed time begins in April, and harvest early in August. Winter, though severe, is modified to a great extent by natural causes. The climate is so dry, so free from rawness, that the cold is not felt. Occasionally the *orage* sweeps over the plains; then comes real danger. The snow is drifted by the winds, like dust upon the prairies; a darkening gloom shrouds the face of nature, and the storm-blast howls and moans over the wilderness. Woe be to any poor wanderer, who is roofless and homeless on the prairie at such times. They are generally overcome and sink down to die; but now and again an instance occurs, of persons who have lain *perdues* under the snow

for two or three days without food, and have been spared to tell the tale of a merciful preservation.

Then come marvellous displays of "Northern Lights." Indian superstition has it that these coruscations of flame are caused by the spirits of the dead dancing before the throne of their Manitou; a more natural imagination than that of "darkies," who when asked how the stars were made, replied that they were old moons cut up, and fixed in the sky.

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Since writing the foregoing, trouble has come upon Red River Settlement. Its residents have refused to receive the Governor appointed by the Dominion. Insurrection has been the order of the day in Lord Selkirk's hitherto peaceful colony. We believe that order will soon be restored. Incorporation with Canada promises the best future for Fort Garry. Ultimately the settlers will have no ground for murmur. No one can traverse the prairie-lands of "Golden Belt"—their inheritance—without feeling how free a life the people lead. Summer breezes are not more unfettered amongst the wild-flowers and maize, than will be the sway of individual liberty in Red River Scotch-Saxendom. In a short time Ottawa will be able to assure the world that "the Dominion is Peace." Englishmen will say, "All's well that ends well." *(April*, 1870.*)*

# COULEUR DE ROSE.

WE turn away from the Dominion with two grand impressions left upon our mind—the natural capabilities of the land, and the future in store for it. The vast regions of British North America comprise an area of 4,109,636 square miles, of which the land portion contains nearly one-ninth part of the surface of the globe. Its productions are most varied. On the coast and round the famous "banks" of Newfoundland the ocean is a storehouse of wealth to the fisherman. Everywhere there is a dowry of timber-lands, probably such as no other country possesses. We know, as yet, only in part the value of mineral wealth which is entombed among its hills—granites and marbles, limestone and slate. We have scarcely explored the region of Superior, with its veins of copper and silver, cobalt and lead. Geologists tell us of coal measures in the plains of the North West which will last for many an age to come. But the backbone of Canada's certain greatness is its agricultural resources. While under the icy shadow of the Polar circle there is a broad belt of land suitable only for Esquimaux, and such as are satisfied to dwell amid perpetual winter; there are, in the lap of the Golden Belt, millions of acres of virgin soil awaiting ploughman and sower. The broad lands of the Saskatchewan which now produce luxuriant grasses for herds of buffalo and deer, would more gladly raise the "staff of life" for man; were he there to instruct and foster.

Again as to climate—on the Mackenzie River the cold is so intense that axes used for cutting wood require to be specially tempered, otherwise they would split like glass; yet the Isle of Orleans is famous for its plums; Montreal mountain-slopes for apples; at Toronto peaches and grapes ripen in the open air. In water communication it is unrivalled. Government foresight and public spirit have ably supplemented nature's gifts to the Province. Where rapids occur in the rivers, continuous navigation has been secured by means of canals. Many of these are built so well as to last for all time. A million and a half has been expended upon the St. Lawrence system of canals, and on these, acting on behalf of provincial interests the legislature has remitted all tolls and dues! In addition to such streams as the St. Lawrence, Ottawa and St. John; in addition to the seaway of the Great Lakes, there is the vast railway achievement of the Grand Trunk. Government has already made to this Company a virtual donation of £3,000,000. At the rate of 5 per cent. yearly, the two sunk capitals of canals and railway are equivalent to an annual payment of £225,000.

Much as has been done, infinitely more remains to be accomplished. We hope to see the people of Canada entering with spirit into the construction of a Northern Pacific Railroad, through the regions of Red River and the plains, so as to connect British Columbia with the Dominion. Vancouver's Island on the Pacific and Halifax on the Atlantic would then grasp hands across a continent of 4,333 miles. Under a more vigorous policy Lord Selkirk's settlement at Fort Garry will expand westward from 14,000 people to half as many millions. With a leaven of greater enterprise, the oil-springs of Canada will be still further developed and her coal-measures opened

for use. The same hard labour which in Nova Scotia banked out the restless tides of Fundy—will from the sedge-fens and reed-beds of Winnipeg create *marshes* of rich meadow-land. The Hudson's Bay Company found hundreds of hardy Orkneymen ready to enter their service and endure the solitary life of Rupert's Land; we hope that the same northmen and thousands more of their canny countrymen may become farmers, and in the Golden Belt win as fair triumphs for Ceres as they have done in the storm-girt Orkneys.

Opinion is rapidly formed and also changes quickly in America. You may forecast the future for steady-going Anglo-Saxondom at home, but we as men of English birth and training cannot do the like for *American* and *Canadian* Saxons. Now, certain sections of the Dominion seem surging impetuously towards Independence, now veering to Annexation, and then again creeping more closely under the shadow of Old Mother England. In 1868 the Members for Nova Scotia left Ottawa in a fit of pique at the end of the session, saying that they would not return; in 1869 we find their constituents (who after all are far more important people than the members) welcoming Prince Arthur most loyally among them. I asked a lady of Nova Scotia her opinion about the annexation proclivities of the Province. Her reply was to hand me an account of the reception accorded to the Prince. The following sentences ar copied from a newspaper which records that event in the heart of old Acadie:—

Hundreds of people arrived at the railway depôt to give the Prince a hearty welcome. Merchants' shops and private dwellings were decked with flags in almost every direction, giving to the entire town an appearance of joy and gladness seldom witnessed. The moment His Royal Highness stepped on

to the platform he was received by the Volunteer Rifles clad in the old Rothsay uniform, as a Guard of Honor, and by a deafening round of cheers that fairly made the "welkin ring." Above, waved a banner bearing the device of a crown, studded with flowers, and these words—

A TRUE BRITISH WELCOME TO ARTHUR, VICTORIA'S NOBLE SON.

In front of the Court-house, the Royal carriage drew up, and then the boys of the school cheered as lads only can cheer, and the girls (most of them tastefully dressed in white,) waved their handkerchiefs, after which the whole band of pupils, teachers and people joined in singing the nation's loved anthem. The people of Truro and Colchester considered it not only their duty, but also a distinguished privilege and honor to thus openly testify their feelings of loyalty and attachment to the mother country, to British Institutions and especially to their beloved Queen.

**Again, at a public meeting held in Truro in Sept. 1869, one of the speakers referred to annexation, but the people seemed to have such an aversion to it that they would not hear it mentioned.**

**Senator Chandler of Michigan, proposes in his place at the Capitol to "claw up Canada forthwith;" but his scheme is at once denounced by a Canadian leader—the Hon. Mr. Galt—in the following terms at the close of his long address :—**

The course of the United States' Government appeared to be dictated by the desire to bring about the humiliation of England through her dependencies on this Continent; but he did not believe the plan would succeed. England would not for a moment give way, and the people of Canada would sustain her to a man, having repudiated the idea that the policy of Great Britain towards the Dominion was one of abandonment." (Loud cheers )

**American statesmen have gone to the length almost of demanding reprisals for the Alabama's ravages—**

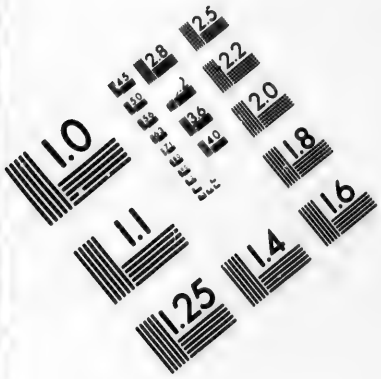
There are many among us who, taking counsel of a sense of national wrong, would leave them (the claims) to rest without settlement, so as to furnish a precedent for retaliation in kind, should England find herself at war. * * * It is not difficult to imagine one of our countrymen saying with Shakespeare's Jew, "The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."—*Hon. Charles Sumner, speech in U.S. Senate,* 1869.

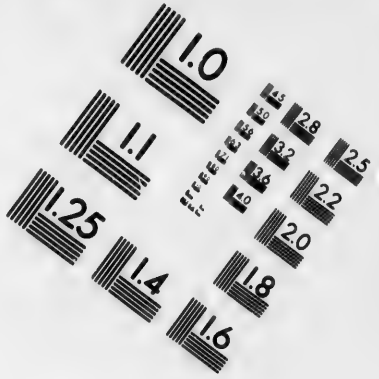
It has been suggested that Great Britain should cede Canada to the United States as compensation. But to such an act, Englishmen who are firm friends of the United States demur very calmly and decidedly. The Right Hon. W. E. Forster made a speech in May last, (1869) which we hope has settled the question. He concluded an address of remarkable clearness and fairness as follows:—

They have not a monopoly of patriotism in America, and we have as much right to be proud of our country as they have of theirs. (Cheers.) There is a line beyond which concession would be a crime, because it would be a sacrifice of that position among civilised nations which alone makes England able to do her duty. But I have no fear of the future. It has been the aim of my life to see a firm and lasting alliance among all English-speaking people. Depend upon it, mutual interests, mutual sympathies, common institutions, common language, ties of blood will maintain the alliance between our countries. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) We shall be at peace, we shall go on prospering in peace, and our peace will eventually be peace for the world.

We again quote Mr. Sumner—

Sometimes there are whispers of territorial compensation, and Canada is named as the consideration. But he knows England little, and little also of that great English liberty from Magna Charta to the Somersett case, who supposes that this nation could undertake any such transfer. And he knows our country

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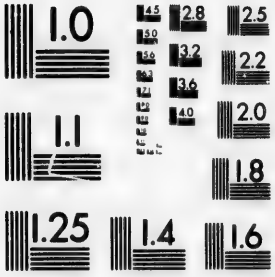

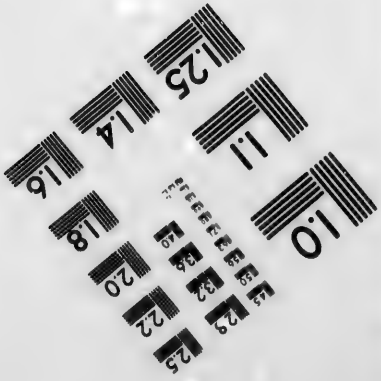

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little, and little also of that great liberty which is ours, who supposes that we could receive such a transfer. On each side there is impossibility. Territory may be conveyed, but not a people.

Even during the bitterness of Alabama speeches we find the good Americans speaking tenderly of our British Queen; a little while after sending over their Harvard crew to row a friendly match with our Oxford lads on the Thames; and lamenting that our youngest traveller Prince is not commissioned to visit them as well as British Americans. ‡

Mr. Cobden's opinion was freely expressed 20 years ago. In a letter to Mr. Sumner, 7th Nov. 1849, he writes:

I agree with you that nature has decided that *Canada and the United States must become one* for all purposes of intercommunication. Whether they also shall be united in the same Federal Government must depend upon the two parties in the union. I can assure you that there will be no repetition of the policy of 1776 on our part to prevent our North American colonies from pursuing their interests in their own way. If the people of Canada are tolerably unanimous in wishing to sever the very slight thread which now binds them to this country, I see no reason why, if good and ordinary temper be observed, it should not be done amicably.

Americans have not changed in the hope that some day their motto or watch-word will be true literally—"America for the Americans."

The United States can never be indifferent to Canada, nor to the other British Provinces near neighbours and kindred. It is well known, historically, that even before the Declaration of Independence our fathers hoped that Canada would take par with them. Washington was strong in this hope; so was

‡ Since the above was written, Prince Arthur has paid a flying visit to the United States and was cordially received.—(1870.)

Franklin. * * * * * * In the careful instructions of the Continental Congress, signed in their behalf by John Hancock, President, the commissioners are, among other things, enjoined to remind the Canadians that "it is our earnest desire to adopt them into the Union as a sister colony, and to secure the same general system of mild and equable laws for them and ourselves, with only such local differences as may be agreeable to each colony respectively." * * * * * * * The invitation survives, not only in the archives of our history, but in all American hearts, constant and continuing as when first issued, believing as we do, that such a union, in the fulness of time, with the *good will* of the mother country and the accord of both parties, must be the harbinger of infinite good. Nor do I doubt that this will be accomplished.—*Mr. Sumner at Worcester, Mass. Sept.* 22. 1869.

Ever and anon, the Canadians trim their lamps of loyalty into a brighter flame. So it will ever be. Smile and frown will continually be the portion of old fatherland, but smiles will predominate. Now, the eye of the Colony looks and thinks only upon the new home it will build for its manhood, and the fearless, untrammelled pathway it will hold through its young life. Then, it remembers the old home of its fathers, the ingle-nooks where they cogitated laws, and drank in by stealth a reformed faith—it glances from battle-field to council-hall, it rests upon moorland sanctuary and wild ocean-home. Thinking of these things it disdains not memory's ancestral waves, but grows prouder in the possession of such a history of the past.

"We do not wish England to cast us off, and yet we do not desire to be a burden to her," said a leading citizen of Nova Scotia to me. Since the repealing of the reciprocity treaty with the United States, the Canadians have turned their faces more towards England. It is felt that

Nova Scotia will be benefited and not injured by her union with the other provinces, and generally speaking all Canadians are looking forward hopefully to the results which will spring from Confederation. Under any circumstances England will do her duty to the Dominion. In spite of a certain rumble of discontent, it is felt by the majority that the right thing has been done. If British North America was to stand at all, it must be by a united existence. That Union has come. We cannot expect that the people will turn their vision exclusively to cis-Atlantic lands. They live by the side of an elder brother, and it is right that they should cultivate alliance and kinship with him. If there is any truth in the old saying that "blood is thicker than water," if there is any potency in the peace principles enjoined by the Christian faith, there should be no wrangling between old and new-World Saxons. Millions of our kith and kin have gone over and settled in America, and we are as delicately related to each other as the nerves and arteries which permeate both sides of the human body.

By and by we hope to see the time when a Zollverein shall secure equal scales of privilege to Canada and the United States alike; when the long frontier line of 3000 miles shall be graced by an entire absence of custom-houses and gunboats; when one armed police shall suffice to punish marauders and to bring to justice offenders against the laws of the two Commonwealths—laws which shall be equally intelligible to both. Canada will probably become Independent after awhile. We think it desirable that it should be so. But we do not think that it will become part of the United States. It differs essentially from the great Republic in this respect, viz: that its history and traditions are essentially loyal in spirit. The men who settled in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick came—many

of them—from the United States rather than cast off their allegiance to the British Crown. Therefore if they elect a new Government, they will not accept the "eagle" of the Republic, but will set up a crowned bird of their own. The Dominion has now the opportunity to begin working-out a destiny of its own, and we doubt not it will prove worthy of the mighty race from which its citizens have sprung and are recruited. There is a tide in the affairs of nations, as well as in those of men. It has set in for Canada. If it is taken at its flood it will lead on to every noble enterprise and possession which the world counts fortune. The nations of the earth seem yet afar off from a belief in the golden rule, but little by little we are drawing nearer to it. Then the happiness of peoples at *home* will be far more earnestly striven for, than a long tale of foreign aggrandisement, or a bead-roll of victories achieved for the sake of an idea.

Canada is in some respects an anomaly. Its people are of two distinct races, holding separate religions. We have before shown that Saxon race and Protestant faith are more successful in results of enterprise, than Gallic race and Roman Catholic faith. Yet these two peoples must perforce dwell side by side. The French-Canadian Representatives voted to a man at Ottawa in favor of the North Shore Railway against the men of New Brunswick; but in the new Confederation the "go a head" race will become the stronger, and overtop the old colonists of French origin. Catholicism will flourish in America no doubt, but it will have to be a very charitable and moderate form of faith compared with what it has been in times past in Europe.

The colony as yet has had little to try it in the upheavings of civil war. Now and then there are brawls between the two races, but as a rule, great peace is the

order of the day. The form of government is as liberal as any in the world, and is established on a basis thoroughly popular. The States can offer nothing to emigrants that Canada cannot give, except the magic name of Republic. When the Dominion is ripe for Independence, it can have it, and we believe that as a separate Commonwealth it will be more successful than as a colony of Great Britain. There can be no misunderstanding now as to the policy of the British Government, and the public men of Canada thoroughly appreciate it. In plain words it is as follows: "When you colonists wish to stand alone in the rank of nations, you are free to do so, and England will bid you "God speed" on your new race." The recent speeches of the Hon. Mr. Galt, at Ottawa, and Governor-General Sir John Yonge, at Quebec, thoroughly embody this sentiment.

At present all looks *couleur de rose;* it depends upon the wisdom and patriotism of the people to perpetuate the beneficent reality. The Canadians are now more numerous than the people of the United States when they gained their Independence, and in every good work they will have the support of England. If they prove themselves faithful over few things, they will in time be found ruling over many things. A free Bible, an educated people, just laws and unselfish statesmen, will secure to the Dominion a future of which every Canadian, every Englishman, and every American may be justly proud. From our own sea-girt island we shall look on the spectacle well pleased. Like the champion of Italian liberty we shall watch the progress of the free life which has gone out from ourselves. Year by year our sons will go forth to swell the new-born nation, and by and by desert and swamp of the far West will be subdued, and will smile with golden harvests;

even as the scoriæ-slopes of Caprera have been shaded by palms, and empurpled by vineyards.

I sailed home from New York. Our good ship passed down through American waters with the stars and stripes fluttering from her mast head. After leaving Sandy Hook the royal ensign of Britain was hoisted for a moment, as if to prove our right to sail the ocean at will; then with bare poles we turned to meet the everlasting swell of the Atlantic. As we approached Ireland, our American passengers sung the song of "Home Again," in compliment to the ship's officers—an act of courtesy to our naval countrymen which we cannot forget. I feel that it has been a good thing to mingle with Americans and Canadians on their own soil. I am thankful at heart to have had an opportunity of seeing that sight—which to an Englishman ought to be one of the most prized lessons of life—how our own island-home has been reproduced a hundred-fold by the great and noble peoples of the West.